



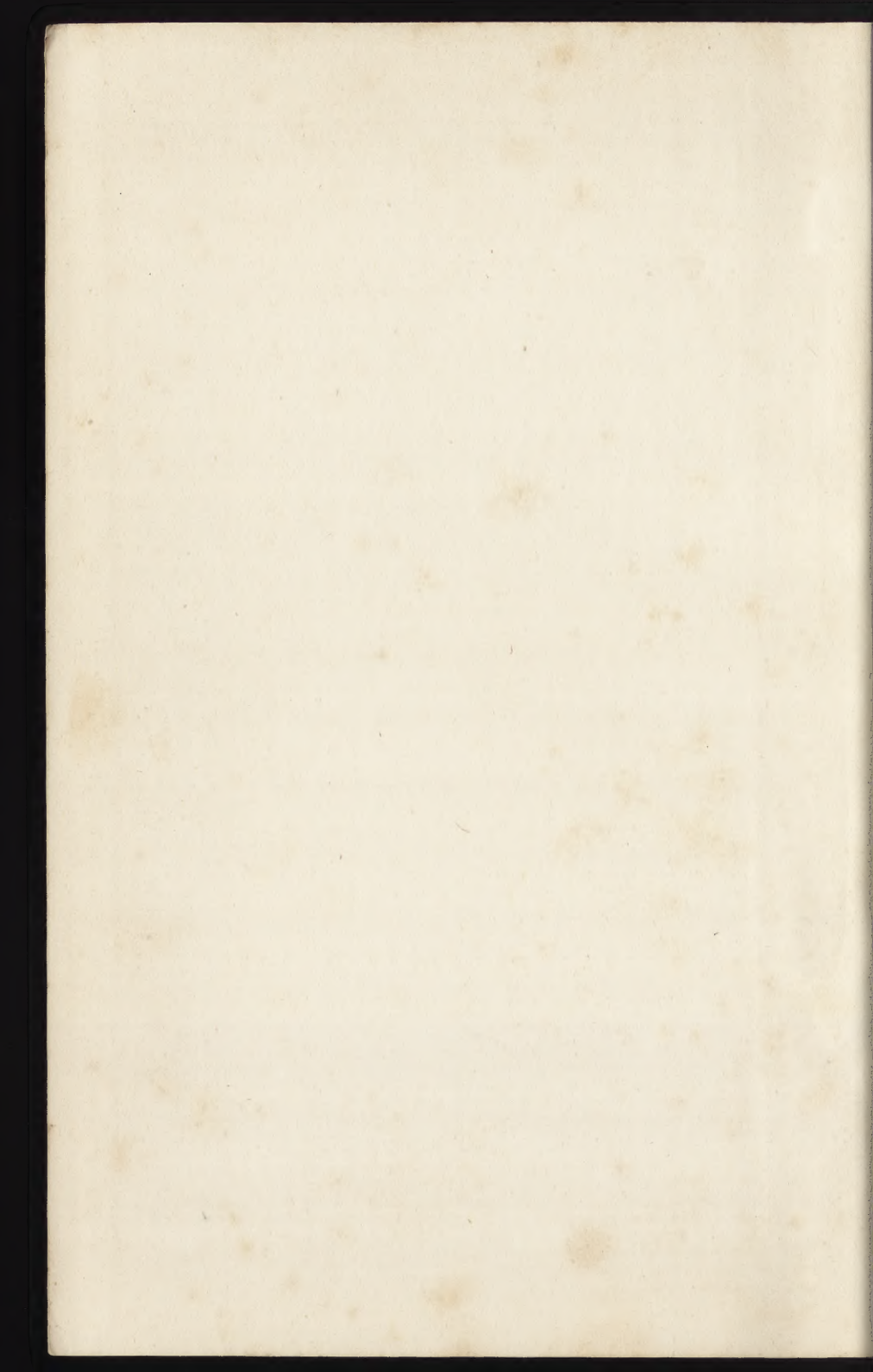
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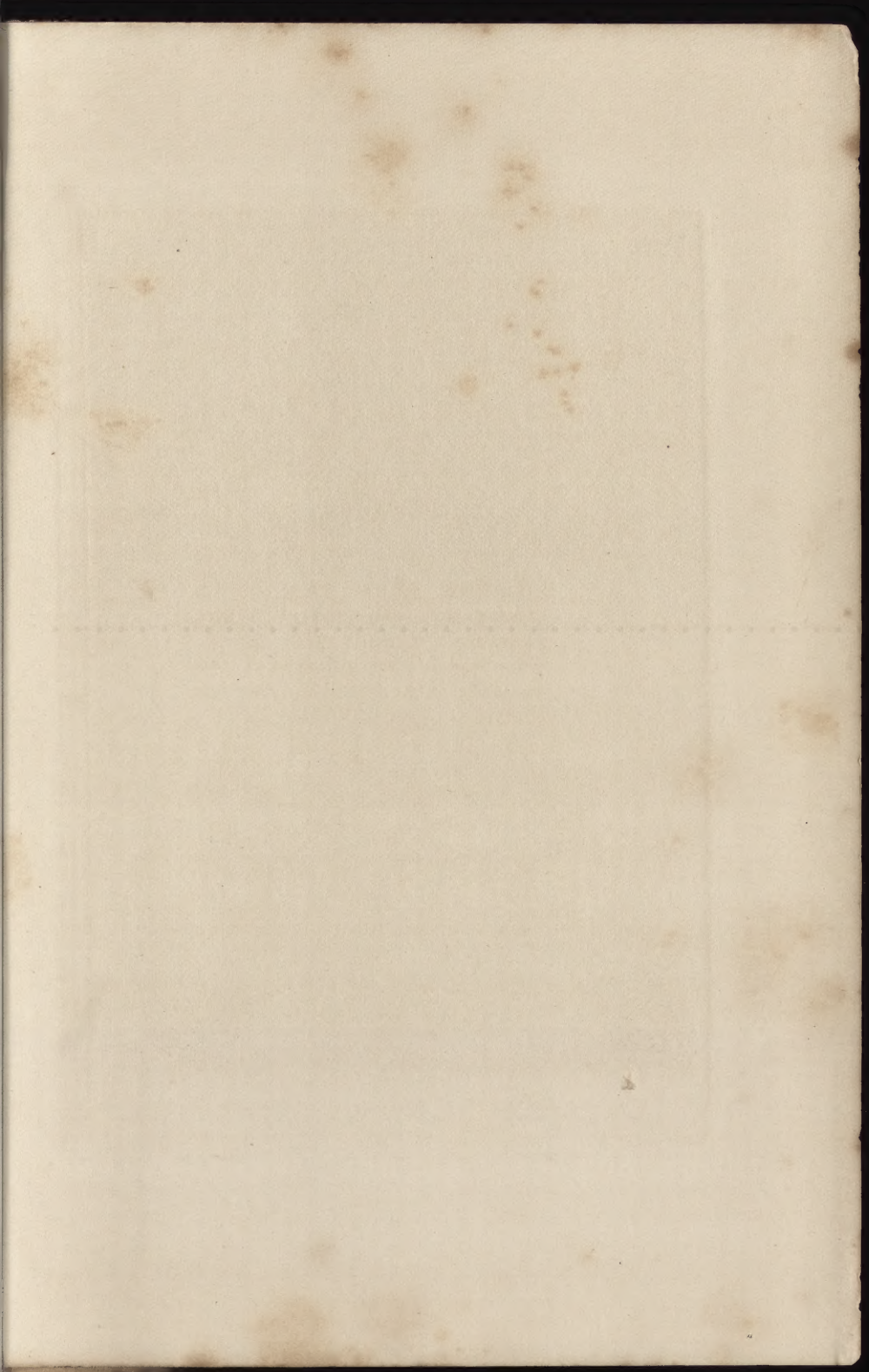




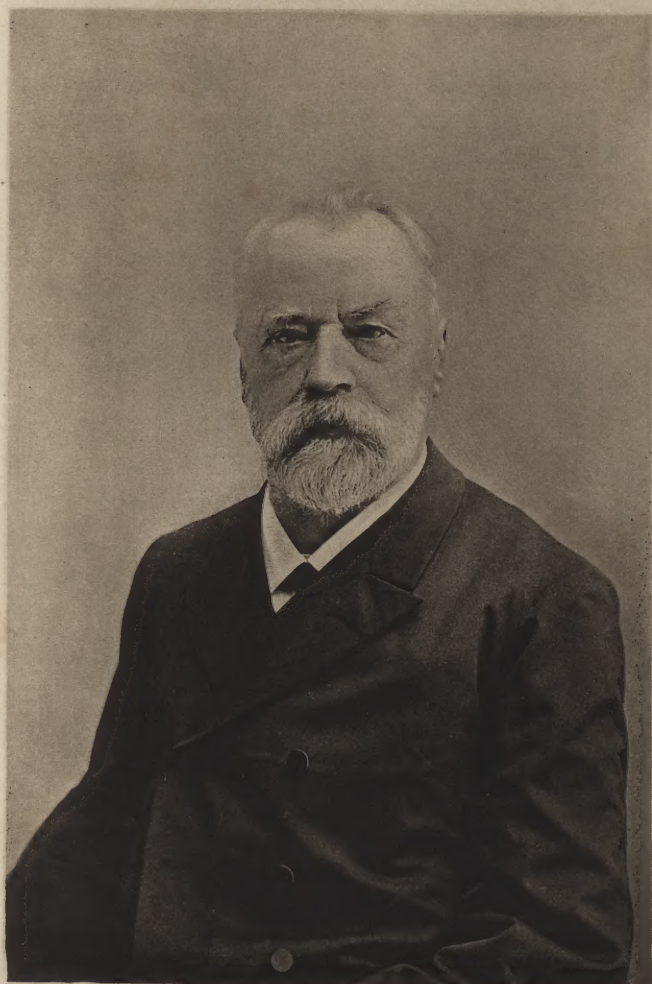
THE ROMAN JOURNALS OF  
FERDINAND GREGOROVIVS

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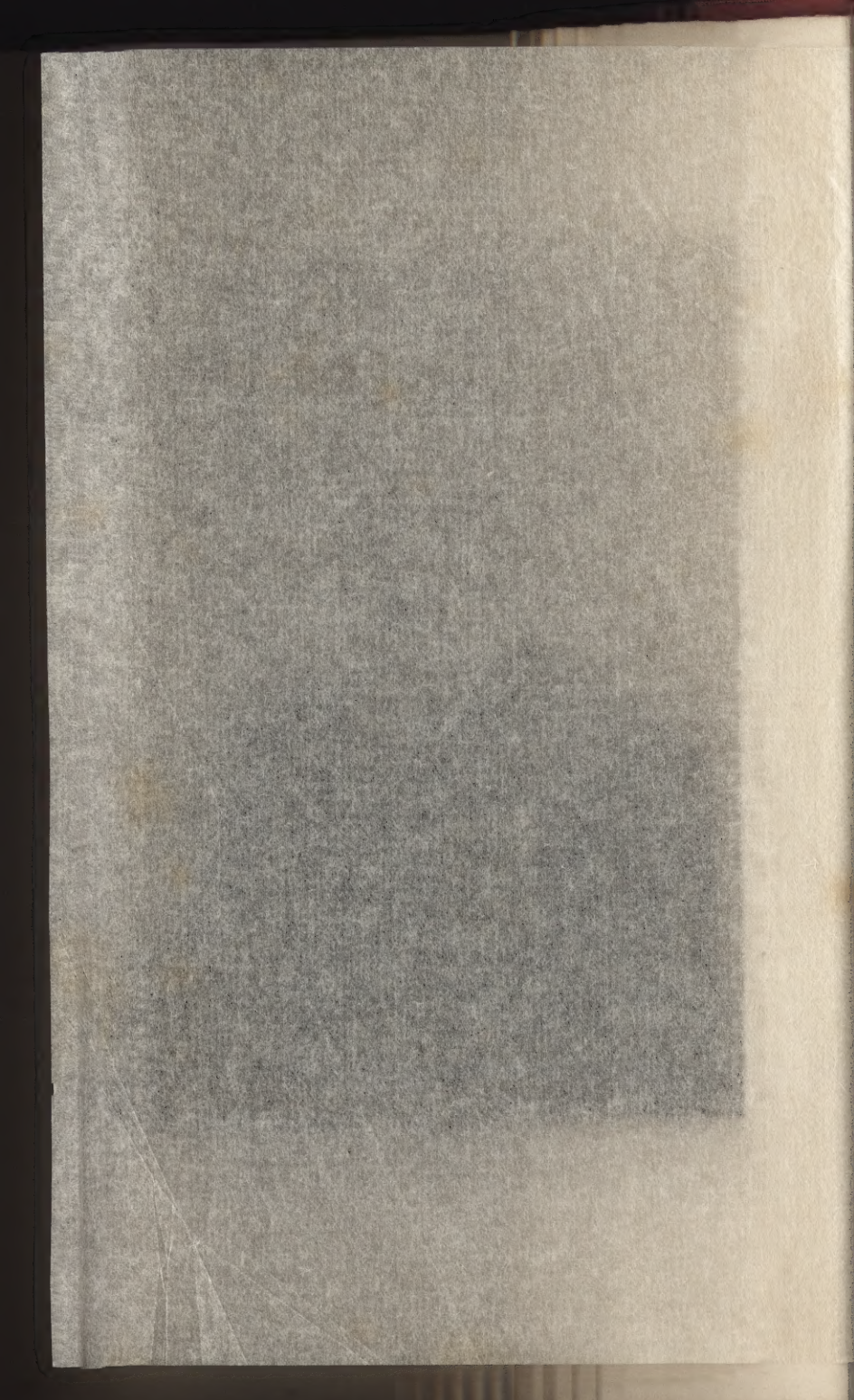


James Hyatt, Jr.

*Ferdinand Gregorovius.*

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THE  
ROMAN JOURNALS

OF  
FERDINAND GREGOROVIVS

1852-1874

EDITED BY FRIEDRICH ALTHAUS AND  
TRANSLATED FROM THE SECOND  
GERMAN EDITION BY  
MRS GUSTAVUS W. HAMILTON

TRANSLATOR OF "THE HISTORY OF THE CITY OF ROME IN  
THE MIDDLE AGES"



LONDON  
GEORGE BELL & SONS  
1907



## TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

FIFTEEN years have passed since Gregorovius's *Tagebücher* were given to the public in Germany, and the somewhat belated appearance of an English version may seem to demand a few words of justification. This justification is, I think, found in the fact that the stirring events of the years chronicled by the historian in his diary have forfeited none of their interest with the flight of time, and the summer that celebrates the Garibaldi centenary seems no inopportune season for bringing before the English reader the record of an eye-witness of the eventful years that beheld the death-struggles of the temporal power of the Papacy and the rise of United Italy.

The Rome that Gregorovius knew and loved is, alas! vanishing day by day, and the laments with which, at the close of his Journal, he bewails her gradual transformation must be re-echoed by everyone who first knew her, as I did, even so recently as the early days of King Humbert. While the monuments of antiquity are jealously treasured and preserved, the equally interesting memorials of the Middle Ages have been ruthlessly dealt with, having in many cases been utterly destroyed, in others dwarfed or crowded out of sight by the huge modern buildings which have arisen beside them. Nevertheless, as little as "the Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood and Fire" have even the jerry-builder, the requirements of a modern capital and of present-day civilisation been able wholly to



destroy her mysterious spell. She still remains unique, is still a name to conjure with ; and out of the thousands and tens of thousands of English-speaking people who cross seas and Alps every spring and autumn to visit Rome, some may, I hope, be found who, in reading the Journal of the historian of her Middle Ages, will experience one-half the pleasure that I have found in translating it.

A. H.

*July 1907.*

## EDITOR'S PREFACE

THE diaries which I herewith give to the public were left me by the author, the bequest of a many years' friendship. No instructions were given regarding their publication, which was neither enjoined nor forbidden. Many things, however, led me to the conclusion that the publication of these diaries would be in accordance with the author's wishes, and that the only question that might be raised was one concerning the date. The fact that Gregorovius excluded his Roman Diaries from the sentence of destruction passed on so many of his memoranda, would already have sufficed to confirm this assumption; the special value which he attached to them had long been known to me from his own admissions. The perusal of these Journals finally removed the last doubt concerning my friend's attitude to the question whether publication was, or was not, desirable. I discovered that when arranging his papers in the autumn of 1889, he had subjected the whole of the voluminous manuscript to a careful revision, leaving unavoidable the impression that his intention had been to prepare these memorials of the Roman period of his life for publication, rather than to preserve them in testamentary form. Many passages had been erased, many altered, many added. The first freshness of the diary had suffered no injury, while in the artistic finish of the whole the creative hand of the master was unmistakable. The question concerning the date of

publication was decided for me partly by the circumstance that more than a quarter of a century had passed since the chief portion of his Roman Journals had been written, partly by the conviction that no one could be wounded by the opinions therein expressed—opinions devoid of all personal bitterness, and almost without exception concerning people no longer numbered among the living.

Journals of prominent men awaken a twofold interest, a biographical and a universal. They therein resemble autobiographies, but have the advantage of greater ingenuousness and greater directness. In both respects Gregorovius's *Römische Tagebücher* form a valuable legacy of permanent importance: they constitute an interesting contribution to the biography of a distinguished author and man, and bring vividly before the reader a picture of the author's time drawn under the immediate impression of historical events—the great epoch of the modern transformation of Rome and Italy, of which from 1852 until 1874 he was an eye-witness.

An exhaustive biography of Ferdinand Gregorovius will never probably be published. Instead of collecting materials for such a work, he was at pains to destroy such as existed, not only in consigning his own papers to the flames, but also in requiring the destruction of his letters from the friends with whom he corresponded. My own correspondence with him, which covered almost forty years, even shared this fate. We may regret or acquiesce in his act from different reasons; but, in the circumstance, an added interest undoubtedly attaches to the *Römische Tagebücher* which have happily been preserved.

Gregorovius regarded his many years' sojourn in Italy as the most important part and the zenith of his life. There his chief works were produced, there he found a second home; and the rôle of middleman between German and Italian learning and culture which, with the acknowledgment of both nations, he filled with such conspicuous success, will probably ever remain his chief title to renown. But warmly as he loved Italy, he no less strongly felt the inextinguishable sympathies which bound him to the



German fatherland. Were any proofs of our assertion required, the reader will find them in the German episodes of his Roman Journals, more especially in the notes of his travels in Germany during the years 1860 and 1870. A short biographical retrospect as an introduction to, and completion of, his Journals seems to me the more called for at this place, since, as already intimated, a more comprehensive biography is scarcely to be expected. I have taken the facts from earlier information supplied by my friend himself, and from my own personal recollections.

Ferdinand Gregorovius, the youngest of eight brothers and sisters, was born at the little town of Neidenburg, in East Prussia, on January 19, 1821. Neidenburg, which owes its foundation to the Teutonic order, stands close to the Polish frontier, and is situated in a desolate tract of country, broken by pine-woods, hills, and lakes. The place, insignificant in itself, acquires an historic character from the still existing castle of the Teutonic knights, a monument of the Middle Ages, that played no unimportant rôle in the history of the Gregorovius family, and in particular was to exercise a weighty influence on the development of its youngest member. Gregorovius's father was *Justiz-rath* at Neidenburg. He found the old castle—originally one of the finest belonging to the order—in partial ruin, and it was owing to his exertions that its restoration was accomplished by the Burggrave of Marienburg, the Minister von Schön. The offices of the Court of Justice were now removed to the castle, and the family acquired therein a magnificent dwelling. The children grew up amidst the remains of great historic memories; the fortress was their pride, and they soon came to regard it as the property of the family. On the imagination of the boyish Ferdinand above all, the life which they led in its halls and corridors, its vaults and subterranean rooms, the distant views from its turret windows, made a powerful impression. To the influence of his surroundings, he himself attributed the fact of his early and decided bent towards antiquity and mediævalism. He frequently expressed the opinion that the *History of Rome in the Middle*

*Ages* would never have been written had not his youth been passed in that old castle of the Teutonic knights.

To this chief circumstance of his childhood was added, at the age of nine, the impression made by the Polish revolution of 1830. Owing to the proximity of Neidenburg to the scene of the bloody struggles called forth by the rising, he not only heard much concerning the events of the war, but had opportunity of adding to his information by personal observation. Soon after the outbreak of the revolution a regiment of Cossacks, driven across the frontier by the Polish rebels, sought shelter in Neidenburg. And again, after the defeat of Ostrolenka, the boy saw the unfortunate Polish fugitives surrendering by thousands to Russia. These events left a deep impression on his mind. They broke like sharp and disintegrating elements from the modern outer world into the world of his historic dreams, rudely linking the present with the past. For the first time he experienced the feeling of hatred towards the oppressor, of compassion with the oppressed. His interest in the Poles, on whose blood-soaked plains he looked from the Castle of Neidenburg, developed into sympathy, which strengthened from year to year, and afterwards found characteristic expression in the beginning of his literary career.

In other respects no sound from the outer world penetrated the solitude of the remote East Prussian village and the monotonous provincial existence of its inhabitants. Gregorovius's father was an austere man, who lived solely for his work. His mother, a tall and handsome woman, religious to enthusiasm, was a chronic invalid and died of consumption in 1831. Soon after the boy left home to attend the gymnasium at Gumbinnen, taking up his abode with a younger brother of his father, who was also an officer of justice at the place. His tastes were chiefly centred on history, geography, and ancient languages, and even in these boyish years he dreamed much of distant countries and ages. A great impression was made upon him when an army doctor, whom he once saw at Neidenburg, told him that he had spent three weeks in Rome. He gazed

at the man in astonishment and then ran to tell his father of the wondrous fact. His thoughts took another flight to distant lands when, in 1833, one of his brothers joined the Bavarians to fight for the Greeks in their struggle for independence. On returning home for the holidays, he was accustomed to lie for hours on the hill where the castle stood, watching the clouds float overhead, and letting his thoughts, oblivious of time, wander with them over land and sea. Indeed, until the end of his life, next to works of history, accounts of travel in distant parts of the world formed a favourite entertainment of his leisure hours.

His course at the gymnasium ended, he entered the university of Königsberg in the autumn of 1838, at the age of seventeen. And since his father belonged to a clerical family (his great-grandfather, grandfather, and father having each in succession been vicar of the same parish in East Prussia), at his father's wish Ferdinand studied theology. But he did so without inclination, and the fact that, with the exception of Cæsar von Lengerke (a poet who had strayed into dogmatics), theology was taught in Königsberg by a set of dull pedants, did not contribute to encourage a taste for a study that had been forced upon him. More than to any of the other professors he felt himself drawn to the philosopher, Karl Rosenkranz. An afterglow of the age of Kant still lingered over the University of Königsberg, and Rosenkranz, the highly-cultured imaginative thinker and brilliant orator, commanded the enthusiasm of the younger generation. Gregorovius became one of his foremost pupils. He studied Kant and Hegel, and believed himself destined to be a philosopher. He attended the lectures of the historians Drumann and Voigt, but learning however vast, which lacked the vital spark of genius, failed to satisfy him. Everywhere, however, he experienced the influence of the free scientific spirit which still lingered at Königsberg. The university was perhaps already on the decline; but conscious of standing like a lighthouse of German culture on the confines of Slavic barbarism, the German character in East Prussia and its ancient capital put forward all its strength. The work of



culture undertaken by the Teutonic knights, the Reformation, Kant, the wars of liberation, the foundation of the State on the principles of humanity—all these were the proudly cherished possessions of the East Prussians, and Gregorovius himself had received sufficient of the impress of this virile race to prize the intellectual training which, through his Alma Mater, it received.

He left the university in the autumn of 1841, after having passed his first theological examination. That theology was not his vocation he had meantime more and more clearly recognised. For some years, first in Neidenburg, then at other places in East and West Prussia, he followed the calling of private tutor. He was daunted by the thought of wearing for life the fetters of an official position. He dreamed occasionally of an academic life, but resolved in any case to break with his theological antecedents; and still believing himself destined to become a philosopher, he took his degree in the philosophic faculty at Königsberg with the dissertation, "Concerning the Conception of the Beautiful in Plotinus and the Neo-Platonists." Like his teacher Rosenkranz, he at the same time engaged in literary pursuits. He wrote several poems, chiefly lyrical, and in 1845, at the age of twenty-four, appeared before the public with his first book, the romance of *Werdomar and Wladislaw*, a work which at every turn reflects the *Sturm und Drang* period of intellectual development through which he was then passing. With its Polish-German complications, its pre-revolutionary provincialism and prison adventures, its Titanic pessimism and its enthusiastic hopes for the future, the romance was entirely the product of the time, and frequently arouses our surprise by the realism which displays the author's close observance of life. But the tone of the book is, above all, romantic. Echoes of Jean Paul, Hölderlin, Eichendorff, and Immermann weave themselves into a wondrous symphony. In this youthful work Gregorovius pays his tribute to modern German romanticism, with the evident foreknowledge, it is true, of alienation from a world which did not in truth satisfy him. We cannot say that he realised in irony or in political



and philosophic radicalism the discrepancy between his ideals and actuality as did Heine and Heine's young German comrades. But his longings went out towards great men and great deeds. "Epic without action," he says in the preface to his book, "such is our time"; and to him mankind seemed wandering in a wilderness of romanticism, from the labyrinths of which they could only be released by the appearance of some heroic leader.

*Werdemar and Wladislaw* met with no striking success; but in Königsberg, where the romance appeared in the University Press, it received attention, and soon after Gregorovius returned to make a longer sojourn in the capital of East Prussia. Destitute of means as he was, he could not make up his mind to abandon the work of teaching; in fact, he continued it as his chief means of subsistence during the next six years. Königsberg, moreover, offered a stimulating intellectual atmosphere, the means for the continuation of scientific and literary studies, and to these he dedicated the greater part of his leisure. Next to philosophy, history once more exercised its fascinations over him, and at Drumann's instigation he undertook a monograph on the Emperor Hadrian, a work doing all honour to the young scholar's industry and learning, which was finished at the beginning of 1848, but which, owing to the storms of the revolution and difficulties with publishers, only appeared in 1851. In a retrospect of Gregorovius's intellectual development, this history of the Emperor Hadrian still awakens our interest from a twofold point of view—as having been his first historical work of importance, and as the first evidence of the direction of his thoughts towards Rome.

In the meantime the outbreak of the revolution of 1848 had irresistibly diverted the attention of the historian from the distant past to the tumultuous movement of the present. At this time, owing to the bold political ideas of Johann Jacoby and Walesrode's humorous-satirical utterances, free-thinking Königsberg was conspicuous as one of the centres of the revolution. Several of Gregorovius's older and younger fellow-students—among them Wilhelm

Jordan and Rudolf Gottschall—appeared before the public as poets of a new period of *Sturm und Drang*, and Gregorovius himself entered with enthusiasm into the agitation of popular meetings and clubs, which served as organs to the hopes and fears, the love and hatred of that excited period. He hoped for the regeneration of the German people, but not for this alone. His sympathies, in accordance with his democratic creed, were essentially cosmopolitan. That which he desired for Germany, he also demanded as an inalienable right for the other struggling nationalities. He was more especially saddened by the cruel suppression of the revolt of the Poles, for whose struggles for independence, ever since his boyish years at Neidenburg—when he witnessed the tragic vicissitudes of the revolution of 1830—he had always retained the strongest sympathy. His views on this question he made known in the early summer of 1848, in the historical-political treatise, *Die Idee des Polentums*. Somewhat later he published his *Pölen und Magyarenlieder*. But in spite of all, his character in the main was not in sympathy with politics, but with culture. In his history of Hadrian he notes with satisfaction that so few wars were made under this Emperor; for what was wanted was a peaceful history of mankind, a history of society. And never even in the midst of political strife did he lose sight of the *Cultur-ideal*, of the importance of which, during this very crisis of struggle for national development, Germany was reminded by the first centenary festival of Goethe.

Among the writings that appeared in connection with this festival, Gregorovius's *Wilhelm Meister in seinen socialistischen Elementen* was one of the most remarkable. "As the final aim of Nature and History," he observes in this ingenious work, "is to find man, so all genuine poetry is only directed towards the discovery of man. This is the motive of all true tragedy, all comedy, and all epic poetry. Goethe is the Columbus who in his *Wilhelm Meister* has discovered for us the America of Humanism." In the *Wanderjahre*, Goethe as a prophet

foresees the future of mankind and indicates its chief features. Echoes of the latest revolutionary storms, the current of socialistic ideas from France, are blended together in this analysis of Goethe's social philosophy. In the form, and partly also in the constructive dialectics, of Gregorovius's literary contribution to the festival, the influence of a many years' study of Hegel is unmistakable; but his absorption in Goethe's manner of thought already points to his alienation from the abstract formalism of Hegel, which not long after became an accomplished fact.

In 1851 he appeared once more as a poet with the drama, *The Death of Tiberius*, a work which, if it showed no marked dramatic talent, revealed at least the fine epic and lyric gift of which he was to give frequent proofs in after years. The fact that about the same time he erected literary monuments to two Roman emperors, shows his increasing interest in the Roman world. At this period he also entered with zest into the study of Italian literature: Dante especially he read with enthusiasm. Longings for the home of the artist's ideals and of physical beauty grew in him, the narrower and more oppressive became the circumstances of his life in Königsberg. Some incentive from outside alone was needed to set him free.

One of his Königsberg friends, Ludwig Bornträger, a young and gifted historic painter, was sent by the doctors to Italy on account of some ailment of the chest. Gregorovius determined to follow. His means for this undertaking being scanty, he trusted to his talents, and in the spring of 1852 left Königsberg, relying, as he himself said, in his lucky star which pointed the way to the South.

The *Römische Tagebücher* begin at this date, and to them we may turn for an account of his journey, the early years of his sojourn in Italy, his visit to Corsica, his arrival in Rome, and his later experiences and labours in the Eternal City. The Roman Journals speak for themselves, and the author therein reveals himself entirely as he was. It only remains for me to complete them, by



adding to my account of his earlier and pre-Roman days a few personal recollections.

I too spent the winter of 1852-3 in Italy, in beautiful Nice, which had not then passed into the possession of France. There, in the supplement to the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung*, I read with ever-increasing interest the spirited descriptions of travel in Corsica, which first made Gregorovius's name known to wider circles. They awakened in me the ardent desire personally to become acquainted with so distinguished an author and so sympathetic a personality. Who he was, and whether he still remained in Italy, I did not know. When, however, I came to Rome in the spring of 1853, fresh articles in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, pictures of Roman social conditions and customs, convinced me that he was in Rome, and inquiries among German compatriots confirmed the welcome fact. I was obliged to inquire his abode from the police, no one having seen him for a long time. I was assured that for months he had lived in retirement, exclusively occupied with his work on Corsica. Some were of opinion that he had left for Naples, and I had almost renounced the hope of finding him, when one day, at the sight of the well-known building on Monte Citorio, I was inspired by a happy thought which was crowned with success by the omniscient Papal police.

Gregorovius dwelt at this time in the neighbourhood of Monte Pincio, not far from the Piazza Barberini. I found him at home, and as I entered his room and he rose from his writing-table, we recognised at the first glance that we were not entirely unknown to one another. For without being aware who he was, I had met him with Jacob Burckhardt in the Vatican Gallery a few days before, and, attracted by his looks, had begged for information concerning a marble statue, the drapery of which had aroused the interest of the two men as well as my own. Our meeting was, therefore, in a certain sense a second meeting, and we soon found ourselves in animated conversation. Corsica, Rome, Nice, Italy, Germany—there was no lack of numerous bonds of interest. The author of the Corsican

*Reisebilder* entirely fulfilled the conception I had formed of him. A slight, dignified figure of distinguished and at the same time genial bearing, a manly and expressive head, with a thick black beard, high open forehead, and quick, penetrating dark eyes; the character of his features though serious was rapidly illumined by the play of imagination, and his conversation was characterised by a thoughtful flow, a full and gentle voice that betrayed wealth of intellectual gifts and a poetic temperament. A bond of sympathy was formed between us. Before we parted walks were arranged for the succeeding days; he called on me: we frequently met on the Pincio, at the Vatican, in the Café delle Belle Arti, and enjoyed a succession of lovely Roman spring days, which, however, passed only too rapidly away, and in whose course I had, among other opportunities, that of marvelling at my companion's already surprising local knowledge. During the winter Gregorovius had worked hard; the MSS. of his book on Corsica had already been despatched to Germany, and he was occupied with fresh projects of travel. He proposed to spend the following months in an expedition to Naples and Sicily, and having seen the Easter ceremonies in Rome, would not wait for the festival of SS. Peter and Paul, which I wished to attend. Our wanderings together in Rome consequently soon came to an end; but we parted in the hope of a speedy meeting, for the goal of my next journey was also *bella Napoli*.

We thus met again in the beginning of July 1853, on the shores of Santa Lucia, and spent a delightful month in wandering about the neighbourhood of Naples, a month made enjoyable to me chiefly by the society of my gifted German companion. Together we ascended Vesuvius, saw Pompeii and the great historic district from Pozzuoli to Baiae, crossed to Procida and Ischia, made the journey to Salerno and the temples of Paestum, and thence wandered along the gulf to Amalfi and across the mountain tract of St Angelo to Sorrento, when we finally betook ourselves to a quiet villegiatura on the Island of Capri. During the weeks of a Neapolitan summer I had

the opportunity of becoming more intimately acquainted with the author of the Corsican *Reisebilder* and learnt many particulars of his earlier life. Nothing could have been more interesting and stimulating than these excursions in his society. He felt himself happy in beautiful Italy, in the realisation of his longings through so many years of Northern fogs—happy in its scenery, its art, its antiquity, and among its people. He looked on Italy and the Italians not merely with the eye of the historian and poet, but with a genial desire for social intercourse and enjoyment of the present. He was equally ready for thoughtful, philosophic conversation, and for easy chat and jesting with the naive people of the South. He loved especially to associate with children, and here his imagination was always active. The mere names of places involuntarily awoke historic associations, and in a few words uttered at a spot he frequently drew a characteristic picture of the surrounding landscape which made an indelible impression on his hearers.

Italy was to be to him a second home; other plans drew me to the North. At the end of July 1853 I took leave of Gregorovius on the Marina of Capri, and twenty-five years passed before I saw him again. Not that I remained without news of him, for the acquaintance begun in Italy was continued in an animated correspondence and ripened into a lifelong friendship. In the meanwhile appeared the works which have made his name famous: the incomparable book on Corsica, *Die Gräbmaler der Päpste*, the classic idyllic epic *Euphorion*, the five volumes of the *Wanderjahre in Italien*, the monumental *Geschichte Rom's im Mittelalter*, the monograph on Lucrezia Borgia. This is not the place to speak of these works at greater length; they have won their rank in literature and would secure the renown of the author, even had he received no other recognition than that of the Romans, who awarded him—for the first time to a non-Catholic—the citizenship of the Eternal City, and who, by a resolution of their municipality, ordered the translation into Italian of his principal work. The Roman Journals give the most graphic account of the



public and private circumstances of the Italian period of my friend's life, and to them I may therefore refer the reader.

One characteristic of the Journals may, however, be mentioned — namely, their dramatic pathos and their artistic finish in connection with the rise, the elaboration, and the completion of the *History of Rome in the Middle Ages*. The idea of this work as the mission of his life filled Gregorovius with enthusiasm; the passionate longing to carry out the task, and the untiring labour which he dedicated to it, were the motives which, above all else, riveted him to Rome for many years and endowed his sojourn in Italy with a noble consecration. The great task accomplished, the Roman period of his life reached its natural end, and the attractions of his German fatherland reasserted themselves. In 1874 he left Rome, and, in common with his brother Colonel Julius and his step-sister Ottilie, founded a new home in Munich. Here, in the city of the fine arts, there was no lack of associations with Italy. The University and the Bavarian Academy of Sciences, of which he was elected a member, afforded him the necessary means for intellectual activity, while the proximity of Italy facilitated intercourse with the beautiful country that had become to him a second fatherland. He, whose twofold relations with Italy and Germany were so firmly fixed and widespreading, could not indeed renounce his connections with Italy. Back and back they drew him across Alps and Apennines to the South. If he spent the summer and autumn in Germany, he generally passed the winter and spring amid the circle of his Italian friends, and usually in Rome. Likewise for many years he drew the material for his literary work in great part from Italy, or the relations between Italy and Germany.

Meanwhile between him and me the question of another meeting had often been discussed. Invitations to visit one another in England and Germany had often been exchanged, but hindrances of every kind had prevented the fulfilment of such plans. Gregorovius, the German humanist and the Roman citizen, cherished a—to me not

wholly explicable—prejudice against England, which he never overcame in spite of repeated invitations to cross the strip of sea which divided the “white cliffs of Albion” from the Continent. Not until the summer of 1878, twenty-five years after our farewell in Capri, did I see my friend again: this time in Munich. I found him but little changed during the long interval. He seemed to have grown more serious, more laconic, more reserved; this impression, however, wore away after a few days' intercourse. His aspect had lost nothing with maturer age (he had now completed his fifty-seventh year); he retained his characteristic air of distinction, preserved the elasticity that marks the man of the world; and if he was occasionally overtaken by melancholy, or the sensitiveness of the poetic temperament asserted itself, the freshness with which he surrendered himself to the impressions of Nature and art was almost as keen as ever. It was, as is almost needless to say, interesting at his side to visit the world of art in Munich, hitherto unknown to me; still more interesting during the weeks that followed, in the Bavarian Alps and the Salzkammergut, to revive the memories of the month of travel we had spent together in Italy. I shall only mention a few of the characteristic occurrences of the time. We drove from Munich direct to Traunstein, a little town picturesquely situated on a slope of the Bavarian Alps, where for years Gregorovius had been accustomed to enjoy his summer holiday. As we walked through the streets during a sojourn of several days, I was struck by the frequency with which in passing my friend was greeted—not by strangers, but by the inhabitants of the town, by men and women seated at the doors of their houses and by children at play, and by the friendliness with which he returned these greetings. Often he would not rest satisfied with greetings alone, but would stop and address questions both to parents and children, from which it was evident that not only was he acquainted with the circumstances and events of their lives, but sympathised with them. Nothing could have been more pleasantly genial than these meetings between the good

citizens of Traunstein and the "Herr Professor," as they called Gregorovius. Similar occurrences of our travels in Italy were recalled to my memory, and I recognised how unchanged the quarter of a century had left the noble basis of my friend's character.

Another incident enlivened our journey from Traunstein to Reichenhall. Instead of taking the railway, we had chosen the carriage road through the mountains. A short time before I had reminded him of something in our earlier expeditions that he had forgotten. In moments when the glorious view of the bays and islands of South Italy, and the *joie de vivre* that the sight of them called forth, had rendered us more especially light-hearted and happy, we had given vent to our feelings by a full-throated shout that we had christened by the name of *existenz-schrei*. When on this drive from Traunstein to Reichenhall we approached the entrance to the mountains in the full freshness and glory of a late summer morning and engaged in stimulating talk, the old feeling suddenly laid hold of us, and simultaneously we raised our voices in the half-forgotten *existenz-schrei*. It was an echo of our youthful years, a sound in which present and past united to strike the very chords of the soul.

Eight years later I met Gregorovius again, this time in Frankfort, on his way to Switzerland. Still impelled by the old Herodotus-like love of travel, he had meanwhile added to his knowledge of Italy, acquaintance with other countries. He had been in Greece, Egypt, Syria, and Asia Minor, and had published the results of his travels in studies on the history and the scenery of Athens, the charming idyll *Corfu*, and the monograph *Athenais, Geschichte einer Byzantinischen Kaiserin*. For the rest, I found him entirely unchanged. Advancing age showed itself in the added greyness of his beard and hair; his intellectual vigour and his activity revealed no diminution. Accustomed as I was to the late morning hours of London, I was greatly struck when, the morning after his arrival from Munich, and notwithstanding the long railway journey of the previous day, he announced that



he had gone for a walk through the streets at 5 A.M., therein following an old habit, which led him to study the physiognomy of the place in which he found himself even at hours when the traffic of the day had hardly begun. This walk, however, did not prevent our exploring together the ancient imperial city from morning till evening the following day. We saw the monuments in the squares, the statue to Charles the Great on the bridge over the Main, the Palm-garden, the Römersaal, the Cathedral, the Stadel Institute, and, above all, Goethe's house, which we found decorated with wreaths, for it was the poet's birthday. Naturally, personal reminiscences were indulged in, and only too quickly passed the hours of this delightful day.

Gregorovius's most important work during the years that followed was his *Geschichte der Stadt Athen im Mittelalter* (1889). The last memorial that I received from him was a copy of a festival oration which he delivered in the Bavarian Academy of Sciences on *The Great Monarchies, or the World Empires of History*—a pamphlet insignificant in compass, but in contents and style a grand achievement, in which as historian and philosopher he erected a noble monument to himself.

Scarcely had he finished this work when his brother Julius fell seriously ill. Tenderly nursed by brother and sister, he recovered, contrary to expectation; but his tedious convalescence was scarcely over when the other brother received the summons of Fate. His illness lasted but a few weeks, and on May 1, 1891, soon after the completion of his seventieth year, Ferdinand Gregorovius passed away.

Of the impression evoked by his character and personality, his talents and his achievements, the sympathy shown during his illness, and the grief called forth both in Italy and Germany by his death, gave eloquent testimony. The King of Italy and the Prince Regent of Bavaria, the Bürgermeister of Munich and the Syndic of Rome, the German and the Italian Press gave public expression to their feeling. Different as may be the

opinions concerning him, that he united in a rare degree the spirit of the learned inquirer with the creative power of the artist, that his character was firmly rooted in the noblest humanistic ideals, no one could doubt. To an almost unparalleled degree in the second half of the nineteenth century, Ferdinand Gregorovius realised in Germany the ideal of a Humanist. Nothing ignoble dared approach him. Democratic in his convictions, he was aristocratic in the same sense that Goethe and Schiller were aristocratic. Above all, he valued that liberty and independence which he had acquired by heroic exertions and enduring work. In the consciousness of this he was happy in spite of all else that life may have denied him. And as he remained free from the pedantry and exclusiveness of his craft, as in himself he united the character of the scholar and the man of the world, so his historical studies offered no obstruction to the keenest sympathy with the great movements of the time. In this sense history was to him, as Freeman puts it, "the politics of the past, politics the history of the present."

It is my ardent hope that the publication of Gregorovius's Roman Journals may contribute to the more complete understanding of his character among his contemporaries. Where it has seemed necessary I have added short notes explanatory of people and events. The carefully-compiled index will, I hope, serve the reader as a satisfactory key to the rich treasury of the many years' chronicle of a noble, highly-cultured intellect.

FRIEDRICH ALTHAUS.

LONDON, *May* 1892.

## PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

IN this — the second — edition of the *Römische Tagebücher*, the printer's errors of the first, which consist for the most part in the names of places and people in Italy and East Prussia, have been corrected, also some omissions in the text. For the rest, although differing in form, the edition is identical with the first.

Yielding to an oft-expressed wish, a portrait of the author has been added to the new edition of the Journals. The likeness is unmistakable. We may only observe that it depicts Gregorovius as in thoughtful mood, as he appeared at the end of the decade that followed the close of the *Tagebücher*, and it must be left to the imagination of the reader to picture him during the intervening years as younger, happier, less melancholy. To the friends who knew him personally this will not be difficult; to the readers of his works, even of the Roman Journals, the cause of his sadness will not be far to seek.

F. A.

LONDON, *September* 1893.



# ROMAN JOURNAL

1852

LEFT the town of Königsberg on April 2, 1852. On the previous day my eldest brother Rudolf had lost his youngest son, Richard, a splendid boy of thirteen. His remains were to be conveyed by his father to the parsonage at Rogehnen, whither I straightway went. My brother Julius also came thither from Graudenz. We spent sad and dreary hours awaiting the coffin. It was night. We went out of doors and along the highroad to listen for the carriage. Spring was in the air; cranes winging their flight from the South flew overhead. The following day I left Neidenburg, taking leave of my step-mother and sister, and went by way of Posen to Vienna. There received from Frau Schurz, Lenau's sister, tidings of another death. My friend Ludwig Bornträger, a young and talented painter, had passed away at Pisa on April 5.<sup>1</sup>

On April 19, entered Italy at Venice, and thence hurried on to Florence, where I found my friend's mother. A few days later accompanied Frau Bornträger to Trent, where we parted, and I immediately returned to Florence. Took up my abode in a private house on the Piazza of S. Maria Novella and remained there several weeks. The weather had become very hot. I had previously imagined

<sup>1</sup> The dedication, the introductory poem to the *Corsische Todten-Klagen* (Corsican Laments for the Dead), refers to this twofold loss.

“Rufet ihr, geliebte Beide  
Deren Gräber frisch mir ragen?”

—Editor's Note.

that all the inspiring influences of my life would expand in Italy, awaking within me a wealth of new ideas ; but my mind remained dormant, and this state of blank inertia greatly troubled me. I doubted whether I was capable of producing anything that would live. I almost despaired of my future.

At the beginning of July went to Leghorn, where I was received by Heinrich Hirsch. The sight of the sunny expanse of sea, the distant islands, and, finally, the accounts given by a Greek of the beauty of his native isles, awoke the most ardent longing to see an island, and I resolved to go over to Corsica.

On July 14, landed at Bastia, and from the same port returned to Leghorn on September 5. Corsica helped me to shake off my sorrows, soothed and fortified me ; it effected my deliverance in providing the suggestion for the first work whose material was supplied by the majesty of Nature and by real life ; it thus placed solid ground under my feet.

On September 23, went with Hirsch to Elba and remained a few days.<sup>1</sup>

On Tuesday the 28th, from Leghorn to Siena. Thence, on the 29th, in a diligence to Rome in company with the Roman family of Serny. The first night we spent at Scala, the second at Bolsena, the third at Ronciglione.

107 VIA FELICE, ROME, October 4, 1852.

At 7 A.M. left Ronciglione, drove to Monte Rosi, and reached Baccano at ten o'clock. Was told that Rome was to be seen from the hill above, and climbed there by myself in a state of great excitement. Looked for Rome, but, having missed the way, failed to see it ; and huge sheep-dogs obliged me to turn. Signor Serny afterwards led me by the right path and pointed out the city in the distance.

We proceeded onwards by La Storta, where in former days stood Veii, and on October 2, 1852, at 4.30 in the afternoon, I entered Rome by the Porta del Popolo, and alighted at the Hotel Cesari in the Corso.

<sup>1</sup> The literary result of this expedition was the sketch, *Die Insel Elba*, in vol. i. of the *Wanderjahre in Italien*.—*Editor's Note*.

My first walk was to the Capitol and Forum; later I went to the Colosseum, over which the moon was shining. I have no words to express the tumult of feelings that surged within me.

On Sunday wandered at random, so as to take myself by surprise, when I suddenly came on buildings with which, through illustrations, I was already acquainted. Such were the Column of Trajan, the Pantheon, the Temple of Vesta, the Pyramid of Caius Cestius. Part of the day was spent in the search for lodgings. Found my present little room under the roof of the dwelling of Vincenzo, a sculptor. Hence I can overlook Rome. I moved in to-day, and intend to spend a week longer in exploring the city without any plan. Into its inner life I dare not venture yet.

Have arrived without letters to anyone, and have not a single acquaintance beyond my travelling companions.

Have discovered from the calendar that October 2—the day of my arrival—is dedicated to S. Angelo Custode, the Guardian Angel; and the street where I have made my dwelling is called the Via Felice. These are happy omens.

ROME, *November 10.*

During this interval I have been incessantly occupied exploring Rome. Have written a second series of articles on Corsica, and drawn the outlines for a drama, *Sampiero*. Rome is so entirely silent that one can live in heavenly tranquillity and think and work. The city is occupied by five thousand French soldiers. On October 24 walked to Tivoli with Bandcher, an English architect.

*November 30.*

I go to the Library of the Dominicans every morning. Have no materials at hand for the history of Corsica, and have therefore written to Florence.



1853

ROME, *January 27.*

HAVE worked a great deal at *Corsica*. Have seen a great deal. Have experienced joy and sorrow.

*May 21.*

Finished the book on Corsica on April 2, and immediately copied it out. The air of Rome has an influence on me like that of champagne. The sunny atmosphere affects me like that of some far-away blessed clime. On April 11 I entrusted my MS. to the post; it left on the 13th and reached Stuttgart in safety. After tedious waiting and worry Cotta's answer arrived.

On April 25, sent *Römische Figuren* to the *Allgemeine Zeitung*; on May 20, *The Ghetto and the Jews in Rome*.

ROME, *May 25.*

Drove to Tivoli on Saturday and went to the festival at Vicovaro. Everywhere the singing of nightingales and a glorious wealth of flowers. On Sunday evening returned on foot to Tivoli, and there found a man from Frankfort. Rode with him to Monticelli on the 23rd, and on the 24th walked back to Rome.

GENZANO, *June 4.*

On the 28th, went with Carl von Dietrichs to Albano, and have formed a friendship with him. He is a native of Courland, and a man of pure and noble character. On the 29th we took up our abode in the house of Caroline

Mazzoni, 57 Via Sforza, Genzano, where we get three good rooms and excellent fare. We have passed a pleasant week, but to-day returned to Rome.

ROME, June 17.

Friedrich Althaus<sup>1</sup> from Detmold called on me.

Results of my sojourn in Rome: the book on Corsica, the article on Elba, *Die Figuren, Ghetto*; a decided feeling for plastic art, a less decided one for painting.

The Berlin poet, Paul Heyse, a youth of almost girlish beauty, has been here. Even at his early age he seems already to be fully equipped for life.

NO. 28 S. LUCIA, NAPLES, June 24.

Left Rome on Saturday, June 18, driving with a vetturino. A Piedmontese sculptor, a Roman, and a curious old Countess Montini my travelling companions. At Genzano called on Mazzoni and Dietrichs, and spent the night at Velletri.

The Pontine Marshes are now a sea of flowers. The view of the Cape of Circe is enchanting. At noon we reached For' Appio, where the Pia line begins. Spent the night in beautiful southern Terracina.

On the 20th we entered the Neapolitan States. Utter want of civilisation in Fundi, which swarms with beggars. Cyclopean walls. Pomegranate trees in flower. Sejanus in ancient days escaped with his life from Tiberius to a cavern near the town. Itri (Urbs Mamurrarum), with its numerous towers and ancient walls, is most picturesque. By midday we reached the Mola di Gaeta; luxurious vegetation—vines and oranges. The suburb of Mola is Castellone (Formiæ), the town of the Laestrygones.

We crossed the Liris or Garigliano on a suspension bridge at Minturnæ. Picturesque ruins—an ancient aqueduct. Spent the night at S. Agata, at an inn below Sessa. The Neapolitan towns are more cheerful than the Roman; white houses on every side, beautified with flowers.

The following day proceeded to Capua. A cheerful town

<sup>1</sup> The author of the prefaces to the *Roman Diaries*.

on the Volturnus, situated in a fertile plain ; a rural looking piazza with green trees. Unimportant churches ; a great many soldiers. In the afternoon journeyed from Aversa to Naples, where we arrived at 6.30 P.M. A brilliant rainbow hung over Vesuvius, the moon shining in magic splendour over the dark bay.

On the 23rd, to Pompeii, the aspect of which both delights and repels. The houses stand like empty coffins ; rows of streets ; temples, theatre, and Forum—all still as death, shimmering under the spell of summer. Never did I experience such melancholy ; none but a poet could express it.

In the evening, on foot to Torre dell' Annunziata. Then to the Torre del Greco and on to Naples.

On July 2, to Monte Somma ; on the 5th, in cheerful company, to Monte Barbaro ; and on the 7th, to Herculaneum.

On the 10th, with Althaus to Pozzuoli and Cumae ; we rowed to Cape Misenum, then by Procida to Ischia, where we remained a night. An island paradise of quite indescribable charm : intoxication of light, which one seems to breathe instead of air.

On the 18th with Kugler's friend—Jacob Burckhardt from Basle—the Court architect, Demmler, from Schwerin, and Althaus, to Castellamare, where we spent the night. On the 19th proceeded by Pompeii, Nocera, and La Cava to Salerno, where we stayed the following night. On the 20th went to Paestum ; the three temples, huge and magnificent, are like a trilogy of Æschylus. Around lie a solemn, majestic landscape and the purple-blue sea.

Went on with Althaus on foot to Amalfi and Sorrento. On the 24th crossed to Capri.

Stayed in Capri until August 22, and here wrote the description of the island.

BELLA VENEZIA, NAPLES, *August 30.*

On Monday, August 22, returned by the boat *Felice* to Naples from Capri, which Professor Enver and Stökler, the painter, had left the day before.



Passed hot and unproductive days in Naples.

Spent the 26th with the Professor of Chemistry at the Villa Carsoli, a delightful dwelling at the foot of Vesuvius.

On Sunday the 28th made the ascent of Vesuvius with the chemist, Becker, from Breslau. We took horses at Resina, and were two hours in reaching the cone, which we ascended easily in three-quarters of an hour; saw the old and the new crater; the new an appalling sight with its yellow, red, blue, and white walls of smoking sulphur. The view of Campania, Naples, and the sea magnificent. We could not see beyond the shore of Sorrento. Scirocco at sunset. Returned at night. I was thrown, but not dangerously, from my horse, and came the greater part of the way on foot by the carriage road; saw my twin brother, the comet, clearly; got a carriage at last, and pleasant society in the person of the doctor, Poerio's friend.

Yesterday, Monday the 29th, was the festival of the Centesimo, the centenary visit to the Madonna made by the King, who sent a representative. A great procession from Piedigrotta, motley and clamorous. A wonderful view of the throng of human beings on the Chiaja, of the Villa Reale and the bay, in which six men-of-war, dressed with flags, fired salutes.

Went to-day to the Incoronata—beautiful frescoes by Giotto—and to S. Martino, where is a fine Entombment by Spagnoletto.

I leave the Vases in the Museum unwillingly; gladly depart from Naples itself.

To-morrow I start for Palermo in the *Polyphemus*. Shall soon see Syracuse; I rejoice like a child at the prospect of breathing Greek air.

PALERMO, September 1.

Left yesterday in the steamer *Polyphemus* at four in the afternoon, in the company of Dr Bursian.<sup>1</sup> We had on board actors from North Italy; a ballet dancer who suffered from constant attacks of cramp; a singer, in looks like Franz

<sup>1</sup> Later renowned as philologist and archæologist; he was appointed Professor at the University of Munich, where he died in 1883.—*Editor's Note.*

Moor, with two charming daughters who afterwards made themselves known as Marie Piccolomini and her sister—and who have a six months' engagement at Palermo; a family from the island of Ustica, who have spent four years in Naples engaged in a law-suit concerning a legacy and are now joyfully returning home. Their delight at sight of Ustica was touching to behold. The mother, they told us, had vowed a pilgrimage to Santa Rosalia, and would fulfil the vow to-day.

The steamer was crowded with soldiers; the night in the cabin was uncomfortable, the dawn cheering. We had a near view of Ustica, where exiles also live; the mountains of Sicily later appeared floating in white luminous mist. I distinguished Cap Gallo and Pellegrino. By two we were in the harbour; worked our way through three Custom-houses, and put up at the "Fortuna" in the Toledo. Palermo, as seen from the sea, did not equal my expectations; Genoa and Naples are grander; the outlines of the mountains here, however, far surpass those of either city. Cap Gallo is formed like a shell; as regards classic Pellegrino, Capri had prepared me for it. I immediately explored the Toledo, ate for the first time of this year's grapes, and saw a huge tunny-fish carried by. Palermo surprised me by its Saracenic and original architecture, or rather the Arab-Norman style of its palaces and churches. Everything here is foreign, beautiful as fairyland; the surroundings are classically grand—the brown mountains around perfectly Doric in style. As at Paestum, we can perceive the attraction this scenery must have had for the Dorians. The Cathedral was the first building I entered; there stood by the grave of the great German Emperor Frederick II. Walked on outside the gate at the end of the Toledo; the sight of the brown mountains is quite indescribable. Looking down the Toledo the view ends in the sea. In contrast to Naples, I was struck with the quiet, the cleanliness—one is conscious of being on an island and far away. In the evening took a walk along the splendid quay to the Flora; mountains to right and left—on the left Cap Gallo and Pellegrino, on the right Punta Monger-

bina and Capo Zaffarano, which hems in the bay. The sky like opalescent glass, a haze of light; the evening glow on the mountains more delicate in hue, and lasting longer than in Naples; the outlines more stately. Here the shore falls naturally into distinct shapely groups, all vast and beautiful: this is not so at Naples.

A great many priests. No beggars. No crowds of lazzaroni.<sup>1</sup>

### *Itinerary.*

On September 4, in company with Dr Bursian, departed on horseback for Segesta.

Spent the night at Alcamo.

On the 8th, arrived at Girgenti.

On the 10th, left to return to Palermo.

On the evening of the 15th, by the post by way of Castro Giovanni (Enna) to Catania.

On the 18th, to Syracuse.

On the 23rd, made an expedition up Etna by Nicolosi.

The morning of the 24th, on the summit.

26th, Taormina.

27th, Messina.

On the evening of the 29th, left on board the *Duca di Calabria* for Naples.

### *From Palermo to Catania.*

On Thursday evening, September 15, with two Frenchmen left Palermo by the Corriera (170 miles). The road lay past Misilmeri. Bare and sterile country; few villages; Valle Longa, S. Caterina. Galloped through the Salso (Himera); Villa Rosa, with smoking sulphur mines. Castro Giovanni, the ancient Enna, beautifully situated on

<sup>1</sup> Here follow circumstantial details of his tour in Sicily, dealing partly with the picturesque, partly with the historic and scientific aspect of the country. But as these form the main subject of the author's *Siciliana*, I shall not repeat here what has been said elsewhere. The course of the journey is shown by the Itinerary drawn up by Gregorovius himself. To this I have added, in chronological order, some extracts from his Sicilian diaries.—*Editor's Note.*



a hill. My companion found its resemblance to the Acropolis of Athens very striking. Opposite lies Calascibetta; the entire mountain is excavated, cavern after cavern—a curious sight; likewise, though in a less degree, Castro Giovanni. Below a solitary post-house, la Misericordia.

In the evening, a splendid glow over the mountain landscape. Then Leonforte a black-looking town, most picturesquely situated on a hill. Barbarism of the inhabitants; dirt, poverty, isolation. Higher up stands Arsaro, primeval and dingy. Bright moonlight. In the evening a fine view of Etna, the foot of which we drove past at night.

On the morning of the 17th, reached Catania. An unfortified town with straight wide streets, divided, like Palermo, crosswise by the Corso, which runs from the gate of the Marina and the Column of the Madonna to the other side of the Marina; also by the Stesicorea, the best street, which, continuing towards Etna, is known as the Strada Etnea. The walls and the harbour are of desolate aspect, the shore being mainly formed of rocky heaps of black lava, while the water itself is black with fragments of lava. The Marina at the Elemora harbour, where there is a promenade, is but faintly green. It is a city of lava—lava pavements, lava walls; the façades of houses and churches, in many cases unfinished, have been erected on half-destroyed façades. Everywhere desolation and ruin.

We visited the churches. All are restored, and devoid of architectural individuality; the façades, like the Roman, are of travertine.

The most interesting building is the Convent of the Benedictines at the end of the town, opposite Etna, with a rococo garden formed of lava—a large, handsome, though modern church, with a half façade, over which a lava wall is seen, and, further above, a little telegraph station. Beautiful view of the sea and Etna from the garden.

The Greek theatre is built of lava. Three corridors; the stairs were formerly covered with marble. An aqueduct from Etna conveys a supply of clear, beautiful water, of which we drank, a jug being lowered from above by a cord.

Biscari caused it to be excavated seventy years ago. His grandson has not the like love for antiquities.

Of the amphitheatre, only a corridor and a part of the outer wall remain. The arena lies buried. The cornices are of lava; the outer corridor about a quarter of a mile in circumference. Above the amphitheatre stands the Cappucini and the modern Catacombs.

Melancholy impression of the antiquities of Catania.

*Journey from Catania to Syracuse.*

Left Catania with three Frenchmen in a *vettura di posta* at 2 A.M. on September 18. Eight miles outside the city runs the Sebetus, a river whose waters flow throughout the summer. We crossed in a ferry-boat, and the transit reminded me of that of the Silarus, only that the Sebetus is not so wide. The country is rich in grain, but lonely; hilly, then, behind Lentini, flat and now quite bare. Large plantations of cotton, olives, and cactus. We did not pass more than five villages on the entire journey. First, Lentini, on the marsh of Biviere, in an unhealthy situation and partly built on hills. The ancient Lentini stood higher. The church, painted a bluish-white, was pleasing. It was Sunday, and all the inhabitants were out of doors in white veils and caps.

Went to the ancient Lentini. It consisted of two hills separated by a gate, hewn out of the rock itself, and larger than the Porta Aurea at Girgenti. The ruins have disappeared from one of the hills, which is covered by a forest of cactus as fine as any I have ever seen. The other hill is bare; the outer walls of the ancient fortress, built of square blocks of stone, stand erect, and are formed in part of the natural rock hewn on a colossal scale; a portion has fallen, as at Girgenti. Here and there are the walls of the fortress—in the middle tombs—and a vault formed of splendid blocks overhung by magnificent ivy; several rooms. Below the hill a brook, washerwomen. On one side a deep valley; gardens, filled with luxuriant vegetation, entirely surrounded by hills. Everywhere Cyclopean

walls; graves with niches—one unusually large, with paintings, entire figures of saints—Santo Mauro.

A little higher a more modern village, Carlentini, where we breakfasted. The walls were built by Charles V.

The road then returns to the sea. Agosto and its fortresses are seen in the water—the entire coast is flat, chalky, the sea has receded. The ancient shore is perceptible.

Next comes Priolo, or Paese Novo, a miserable village forty years old, founded by the Marchese Gargallo, the translator of Juvenal and Horace, whose marble monument in the church, chiselled by a Neapolitan sculptor, was shown us by the priest. The landlord of our locanda called it "Museum." The same landlord considered a bottle of wine so dear at 13 baiocchi, that he did not intend to say anything about it. When we asked for the bill, he suggested that we should give whatever we liked, and mentioned 15 soldi. We gave him 30, and he was highly pleased. The people here are entirely unspoiled.

Salt-marshes and salt-hills opposite the peninsula Magnisi. Our course, however, lay continuously along the coast. Before us we beheld the elevated plain on which stands Syracuse. The town itself is first seen from a *casale*, a picturesque house with a garden, on the balcony of which stood a pair of lovers.

*Return from Syracuse to Catania. Ascent of Etna and  
Passage to Messina.*

LOCANDA DEL ETNA, CATANIA, September 23.

Left Syracuse in a return carriage at 2 P.M. on September 21. From here I date the autumn of my life. We spent the night at a locanda on the road. I slept in an open hay-shed. In the morning we resumed the journey; at noon reached Lentini, where the landlady demanded eight *carlini* for a very little. Two women of Lentini presented me with three pomegranates. I inspected the fortress from the further side; its walls are formed of square blocks, but cemented with mortar. The



vegetation in the valley is very rich. Lentini has also stone-quarries.

We drove half across the Sebetus, were carried pick-a-back the other half. Arrived at Catania on September 22, an hour after Ave Maria.

MESSINA, *September 29.*

On the 23rd, rode on mules from Catania to Nicolosi, through flourishing vineyards and three or four smiling little villages, such as Sofia, Gravina, Mascalucia, etc. Curious architecture here, and also at Nicolosi, constructed of lava, of which even the churches are built—the ground black. We visited Dr Gemellaro—saw his house and collection of lavas, his models of the houses on Etna, his library, his MSS. on Etna and his Sicilian dictionary. An unfortunate position is that on lava, for an author!

At 8 P.M., in rain, rode on a mule up to the Bosco, where I met the guide. Went on during the night to the Casa Inglese. Ascended the cone before sunrise; it is more difficult than that of Vesuvius—exhalations of gas, hot fumes, stench of sulphur. Above are the funnels of two craters. Picturesque effects of colour, more peculiarly diabolic the sight of the Montagarla in the most beautiful black. Clouds; fleeting glimpses of the glowing crimson sea; the coast of Palermo, the bay of Cefalù, the interior, the pyramidal shadow of Etna, our own shadows, a desert of lava and ashes. Now to descend through the wilderness. Fatigue, fever, a halt at the Bosco. Nicolosi at last, where I slept three hours; then onwards again on the mule. A flashing thunderstorm behind me; I took shelter in a chapel, where the people were on their knees praying. Further on, again sought shelter at a country house: great hospitality. Returned to Catania by starlight.

Remained over Sunday, the 25th, in Catania, and early on the 26th went on to Taormina. Beautiful drive along the coast; several villages; lava shores. Then charming Aci Reale. In former days this fortress was known as Aci Castello, and the little harbour, Porto Ulisse. Here

are the three rocks hurled by the Cyclops after Ulysses. Reached Taormina at noon.

On the 27th, rode on a mule from Taormina to Forza, a distance of 14 miles. Always along the coast, through several new places. Delightful is the position of Alessio, situated beside a castle with round towers, a kind of S. Angelo, high above the sea. At Forza, took my seat on the diligence. Passed through several villages. A view of Cape Spartivento, Etna, and Reggio. Arrived at Messina the evening of the 29th. To-morrow leave for Naples.

GENZANO, *Sunday, October 9.*

At seven o'clock on Thursday evening, the 29th ult., left Messina in the *Duca di Calabria* with three Frenchmen. Only saw the Faro by night. The next morning (the 30th) stopped at Paola. The coast of Calabria is beautiful in outline, and frequently gloriously green. On Saturday at 3 A.M. we entered the harbour under the constellation of Orion, and saw the sunrise.

Early on Sunday, October 1, I left in a carriage in company with the painter Stöckel, the painter Catell and his wife, and Signorina Giuditta Arnoldis. Spent the night at S. Agata, the second night at Terracina, the third at Velletri.

October 4, reached Genzano in the early morning, and took up my abode in the Casa Mazzoni.

On the 6th, continued the *Eumenides*, and have written eighty verses to-day. I hope to finish the poem here.

Remained in Genzano until October 24, when I returned to my quarters in Rome.

1854

ON January 16 began the treatise, *The Tombs of the Popes*.

ROME, January 31.

Within the last few weeks I have begun to write a Pompeian novel, *The Bronze Candelabra*, impelled thereto by the sight of a candelabra in the Museum at Naples.

To-morrow shall begin to transcribe the *Relics of Civilisation in Sicily*.

ROME, May 9.

Spring came upon me before I was aware of it. The almond blossom is over, the acacias in full bloom. I have been ill for weeks.

Meanwhile *Corsica* made its appearance.

I have translated some poems of Meli, the Sicilian. On May 2, sent the *Tombs of the Popes* to Cotta. I live entirely alone; must work hard to keep my head above water.

The Court architect, Demmler, from Schwerin, came to visit me, a liberal Mecklenburger; also the poet, Titus Ulrich, from Berlin, a finely-strung, intellectual man.

ROME, July 15.

On the 8th, went in search of a dwelling for the summer at Genzano—Casa Mazzoni.

GENZANO, October 3.

Cholera everywhere. Have been here three months; have translated several songs of Meli's, the proofs of which



I sent to Cotta's *Morgenblatt*. On August 10, began to turn the novel of the *Candelabra* into hexameters. The poem is to be called *Euphorion*.

Wrote the *Idylls of the Latin Shore* for the *Königsberger Zeitung*, and for the *Allgemeine Zeitung* the *Fragments from Syracuse*.

Russell Martineau wrote from Scotland begging for my authorisation of his translation of my book *Corsica*, of which Lord Ellesmere had spoken very favourably in the *Quarterly Review*, and portions of which he has even translated.

I propose to write the history of the city of Rome in the Middle Ages. For this work, it seems to me that I require a special gift, or better, a commission from Jupiter Capitolinus himself. I conceived the thought, struck by the view of the city as seen from the bridge leading to the island of S. Bartholomew. I must undertake something great, something that will lend a purpose to my life. I imparted the idea to Dr Braun, secretary to the Archæological Institute. He listened attentively, and then said, "It is an attempt in which anyone must fail." The day after to-morrow I return to Rome.

CASA DELLA SIGNORA MARZIA PELLICANI,  
NO. 63 VIA DELLA PURIFICAZIONE, ROME, December 31.

On October 5 returned to Rome; on the 9th, entered my new abode. The street is bad; the accommodation good—two rooms scantily furnished.

Carl von Dietrichs soon returned from Naples. He is very ill.

The poet Salvatore Viale, from Bastia, has written to me. *The Tombs of the Popes*, *The Festival at Nola*, and *Syracuse* have been printed.<sup>1</sup>

Continued working on *Euphorion*.

On December 8, the solemn proclamation of the absurd dogma of the Immaculate Conception took place. I saw

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards included in the chapter on Naples in vol. iii. of the *Wanderjahre*.—*Editor's Note*,

DECEMBER 31, 1854

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the procession of 250 bishops in S. Peter's. Festivals and music in the churches every day.

Yesterday the great column which is to be erected on the Piazza di Spagna was drawn to the spot by galley-slaves.

The basilica of Pope Alexander has been discovered outside the Porta Nomentana.

1855

ROME, February 10.

BEGAN the new year with fresh vigour. Have been very energetic.

Dined twice with the Consigliere Segreto Alertz, private physician to Gregory XVI., a handsome and cultured man. His presence is imposing, resembling that rather of a statesman than a doctor. I brought away several books from his library.

ROME, May 30.

Poor Dietrichs died at five in the afternoon of April 27. I and David Grimm from S. Petersburg were with him. Shortly before his death he asked me to read him something from the Bible. I read the 90th Psalm. He listened with an effort, and then passed away. An excellent and noble man and a dear friend of mine has departed.

The whole of May I worked at the *Figuren* for Brockhaus, who seems to wish to number me among his *clientèle*. At his invitation I also wrote *The Last Ten Years of the Kingdom of Naples* for his magazine *Gegenwart*.

Called on Goethe's grandson, who is Councillor to the Legation here. In conversation he is not so entirely eccentric as are his wholly incredible poems. On his brow, however, stand imprinted his grandfather's lines: "Woe to thee, that thou art a grandson."

Saw King Ludwig of Bavaria—a strange, mobile figure, almost to be called a caricature.

At 5 P.M. on April 12 the floor gave way under the Pope



in the house beside S. Agnese. With him several cardinals, the French General, the Austrian Count Hoyos, and more than a hundred pupils of the Propaganda were precipitated to the lower story. The fall of the Papacy is thereby symbolically indicated; so far, however, the accident has had no sinister consequences. Soon after I saw Pius IX. outside the Porta del Popolo; he looked quite radiant.

I take a walk on the Campagna every Sunday with Frey and Müller, the artists, and the sculptor Mayer.

The only daughter of Cornelius, the painter, has just married a Count from Cagli. I became acquainted with Cornelius in the *osteria* beside Trinità dei Monti, and frequently meet him now. A resolute will is expressed in everything he says and does. Vanity and disparagement of others seem to be his failings. He has the eyes of an eagle, and is a genius.

Thomas Constable of Edinburgh has offered to publish translations of my writings for his firm.

Have written the *Letters from Naples* for Hackländer's *Hausblätter*.

ROME, June 27.

Never before have I remained in Rome so far into the summer. Am kept here by work and by waiting for Cotta's letters. Finished the translations from Meli on June 24, and am now completely master of the hexameter.

On the 10th drove with Frey, Meyer, and other artists—a merry party—to Castel Fusano.

Yesterday evening the young King of Portugal arrived in Rome. He drove in a closed carriage with six horses.

I tried to get Giannone's history at the Minerva. But as the work is on the Index, I was not allowed to do more than turn over the pages beside the librarian. How absurd, in the year 1855!

Theodor Heyse<sup>1</sup> is selling his library in order to remove to Florence. I am glad of it—glad that he can be stirred by any vigorous resolve—he grows musty in his solitude.

<sup>1</sup> The translator of *Catullus*, brother of the well-known philologist and uncle of Paul Heyse. A resident in Rome from 1832, Heyse died in Florence in 1884.—*Editor's Note*.

The old painter Rhoden came to Rome in the past century, wearing the pigtail of his time. He is the *doyen* of the Germans here.

I hate Louis Napoleon. He has no genial virtue, is nothing but a legacy-hunter.

ROME, July 7.

I dreamt that a pine-tree fell on my writing-table, and that everything was thrown to the ground in confusion. Perhaps Cotta is the pine-tree.

ROME, July 23.

My plans are shattered and the dream fulfilled. Cotta declined on the 18th; on the 19th I wrote to Brockhaus, and on the 21st sent him the translations from Meli.

I remain on here in the burning heat.

The Danish paper *Fædrelandet* is translating my *Römische Figuren*.

Have been visiting several sculptors' studios—Gibson's, Tenerani's, Achterman's, Imhof's.

ROME, July 31.

Two English translations of *Corsica*, by Morris and Martineau, have just arrived. I have lately been writing several songs, also the *Lament of the Children of Judah in Rome*.

ROME, August 11.

Have been putting the finishing touches to the fourth canto of *Euphorion*, and have written several poems, so that the muse may hold her head above water.

Opening of the Church of the Minerva—sumptuous though motley decoration. Sham marble is disgraceful in Rome. For five days there was music both in the church and outside it, where the piazza was beautifully illuminated.

The old sculptor Martin Wagner was most amiable to-day.<sup>1</sup> He told me a great deal about Parga and Prevesa. I believe that he occasionally visits people.

<sup>1</sup> He lived in Rome from 1805 onwards. He transacted the purchase of the sculptures of *Ægina* and other ancient marbles for King Ludwig of Bavaria, and designed the sculptures for the Siegesthor in Munich.—*Editor's Note*.

He is as coarse as a buffalo. Once when witty Riedel was walking round the walls of Rome, seeing Wagner coming, he hid himself behind one of the fences that are erected here and there under the walls, for the protection of foot passengers against the oxen, and waited until Wagner had passed. The old bear must have laughed heartily over the incident.

A priest standing between God and man is only like a piece of smoked glass through which one may see the sun.

ROME, *September 13.*

Troubles and scirocco. Dr Altenhöfer of the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung* came, and I spent some most pleasant days with him. Came across him in the Mausoleum of Augustus, where "Maria Stuart" was acted in Maffei's translation. The day before yesterday drove with him to Tivoli.

Naples is in a state of ferment. Mazzini is agitating even here. Everything is in a condition of tension. The cholera is raging in Sardinia.

NETTUNO, *September 28.*

On the 19th drove to Porto d'Anzio and took up my abode with Donna Vittoria in the palace which formerly belonged to Olympia Maldachini. Solitude by the sea. Full moon. Bathing. Here I wrote the poems *Nettuno*, *The Dying Hadrian*, and *Astura*.<sup>1</sup> I return to Rome tomorrow. The cholera is at Porto.

ROME, *October 4 (my sister's wedding day).*

Left Nettuno on October 1. The day before, my host Felice gave a great dinner. The wine was in glass amphoræ two feet high.

ROME, *October 24.*

Worthy old Platner is dead. He is well known as one of the collaborators in the description of the city of Rome, of which he revised the portions dealing with the Middle

<sup>1</sup> All printed in the posthumous edition of the *Gedichte von Ferdinand Gregorovius*, published by Count Schack.—*Editor's Note.*



Ages and the history of Art. He had also been Niebuhr's friend.

On the 18th the Society of German Artists here gave a banquet to celebrate Riepenhausen's<sup>1</sup> fifty years' residence in Rome.

Have just made the acquaintance of Count Paul Perez of Verona. He was first Professor of Literature in Padua, then after 1848 at Gratz. He is a great Dante scholar, with whose descendants he claims kinship through the Serego Alighieri. He came to Rome in order to go through the three years' course of Thomistic philosophy at the Minerva. Perez has a very attractive personality, full of gentleness and sad earnestness.

ROME, November 26.

Nine sets of proofs of the *Figuren* arrived from Leipzig.

*The Vow of Peter Cyrnaeus*, a translation from Viale, is printed in the *Morgenblatt*, and the *History of the Last Ten Years of Naples* in the *Gegenwart*.

Since October have been making the preliminary studies for my *History of the City of Rome in the Middle Ages*. I work in the beautiful hall of the Angelica from eight until twelve o'clock. I shall first look through the materials. These are my most precious hours.

Spent a pleasant evening with Cornelius, who lives in beautiful rooms in the Palazzo Poli. His cartoon for the Campo Santo leaves me cold. These allegories have been better treated already. Cornelius is a great artist, but no painter. He possesses the power clearly to express what he wishes. With him was Professor Balzer, an adherent of the Günther philosophy or doctrine, who has come here as Counsel for the defence in the trial.

*S. Stephen's Day.*

Have worked long at the *Chronicle of Rome*. It is an ocean on which I venture relying so entirely on myself, and so devoid of means, that I can scarcely procure a book

<sup>1</sup> The painter Johannes Riepenhausen, born at Göttingen in 1789, died in Rome, September 1860.—*Editor's Note.*

that serves my purpose. I drag heaps of borrowed books from Alertz's library or the Capitol to my dwelling. How hideous is this Via della Purificazione! The rabble dwell here. Models for artists. This dirty street is called the Ghetto of German artists.

Was at the reception of the Dominican Cardinal Gaude, and at Villecourt's (the French bishop), who, after Voigt had written his book on Gregory VII., wished to convert him to Catholicism. Made the acquaintance of Bethmann-Hollweg at a reception at Von Thile, the Prussian minister's. He is an imposing personage, tall and strong, with formal manners.

Jonas, a painter, writes from Berlin that, stirred by my book, he has determined to visit Corsica to make some studies.

Cornelius lately told me during a walk that a woman's mind had never had any influence on his character or creative work. He expressed himself with contempt of women: their inferiority had been shown in the beginning by the fact that God had inspired Adam with His own spirit, but had only anatomically created the woman from the rib of the man. He valued women merely in a sensuous aspect: to artists they were necessary for creative works, of which they formed an element.

*New Year's Eve.*

In the year 1855 have written *The Last Ten Years of Naples*, several lyric poems, have almost finished the poem of *Euphorion*, have entirely finished the volume *Figuren*. Have finished *Meli*, and begun the studies for the *History of the City of Rome in the Middle Ages*.

1856

ROME, January 7.

ON January 2 began to work again in the Angelica. I have gone through the *Scriptores* of Muratori in order to obtain a general idea of the whole work.

Mr Headly Parish, formerly a diplomat in Constantinople and author of a book on modern Greece, came to see me. He is interesting himself concerning my relations with England.

Visited Antonio Coppi, the continuator of Muratori's *Annals* and author of the *History of the House of Colonna* (Rome, 1855). He lives in the Via Magnanapoli, in a palace, but high up under the roof; he is an ungainly-looking old abbé who stammers instead of speaking. He edits the *Giornale di Roma*, and is a Papist of the purest water. He presented me, it is true, with several brochures, and promised to aid me in my work; but his promises are mere phrases, for he evidently means to thwart it. He maintained there were no documents bearing on the history of the city among the Colonna archives, and this is assuredly untrue.

Concerning my work I say: *Fortia agere et pati Romanum.*

Old Riepenhausen is dying. I found him in bed, above him the cartoons of his youthful works; Homer's bust at his head. Thus in solitude he awaits his end. His house-keeper, who has grown old along with him, sat like a sibyl beside his bed.<sup>1</sup> His was a true artist's nature, with great facility of production. Dr Emil Braun, an overbearing dextrous sophist, will not admit that he has any merits.

<sup>1</sup> After all, as may be seen on page 22, Riepenhausen lived more than four years longer.—*Editor's Note.*



Goethe's grandson has the engraving of Sodoma's "Marriage of Alexander and Roxana" in his room, and Braun calls Sodoma the Riepenhausen of antiquity. I hold, however, that in clear sensuousness Sodoma possessed a greatness that approached Titian's.

Am reading Gibbon again. His work, like Villani's, was inspired by Rome. To him the idea came on the Capitol, to me on the Bridge of the Quattro Capi, or, rather, on S. Bartolomeo, in sight of Trastevere and the Imperial palaces. I no longer remember the date.

Prince Corsini, ex-Senator of Rome, died in the beginning of January, ninety years old. He was borne in an open carriage between priests carrying tapers. His colossal head and prominent nose stood out conspicuously. Several carriages with torches followed.

Have often been to see Cornelius. He showed me illustrations of Nicolò Pisano's sculptures on a column in the cathedral of Orvieto—very graceful and inspired poems. Cornelius is a man of acute intellect, as he showed one evening when I propounded as a riddle the question from the *Cento Novelle Antiche*, where the sages of Alexandria dispute whether, and how, the fumes from a tavern which a poor man had intercepted with his bread were to be paid for. Cornelius discovered the solution on the spot.

ROME (*Easter Sunday*), March 24.

On February 24 was obliged to give up my work in the library, because I had lost the necessary energy. I have since spent a gloomy month. Such are the consequences of overwork.

March and April are dismal months for me, since the best has passed away. On the 16th I made my will and set my affairs in order. *The History of the City of Rome* stands over me in the night like some far-off star. Should fate allow me to finish it, no suffering in the world would be too great for me resolutely to endure.

Some days ago I witnessed an entirely classic incident; one that might have been taken from "The Suppliants" of Æschylus. A thief had fled for refuge to S. Giacomo

on the Corso, and sat there beside an altar, his face covered by his hands. A crowd of onlookers and two policemen, clad as civilians, lay in waiting for him outside the barrier of the chapel, but dared not touch him. The thief sat there, I am told, until the evening. At night the monks allowed him to escape.

Called yesterday on Frau von Suckow, who writes under the name of Emma Niendorf. She is the authoress of a well-known book, *Lenau in Swabia*. She must have been very handsome, and appears amiable and modest. Her father was Pappenheim, the Hereditary Marshal and Master of Ordnance. She avowed herself a follower of Justinus Kerner and of his childish theory of Demons.

ROME, April 6.

The day before yesterday dreamt that I held the King of Naples, who was flying to heaven on horseback, fast by a rope, and that he pulled so hard I could not stop him. I afterwards remembered that several years ago at Königsberg I dreamt that I held the Mediterranean by a rope in the air, and was terribly afraid it might fall and submerge the whole country. I have never had such strange dreams. One night I found myself in the theatre; instead of actors the walls of Rome appeared on the stage, where they gave a magnificent dance. At the end Iphigenia appeared and addressed a speech to me, I being the only spectator in the building.

I remember as a young man I had a dream that was actually prophetic. Before the *Abiturien* examination in the Gymnasium at Gumbinnen, I dreamt that the professor gave me the ode *Iustum ac tenacem propositi virum* to explain. As I was going with my fellow-students into the hall on the day of the examination, I told them what, and how I knew what, my task would be. They laughed at me. Professor Petraný took up the *Horace* and said, "Turn to the ode *Iustum ac tenacem propositi virum*." My companions looked at me in astonishment, and I passed brilliantly.

Last Sunday as I was going along the Appian Way, all

the bells in Rome began to ring, the news of peace being made after the Crimean War having just been announced by telegraph.

The Princess Torlonia has gone out of her mind. She is a beautiful woman, a member of the ancient house of Colonna. When the banker gained her hand, he said, "She is an ancient statue, and I have the pedestal of gold on which to place her."

*Multum esset scribendum, quod dimitto in calamo*, the closing sentence of a chronicler.

ROME, April 30.

On the 14th returned to my folios in the Angelica. I am in vol. ix. of Baronius, and have read several other works, among them the *Itinerarium* of Rutilius, which I have recommended to Perez for translation.

This month the three poems, *Lament of the Children of Judah in Rome*, *The Tower of Astura*, and *Nettuno* have been printed in the *Museum* of Prutz; *The Monuments of Florence* in the Hackländer *Hausblätter*. Also the songs of Meli of Palermo, which Brockhaus has brought out very well. Have rewritten *Euphorion*, and am taking it with me to the mountains in June to prepare it for the press.

Have made acquaintance with the Marchese Matteo Ricci of Macerata, translator of Aristotle's *Politics* and compiler of the *Saggio sugli ordini politici dell' antica Roma*. His father is, at least according to appearances, the model of a highly cultured gentleman; his wife, the daughter of Massimo d'Azeglio and grand-daughter of Manzoni, a young girlish modest lady—a rarity among Italians.

Was at the last evening party at the Palazzo Caffarelli. Cardinals Antonelli, Altieri, and Reisach were there, Antonelli exclusively occupied with women. He is considered a very witty man.

On April 25, the anniversary of Tasso's death, went with Emma Niendorf and Perez to S. Onofrio; the monks would not, however, allow our lady companion to enter, to her great distress.

On the 27th went with Perez to the little villa Torlonia, where the academy of the Quirites celebrated the festival of



Rome. Prince Giovanni read a discourse, in which he said, that the only reason why Florentines spoke Italian so well was that Florence was not far from Rome. Perez laughed heartily at this. An old and a young poetess recited sonnets. We then had some music, a good violin concerto by Ettore Pinelli and others.

Rome frequently will not allow herself to be seen. She conceals herself from the inner sense. I once sat on Monte Mario and there saw Rome.

Rome is the demon with whom I struggle; should I issue victorious from the contest—that is to say, should I succeed in overcoming this omnipotent and universal being and making her a subject of exhaustive inquiry and artistic treatment for myself—then shall I also be a triumphator.

Perez had a happy thought. He has decided to write an essay on the confessions of Augustine, of Marcus Aurelius, and Rousseau. The first, he says, confessed to God, the other as a stoic to himself, the vain Rousseau to the world, whose favour he wooed.

To-day Perez read me the first chapter of his translation of my *Corsica*, which he is going to dedicate to the Countess Gozzadini.<sup>1</sup>

ROME, *Whitsunday, May 10.*

Went to S. Pietro ad Vincula with Emma Niendorf and Perez. We afterwards lost our way in a vineyard, and suddenly found ourselves above the ruins of the Baths of Titus. It was curious to look down into the deserted corridors. All around was green, waving grass and roses. Orange trees in flower over the ruins of the Sette Sale. As it was raining, we took shelter under them. The view over the Cœlian is beautiful: in the middle distance the fortress-like mass of the Quattro Coronati; the circular building of S. Stefano, the ruined aqueduct, then the Colosseum, and behind the Tower of the Capocci rising out of the foliage of the garden. We afterwards went into the Thermæ. The rain fell in a melancholy way, like the drippings in a stalactite cave. In one of the halls a deserted maiden

<sup>1</sup> This lady, frequently mentioned later, was Perez' cousin.—*Editor's Note.*

(a picture in fresco), on the ceiling, was lamenting, as in a prison.

Have had a lively discussion with Perez on the essence of Italian poetry, in which the German element of yearning and mystery is utterly lacking. Even Dante does not possess it, although his poem is throughout a Gothic cathedral. Don Michele Gaetani, Duke of Sermoneta, has drawn up a plan of Dante's Hell representing the planetary or spherical system in a chart. This gifted man draws excellently.

*Corpus Domini, May 22.*

To-day I received the first letter from the painter Jonas from Corsica. He is enchanted with the beauty of the island. The country has changed during recent years, the land is now cultivated, and no gun or dagger is any longer to be seen. Napoleon has disarmed Corsica. I was therefore the last to behold this island of heroes in its wild aspect.

Went yesterday to S. Pancrazio to search for the epitaph on Crescentius, but the ancient inscriptions there have disappeared. A Carmelite monk told me that he had been in Aleppo in 1850, and had known General Joseph Bem. Shortly before his death Bem wished to see a priest. He, my informant, disguised himself as a Turk, in order to convey the sacraments to the dying man, but when he, with Lesseps, the consul, arrived at Bem's dwelling, the General was dead. The Pasha consequently caused him to be buried as a Turk.<sup>1</sup>

*May 28.*

Have been wretched for six days in consequence of a colic, which was cured yesterday by prescriptions given me by my friend Alertz. I have put off work in the library, and go every day to sit under the yew hedge at the Villa Medici.

<sup>1</sup> The personage mentioned here is the once celebrated Polish general of the Hungarian struggle for freedom of 1848-9. After the defeat of the rebels in 1849, Bem fled with Kossuth and others to Turkey, was converted to Islam, and served in the Turkish army under the name of Amurath Pasha.—*Editor's Note.*

Have rented a dwelling in Genazzano, behind Palestrina, for the summer, and can scarcely await the time of my departure; the fever of work has left me tired out.

I read with pleasure the ancient language of the Chronicles: it resembles the language of the pictures of Giotto, Lippi, Ghirlandajo. Have collected several of the inscriptions from mediæval tombs; am enlarging my *Tombs*, and am making it into a little book.

*Multum esset scribendum, quod dimitto in calamo.*

ROME, June 24 (*S. John's Day*).

During this hot weather I am obliged to leave the *History of the City* alone: I am, however, bringing the *Tombs* down to the thirteenth century.

Have gone about but little. Yesterday, accompanied Perez to the Capitol, where we saw the statues of the popes and the curious figure of Charles of Anjou.

The poet Salvatore Viale from Bastia came to see me a short time ago. He presented me with the new edition of the *Canti popolari* of the Corsicans, and I gave him the Edinburgh translation of my book. Viale is an old man, unmarried, like his brothers, the Pope's physician and the Cardinal. They privately count on the promotion of the Cardinal, who is Bishop of Bologna, to the Papacy.

The *Fragments of Agrigentum* are printed in the *Deutsches Museum*.

GENAZZANO (30 miles from Rome), August 16.

On June 25 left Rome with Annunziata Spetta, a Venetian, who has a house and vineyards at Genazzano. She will be my foster-mother; a woman of indefatigable industry and loquacity.

I have a small room in the attic. It is very hot, and snakes sun themselves on the roof. The Campagna sparkles at night with floating lights. The charm of summer is enchanting. I have found here what I sought—solitude and peace.

Perez, who promised to follow me, has not come, having been suddenly summoned to Ferrara.



I frequently read the *Consolations* of Boethius seated in a chestnut tree, sometimes while riding an ass. The older a man is, the more does philosophy appeal to him in a moral form.

Have finished the *Tombs of the Popes*. On August 7 drove to Rome to take the MS. to the Custom-house, and returned hither at night.

GENAZZANO, September 19.

Finished the poem *Euphorion* in this sunny solitude, and have woven into it many of my inmost thoughts and feelings.

Afterwards transcribed the poem *Ustica*.<sup>1</sup>

I received a nice letter from Humboldt here. He writes a very illegible hand, almost like hieroglyphics. He has read *Corsica* aloud to the King.

Perez wrote at last from the Villa Ronzano, near Bologna. What an enigmatic man! He is going to become a Rosminian in Rome. *Fata trahunt*. All was in vain. There is a morbid strain in him which he is obliged to follow blindly.

He came at length. He took me by surprise on the evening of September 14, and we spent the night together; it was exciting and painful. The next day at noon I accompanied him as far as Palestrina, where I took leave of him on the site of the ancient Temple of Fortune. I lose my best and most intellectual friend in Rome, and for ever. As mementos he left me Giannone, Casti, Layard, and a Virgil from his library.

GENAZZANO, September 25.

On the 23rd rode with Francesco Romano, a native of the Campagna and a man of gigantic stature, to Anagni. We rested at Pagliano, and reached Anagni in the evening. I called there on one of the most respected families, the Ambrosi; found good accommodation behind the Municipio, which rests on massive arcades. On the 24th rode to Pagliano, and returned here in the evening.

<sup>1</sup> Printed in the posthumous collection of the *Gedichte*. See on this subject p. 8 of the *Roman Journal*.—*Editor's Note*.

My stay at Genazzano, which has already lasted three months, is over. I have had delightful hours of inspiration in this enchanting spot.<sup>1</sup> To-morrow return to Rome, where I shall begin the first volume of *The History of the City in the Middle Ages*. It will soon be seen whether or not this work is ordained me by the grace of God.

ROME, October 2.

On Friday 26 returned to Rome. Was greeted by a nice letter from Althaus; he is a true friend.

Have been sad about Perez. On September 28 he took the religious habit. Padre Luigi and Bertetti, General of the Rosminians, have inveigled him into making this sacrifice. Countess Gozzadini wrote to tell me on September 25, and she still hopes that my influence may be strong enough to save him.

Saw him yesterday at the Piè di Marmo. He was with two others, his companions, and already in religious dress. When he saw me he moved and covered his face. I looked at him in sorrow. We made mute signs to one another, and he went on. He is not allowed to speak or write to anyone; he has surrendered his entire freedom, and to what aim and object?

Yesterday a letter came from Brockhaus, who has accepted the *Tombs of the Popes*.

On the evening of the 28th Cousin Aurora arrived, accompanied by her distinguished compatriot Pauline.

It is four years to-day since I came to Rome. Since then I have written *Corsica*, *Die Figuren*, *Meli*, *The Tombs of the Popes*, *Euphorion*, many other fugitive essays, and collected a quantity of material for the *History of the City*.

I found here that Emil Braun was dead. He was carried off in the beginning of September by malaria. Braun was a sophist, but possessed of traits of genuine liberality and magnanimity.

<sup>1</sup> Besides the above-mentioned works, a literary product of this sojourn was the historic landscape picture *Aus der Campagna von Rom*, contained in vol. ii. of the *Wanderjahre in Italien*.—Editor's Note.

He was soon followed by the two eminent archæologists Canina and Orioli.

ROME, *Wednesday, November 12 (full moon).*

At nine o'clock this morning, in the fifth year of my sojourn in Rome, in the thirty-fifth of my life and in the eleventh of the reign of Pope Pius IX., I began to write the first volume of the *History of the City of Rome in the Middle Ages*.

After having laid aside my pen in the afternoon, I went to the Forum. It was raining, afterwards it cleared. At sunset I beheld the most magnificent cloud effect from the Colosseum. The sun shed a stream of purple over the ruins on the Palatine. The amphitheatre stood in flames of magic fire. I had an hour of bliss, and came back in good spirits.

Don Giovanni Torlonia said to me with justice that the sonnet had destroyed all naturalness in Italian poetry.

Pauline, whom I see every evening, has had a great sorrow. She is noble, serene, and high-minded. Arrogance, she says, is the fruit that grows on the tree of knowledge, and I replied that that fruit should rather be called humility.

Perez has twice written clandestinely in reply to my clandestine notes. He has made an enigmatic experiment on himself, and has, perhaps from deep-seated melancholy, put himself in fetters for ever.

Life is a river, on which some people mad and blind sail in various vessels to the ocean, others remain critically on the shore, and the stream flows on. *Si passa! Si passa!*<sup>1</sup>

ROME, *last day of the year 1856.*

The year has been good, one of the most productive of my life.

I go often to see Caroline Ungher. She was once

<sup>1</sup> The references in the diaries to Perez end here until the summer of 1857. After Perez' death (1879) Gregorovius wrote a detailed account of his friend's history, and his own relations towards him and his family, in the beautiful sketch, "The Villa Ronzano, a seat of the Muses belonging to the Gozzadini of Bologna." In *Nord und Süd*, December 1882.—*Editor's Note.*



engaged to be married to Lenau, then, leaving the theatre, she married the gifted Frenchman Sabatier, a man twenty years younger than herself. Hers is a powerful and many-sided nature; she still sings with great expression, or, rather, declaims her songs without a voice. One evening Thomas, a Welshman, played the harp at her house very beautifully.

Zanth, in company with Hittdorf, editor of the drawings of Sicilian architecture, showed me coloured prints of his Saracen *Wilhelma*. The names of architects, Cornelius maintains, are less commonly found than those of artists and sculptors; buildings having nothing personal about them, but being like works of Nature.

Yesterday I finished the fifth chapter of the *History of the City*.

On December 18, the Column to the Madonna on the Piazza di Spagna was unveiled. The Pope beheld this monument of his mystic folly and vanity from the Spanish Embassy. In truth it caused me a hearty laugh. The world, says Alertz, is a universal mad-house, only the greatest fools are not shut up.

The death of Hammer-Purgstall is announced.

Sent the last proofs of the *Tombs of the Popes* back to Leipzig on December 22.

Have just made acquaintance with Adolf von Schack. He looks very ill. Alertz is attending him—the illness is perhaps more imaginary than real. He will not stand any medicine. Alertz told me, laughing, that he had finally prescribed some drops of pure water, and Schack, according to custom, loudly complained that this medicine caused him great inconvenience. Went with Schack for a walk on the Pincio. He knows Spain thoroughly, and is also well acquainted with Oriental literature. I regard my acquaintance with him as a pleasant gift from the departing year.

1857

ROME, June 14.

HAVE been hitherto too deeply engaged in the *History of the City* to record any of my doings of the present year.

The winter was cold and severe, but was redeemed by an unusual amount of social intercourse. The noble-minded Pauline returned to her native country on April 17. I had a soothing influence on her mind, and was able to rouse her from her grief and draw her to the regions of the ideal. A new world was opened to her in Rome. On March 21, the beginning of spring, she carried, at her own wish, the MS. of *Euphorion* to the Temple of Antoninus, the present Custom-house, and, well packed in oil-cloth, the Pompeian set forth on his journey.

The *Tombs of the Popes* arrived from Leipzig in March.

On April 25 the monument to Tasso by Fabri was unveiled at S. Onofrio, and the remains of the poet were removed to a new vault below it. I wrote a long article for the *Morgenblatt* on the festival and this miserable attempt at a monument. And this is my solitary piece of extra work. Wrote uninterruptedly at the *History of the City* until May 18, when I finished the third book.

On May 14 with de Rossi, the improvisatrice Giovanna Milli, and the poetess Teresa Gnoli, visited the Catacombs of S. Calixtus. Saw the Kircherian Museum with von Thile, the Prussian Minister.

With a French family visited S. Angelo for the first time. Several marble cannon-balls are still lying there.

The republicans of 1848, like Vandals, destroyed the escutcheons of Alexander VI. French inscriptions are to be read on all sides, so that the Mausoleum of Hadrian has become a Bastille.

During the winter Schnaase, the historian of Art, has been here, an invalid, quiet and refined, discreet and thorough, and of the most lovable character. He is very religious; is indignant with the philosophy of the eighteenth century, with Voltaire and Gibbon. Believes that Protestantism will regenerate Art; does not consider Michael Angelo's "Moses" the most important work of modern sculpture, but maintains that finer may be found in the Gothic cathedrals of Germany; he did not, however, mention where. Sabatier is to translate his History of Art.

A short time ago I was at a most sumptuous lunch at the Villa Torlonia with de Rossi, Visconti, Ampère, Lehmann, Henzen, and Dr Brunn. The banquet was given by the Torlonia father and son.

The crafty Fra Luigi came to me and, in the name of Perez, deplored that I was no longer accessible; he begged me to arrange a visit. This showed me that they were already sure of Perez. Talked with him alone, and again brought forward all my arguments to combat his resolution, but they were of no avail.

The Colosseum and all the monuments in the Forum have been illuminated with Bengal lights for the Russian Empress.

The Pope is travelling in the States of the Church. Triumphs have been artificially prepared for him, so that he may behold for himself the faith that is in Israel.

June 19.

The day before yesterday I went to the studio of Jacometti, the sculptor. His *Pietà* is an excellent work, and his *Judas* has been erected at the Scala Santa.

Tenerani is the greatest living sculptor in Rome. The German Emil Wolf, the Swiss Imhof, the Nazarene Achtermann are celebrated. Kopf, the son of a peasant, has great talent, and is young and aspiring.



To-day galley-slaves are drawing one of the figures for the pedestal of the Column of the Madonna through the Via dei due Macelli.

Out of Canina's legacy I have bought some of his books. Others I shall buy at auctions, to which the book trade in Rome is chiefly limited.

SUBIACO, July 2.

Drove here on June 28. I had got overheated and caught a chill, which brought on inflammation of the eyes. This was followed yesterday by a violent colic. I have visited the Monastery and Castle, and read the MS. History of Subiaco lent me by one of the townspeople.

OLEVANO, August 16.

On July 3, took up my abode here with Donna Regina, with whom I still remain—the first three weeks lazy and spiritless. Have been reading a good deal of Spanish, Greek, etc.; the Muse holds me in contempt.

The misery in this ruinous spot is unbounded. The vineyards around S. Lorenzo have been devastated by hail-storms, and a poor woman was drowned in the torrent. The storm broke with tropical violence in the afternoon.

The proof-sheets of my poem, *Euphorion*, have reached me in this solitude.

Have written here the *History of the Monastery of Subiaco*. On the whole it has been the worst kind of quiet life; nothing has happened around or within me.

GENAZZANO, August 25.

I now discover that the rarefied air of Olevano, which stands very high, was bad for me, for scarcely had I returned to Genazzano, on August 17, when my mood changed for the better. The elements here are more in harmony with my temperament. I forthwith wrote the *Legend of the Fisherman of Syracuse*.<sup>1</sup>

In Signora Annunziata's house there are none but

<sup>1</sup> Printed in the collection of poems published by Count Schack.—*Editor's Note.*

Americans; among them a young uncouth poet, Buchanan Read, with a fair little wife who looks like a sacrificial lamb.

GENAZZANO, August 31.

On the 27th rode into the country—it was damp and cold. My companion was again Francesco Romano; we went by Pagliano and Anagni to Ferentino, where I spent the night. On the 28th, rode on through magnificent mountain solitudes to Trisulti. Early on the 29th turned back by Veroli and Ferentino. Yesterday returned here.

ROME, September 5.

On September 1, drove back to Rome by night. Found a new carpet in my room and everything in the best of order.

During my absence Brunner, the Staatsrat, died: a handsome, gifted man, who had been sent to Rome by the Government of Baden in the matter of the Concordat.

To-day the Pope returned from his journey. The *Mercanti di Campagna* erected triumphal arches and tribunes at the Ponte Molle. The Porta del Popolo was decorated after a design by Michael Angelo, and the Senate erected a great triumphal arch on the Corso, under which the gratified Pio Nono passed. I had hoped to procure a scene for the *History of the City*, but the spectacle looked very shabby. The streets were illuminated for three days, and seven thousand scudi were distributed in bread for the poor. The Pope beamed with health and happiness; he believes himself to be adored by the people, as in former days.

To-morrow, am driving with the Prussian Minister to Albano.

ROME, September 17.

Have spent eight days in the hospitable house of Herr von Thile. His knowledge of different literatures is truly great. The profession of diplomatist is favourable to the assimilation of general culture.

On the 13th twelve of us made an expedition on donkeys to Monte Cavo, and I saw the Latin Mountains again after an interval of three years.

Cornelius is also staying at Albano.

On the 14th, rode to Frascati and visited Henzen.<sup>1</sup> He is dwelling in the Villa Piccolomini and there continues his work on inscriptions, in which he is utterly absorbed.

Returned to Rome, I found the Column to the Madonna entirely covered up. This wretched bungling piece of work looks like a champagne cork turned upside down. Pasquino has heaped satires upon it. The mouth of the figure of the "Moses" being too small, Pasquino says to him, "*Parla!*" Moses, with tightly-folded lips, answers, "*Non posso.*" Pasquino retorts, "*Dunque fischia!*" Moses replies, "*Sì, io fischio lo scultore.*"

ROME, *S. Sylvester's Day.*

The year has been a good one. My *Tombs of the Popes* appeared, and (on November 6) *Euphorion*.

I sent the novel, *Die Grossmüthigen*, the elaboration of a story which I found in a chronicler of Siena, to the *Hausblätter*.

Sabatier and his wife have been here, but only for a month, as they went on to Palermo on the 19th. During the time he translated my *Tombs* into French. Ampère and the Abbé Aulannier came to the—to me most unwelcome—decision that the introduction must remain. I have, however, been obliged to submit to their verdict.

On the 24th Herr von Thile departed for Berlin, summoned thither by the death of his mother-in-law, Gräfe's widow. He is represented by Reumont, who arrived on November 29.

On the 19th, went to see the Duke of Sermoneta, who has placed his archives at my disposal.

Had a pleasant surprise on Christmas Eve—an iron stove stood lighted in my room, and this I owed to the generous, though far-off, Pauline. In the evening, found an embroidered footstool for the library lying on the table, a gift from Madame Sabatier.

<sup>1</sup> The well-known epigraphist, who accompanied Welcker on his travels in Sicily and Greece: secretary to the Archæological Institution in Rome; co-editor of the *Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum*. He died in Rome in 1887.—*Editor's Note.*



Have been a great deal with the wife of General Smyrnov, who is visited by the Russian aristocracy here, and through her have become acquainted with Turgenieff, the author of the widely-read *Scenes from the Life of a Russian Sportsman*. He is a tall, distinguished-looking man, of entirely German culture, wide reading, and intelligence.

On December 6, earthquake in the Basilicata ; several towns have been destroyed.

Ἀγαθὴ τύχη—Here ends the year 1857.

1858

ROME, June 10.

THE year has advanced so far without my having written a single line in my diary.

Finished the two first volumes of the *History of Rome* yesterday, when I closed the last chapters in the Augustinian library.

On January 6 was presented to the Grand-Duchess Helene, widow of Michael, brother of the Tzar—a dignified, handsome woman of unusual culture and a keen interest in every branch of literature, of which she is the missionary in Russia. The best society in Rome collected in her little court this winter. Her ladies-in-waiting are the Princess Lwoff, the Baroness von Rheden, and Fräulein von Staël; while her Court singer is Fräulein Stubbe from Berlin.

The Russians are enthusiastic concerning the emancipation of the serfs; they have advanced ideas, and consider Russia still young. Their aspirations extend to Constantinople, Prague, and Lemberg; in short, to the restoration of the Eastern Empire through Panslavism. Russia, however, is a half Mongolian entity, devoid of genius and energy. Her hatred of Germany is due to the consciousness of her intellectual dependence on Teutonism, perhaps also to the instinctive presentiment of a conflict with Germany in the future should Germany become a united nation. This hatred is shown by Turgenieff himself, by Prince Tcherkeski, and even by Frau Smyrnow.

Turgenieff presented me with his novels on sport. I

made the remark that the Russians had no artistic sense of form. They are not yet intellectually free. When they describe, they do it photographically, or, like the early German painters, depict each separate hair on the sitter's head.

At the wish of the Grand-Duchess I have twice read extracts from my History to her and her ladies. Nothing makes us more observant of faults of style than reading aloud to attentive listeners. The Grand-Duchess told me that my style was *tendu*. She is right; in the first chapters I am uncertain and therefore laboured. I must strive to be more at ease. I also read a chapter to Ampère in Reumont's presence. Ampère is one of the most brilliant Frenchmen, good-natured, kind, versatile, and, what is rare among Frenchmen, devoid of vanity. While still young he visited Goethe at Weimar, and with Thiers and Guizot took part in the editing of the *Globe*. He has visited many countries and studied many branches of knowledge, and can talk on all subjects.

Drove with the Grand-Duchess and Prince Nicholas of Nassau to the excavations on the Via Latina. On April 26, with a numerous company made a pleasant expedition to Tivoli. Dr Erhardt had the Temple of the Sibyl illuminated with Bengal lights.

In May, went for some days to the lake of Nemi, to collect my faculties in solitude.

*Multum esset scribendum, quod dimitto in calamo.*

Among the people who visit the Grand-Duchess, the old Baron von Haxthausen, a Westphalian, who has made himself known by a work on Russia, is conspicuous.<sup>1</sup> He has a strange love of mysticism. He spent hours one evening telling ghost stories to a circle in Frau Lindemann's house, when the lights were lowered. He was interesting and inexhaustible.

Frau von Smyrnov shares his taste. At her house I became acquainted with Palmer, an Englishman, a Pere-

<sup>1</sup> *Studien über die innern Zustände, das Volksleben, und insbesondere die ländlichen Einrichtungen Russlands* (3 vols., 1847-52). Haxthausen was born at Paderborn in 1792, and died in Hanover in 1867.—*Editor's Note.*



grine Proteus, who has finally entered the haven of the Catholic Church. He has lived several years in Asia, and is accurately acquainted with the religious conditions of her peoples.

Gutzkow came here in May. I had imagined this virtuoso sophist of our literature as a slim man of intellectual aspect, with a sharp, pointed nose, and found a man of powerful and compact build and middle height. His features are coarse and distorted, his eyes suspicious, and his voice has a harsh, biting tone. He repelled me, and I found nothing in him that gave evidence of a poet's nature. Only once did I make a little expedition with him, and that at Haxthausen's invitation—a drive to the Catacombs of S. Calixtus, when we were accompanied by the witty and lively Fräulein S.

Gutzkow came here to find a background for a novel, *The Sorcerer of Rome*, and I, who am writing the history of Rome in all seriousness, was disgusted with his frivolous way of rummaging amid these scenes of historic tragedy. Gutzkow constantly abuses Rome; he remains in the lower stratum of the city's atmosphere, out of which he can never rise to the higher. I once remarked to him that we could only find in Rome that which we brought to this Cosmopolis. His entire mode of thinking and being jarred upon me like a dissonance.

He went off to Naples greatly dissatisfied, I believe, with Rome, where no notice was taken of him. For what do we signify here? We are only like chaff and straw that are whirled through the streets.

In January a lady from Weimar brought me a letter from the Grand-Duke Carl Alexander, in which he expresses himself in the most amiable manner concerning my literary efforts, and begs me to write to him. Scarcely had I done so, when a second letter arrived from him due to *Euphorion*, which he had just read.

Alertz has been dangerously ill this winter; in fact, despaired of. He has recovered, and now goes as special

messenger to Berlin. He justly calls Homœopathy a mystic system.

Landsberg, the *Capellmeister*, died at the end of April. He was the apostle of German music here, and had even formed a choir in which several Roman ladies of highest rank took part.

The temporal power of the Pope is nearing its end; the French troops still uphold it as a bogey, and consequently dare not leave Rome. It is admitted that every country governed by Catholicism is morally and politically degenerate: thus Spain, Austria, and Italy, perhaps France itself, which is nothing but a whited sepulchre.

June 18.

At the end of the year 1857 Fortunati instituted excavations on the Via Latina, three miles outside the city, and discovered the ruins of the Church of S. Stefano, built by Leo I. Two well-preserved ancient sepulchral chambers were brought to light, which are reached by a flight of stone steps. The walls are decorated with beautiful stucco ornaments and paintings. Several sarcophagi, one with the history of Phædra, have also been found.

June 25.

To-day I took the two first volumes of the *History of the City* to the Custom-house, and to-morrow they go off to Stuttgart. Thence Baron Cotta wrote me a very encouraging letter.

Padre Guglielmotti told me that the oldest Roman newspapers are to be found in the Vatican library; they were formerly circulated in manuscript copies—*Avvisi di Roma e di Anversa*. From Ciampi, the lawyer, I hear that certain statutes of the Roman Guild of Merchants belonging to the time of Cola di Rienzo are extant.

ROME, June 30.

I have just been writing my article *From the Mountains of the Latin Campagna* for the *Allgemeine Zeitung*.

Ampère's article on my paper appeared in the *Journal des Débats* on the 20th and 22nd of June.

Yesterday, visited the Vatican crypt.

The Girandola was splendid,<sup>1</sup> but the Piazza del Popolo remained deserted in fear of disturbances. A great many French troops were stationed there.

July 8.

The day before yesterday went by train to Frascati to visit Herr von Thile, whose only son is seriously ill.

Met Ampère at the Villa Muti, where he is living with his friend Chevreux. In the evening, returned with Dr Erhardt. The engine which brought us was called S. John. The early Apostles were men of progress in their day.

ROME, July 10.

I have a few lines from Perez through Countess Gozzadini. He is going to the Lago Maggiore where the Rosminians have a house. Since Christmas, when they shut the door upon me, I have not seen him.

Am thinking of going to Florence. I long for movement and the refreshment of cooler air.

VILLA CONCEZIONE, FLORENCE, Tuesday, July 13.

At 10 P.M., in company with the artist Rudolf Lehmann, travelled by the post to Civita Vecchia, where we arrived at 7 A.M. Lehmann went on to Marseilles; I waited for the steamer *Pompeii*, which was detained by a rough sea, took my rod to the harbour and caught several tiny fish.

Left at 4 P.M. On the steamer found Achtermann the sculptor, who was going to send off his large group by a Dutch vessel from Leghorn. There were several Frenchmen and Spaniards on board. A rough sea. Many people ill.

Corsica appeared on the horizon; the sun sank behind it into the sea. Six years have passed since I visited the island, and much lies enclosed for me within that space

<sup>1</sup> On the occasion of the festival of SS. Peter and Paul.—*Editor's Note.*



of time—many experiences, joys, sorrows, efforts, desires, and how many mistakes and disillusiones!

At night Venus shone as then over the sea, and the vessel steered its course by the star. I was alone on deck and sat beside the pilot by the lighted binnacle. It may be that man also bears within him something as an inner law of life analogous to the mariner's compass; but either it is not illumined by the light of reason, or else we do not understand how to steer our course. It was a glorious night—above, fixed and clear, a thousand stars shining in eternal order; below, a wild, desolate sea, and on it a wind-driven ship.

We reached the harbour of Leghorn at 8 A.M. Went to see Ludwig's<sup>1</sup> grave, where the same day six years ago I planted an oleander tree before going to Corsica.

In the evening to Florence. Arrived at the Villa Sabatier about nine and found a party there. It is beautiful and quiet here, simple and genuine comfort. From the terrace, a glorious view of the city in its rich Campagna.

VILLA SABATIER, *July 15.*

Was in Florence yesterday. The city again charmed me. Met Heyse in the Laurenziana. Reumont had gone to the ailing King in Berlin. Went to the Uffizzi. A girl as beautiful as a statue was copying Titian's "Bella." She herself made the most charming picture.

Almost every evening there is company at the villa. T. the songstress and the Countess Argyropulos live close by. I am not in a productive mood. Caroline Ungher carries the traditions of her life on the stage even into this country house. They are enthusiastic here about opera singers.

VILLA SABATIER, *August 31.*

Have spent eight weeks here. On July 25 Madame Sabatier left for Carlsbad, and I remained here alone with Sabatier. Our society in the evening consisted of the ladies of the Argyropulos family and the Marquise

<sup>1</sup> His friend Bornträger. See p. 1.—*Editor's Note.*

d'Albergo. Several times the artists Dalton and Spangenberg came, the Sicilian Perez, and Pasquale Villari, author of a Life of Savonarola. I also became acquainted with Emiliano Giudicci and the historian Vanucci. Viale, the Corsican poet, has also been in Florence.

Called on old Signor Vieusseux.<sup>1</sup> Then suddenly arrived Chevreux, Ampère, and Aulannier, who had settled in the Villa Capponi, where Colletta the historian formerly lived and died.

Heyse has gone to Elba. Have been reading a great deal of French literature out of Sabatier's library, and have written the essay, *The Roman Poets of the Present Day*, several lyrical pieces, and translated *Tuscan Melodies* from Tigri.

Sabatier is a man of encyclopædic culture. His character is too impetuous for me, but full of generosity and magnanimity.

To-morrow I leave this delightful house, as Sabatier goes to his estate, La Tour, near Montpellier. Shall remove to Florence and live in his palace *ai Renai*.

PALAZZO UNGHER-SABATIER, FLORENCE, *September 13.*

Have worked a great deal in the Magliabecchiana, where Atto Vannuccio introduced me to Piccioli, the librarian. Up till now, have read about ten MSS. and acquainted myself with what remains to be done, and of this I see no end.

Through Ampère made the acquaintance of Bonaini, Archivist of the State. Wrote to Baldasserone, the Minister, and awaited permission to use the archives.

At Vieusseux's, met the grand old Marchese Gino Capponi,<sup>2</sup> Count Conestabile of Perugia, Count Ugolino of

<sup>1</sup> Celebrated among the publishers of Italy. Born at Oneglia in 1779, in 1821 Vieusseux founded in Florence the critical review *Antologia Italiana*, in 1827 the *Giornale Agrario Toscano*, in 1842 the *Archivio Storico Italiano*. His house was the rendezvous of native and foreign authors and artists. He died in 1863.—*Editor's Note.*

<sup>2</sup> Prime Minister of Tuscany during the revolutionary era of 1848-9; author of the *Storia della repubblica di Firenze* and many other historical works. Born in 1792, died in 1876.—*Editor's Note.*

Urbino, and Alberi, the editor of the *Reports of the Venetian Embassy*.

At Turin, Gaetano de' Pasquali has translated my *Euphorion* into *versi sciolti*, the first canto of which appeared in the *Rivista Contemporanea*. At the same time Gustavo Stofforella wrote an article on my works in the *Gazzetta Piemontese*.

The Italians are furious against Lamartine because he calls Italy the land of the dead and even denies the poetic vein to Dante. Ferrari has consequently called him to account in a number of the *Courrier Franco-Italien*, which appears in Paris.

On September 5, the anniversary of my return from Corsica, in this palace, and in my friend Sabatier's sitting-room, I signed Cotta's contract for the *History of Rome in the Middle Ages*, and have consequently got rid of this anxiety. The day was an important one for me, and I celebrated it by a lunch in the Villa di Parigi, to which I invited Theodor Heyse.

Have met with great friendliness in Florence, and when I contrast my present position with that in which I found myself six years ago, am overcome with a feeling of happiness. I have worked my way to it by great exertion, and firm soil has formed under my feet.

A Corsican, Francesco Vettura of Cervione, has written me a cordial letter of thanks for my *History of the Corsicans*, and especially of *Sampiero*, and has offered me hospitality and his services.

The air here is fine and dry ; perhaps it is on this account that the Florentines are so witty.

FLORENCE, September 16.

Have not discovered anything in the State Archives bearing upon the earlier periods. Bonaini and his assistants, Milanese, Passeroni, and Guasti, have shown me the greatest courtesy. Am now working in the Laurenziana, the librarians of which, Ferrucci and Del Furia, are no less obliging.

On the 12th, made a little excursion with Heyse by



Prato to Pistoja. The tiny city is charmingly situated, and its churches contain numerous treasures; first and foremost, the pulpit of Giovanni Pisano in S. Andrea, of the year 1301. We entered S. Domenico and took the nuns by surprise in the church, where an interesting scene was witnessed. In the middle a kind of three-sided sarcophagus, with effigies of skulls; around it tapers; the white-robed nuns occupied at the altar—solemn silence.

The cathedral contains the monument of the poet Cino (1337)—representing the singer and jurist, listeners on seats in front of him. Above on the monument is Cino's seated figure. In the chapel of S. Jacopo are altar panels of beaten silver by various masters. The Villa Puccini is also beautiful—the inscriptions on the various monuments represent Puccini as an ardent patriot, an accomplished observer of human nature, an eccentric spirit. Niccolo Puccini, ugly, deformed, witty, died but a short time ago, and left the possessions, which his uncle had acquired as surgeon, to the poor. The inscription on the monument to Columbus runs: *Cristoforo Colombo quanto facesti quanto patisti quanto amasti quanto docesti disprezzare gli uomini!* That to Tasso ends: *Perchè gli infelici non disperino esser grandi.* It is one of the most charming villas that I have seen.

Another day, drove with Heyse to Montelupo—a miserable place, a solitary church, and in it a Tuscan picture.

#### FLORENCE, September 19.

Yesterday met Kalefati, the librarian of Monte Cassino, who is travelling to collect Byzantine documents for his library. His acquaintance is an introduction to my future sojourn in the Abbey.

Have seen the Paris lawyer, Jules Favre, counsel for Orsini, with Somigli. Favre looks vigorous, but coarse and commonplace.

To-morrow return to Rome.

Francesco Marmocchi, my friend at Bastia, died on September 13, at Genoa, in the prime of life, and probably in consequence of the trials of exile.

ROME, October 3.

On September 28, journeyed to Leghorn; my companion was the Corsican Ventura, who conducted me to the house of a woman compatriot Verico, where I fared very well. At five in the afternoon of the 29th took ship on board the screw-steamer *Hermus*, belonging to the Messagerie Française, for Civita Vecchia. The sea was calm, the sky clear, a half moon, and the beautiful phenomenon of the comet Donati in the sky to the north. After ten o'clock, when the quarter-deck was clear of passengers, I listened to a Neapolitan's account of the collision of the *Herculaneum* and the *Sicilia*, of the loss of the passengers and his own escape. Half an hour later was awakened by a terrific noise, like a thunder-clap. Rushing on deck, I saw a large steamer beside us. The *Hermus* had come into collision with the *Aventine*, a vessel belonging to the same company. The scene was indescribable. We did not know which would sink—the *Aventine* did. The huge ship was broken right across, her fore-part was already under water. Passengers and crew, Spaniards, Greeks, Frenchmen, Germans, Russians, Italians, rushed across bridges hurriedly improvised to our vessel. In six minutes all was over. The *Aventine* capsized; her funnel belched forth a column of fire, bellowed once more, and, with a clap of thunder, she sank to the bottom. This ineffaceable spectacle moved me greatly, but I felt no dread of death. It was curious to watch the effects of terror on different people. No sound of lament was heard. The Spaniards were calm and serious. A Frenchman leaned on me trembling, and then raised his white face to Heaven, thanking God with dry eyes. A Capuchin from Milan humorously described his despair of escape, and laughingly pointed to his leather pouch, in which he had preserved four scraps of old sermons. In escaping he had bestowed absolution on a priest, hemmed in by some beams. A Professor of Medicine from Berlin, who had just escaped death, seemed to be annoyed that I did not know his name. He boasted of a prize essay that he had written years ago, spoke with condescension of Humboldt,

explained man to be a god, the planets lifeless things, etc. I provided the demigod with a pair of socks. The man had not saved any of his belongings; all the collections that he had made in Sicily lay at the bottom of the sea. The disaster took place beside the Island of Giglio at eleven at night. Our vessel was badly injured. We returned to Leghorn at six the next morning; there I saw the steamer *Pompeii* ready to start for Naples, and *Euphorion* seemed to beckon me on board.

Ventura, the Corsican, accompanied me. Took a berth on the *Pompeii* and left at 5 P.M. on September 30. The night was overcast. Found that Gibson the sculptor, on his way back from England, was my fellow-passenger. We reached Civita Vecchia at nine in the morning. Left for Rome at noon, and arrived here at ten at night on October 1. Learnt on arrival that Wagner,<sup>1</sup> the old and eccentric sculptor, had died. His property (large sums were discovered hidden in all sorts of chests and corners) had been bequeathed to Würzburg, his native town. Strangely enough, during his illness he expressed a wish that I should write his Life. Even cynics are vain.

ROME, *November 8.*

Have energetically resumed work on the third volume, after having closed the summer with the poem *Hermus*. The growing heap of material appals me, but the task of depicting the dark centuries from 800 until 1000 is worth any amount of trouble.

On the 5th received the first proofs of the *History of the City*, and celebrated their arrival with Alertz by a meal worthy of the occasion.

Michael Levy is printing the translation of the *Tombs of the Popes* in Paris. Quiet, rainy days. Work and solitude.

*November 9.*

Don Giovanni Torlonia, son of the Duke of Poli, died to-day in his palace in the Via Condotti. He was barely

<sup>1</sup> See p. 20.



twenty-seven years of age. This is a loss for Rome. For several years I have enjoyed the society of this cultured and amiable man. His widow, Donna Francesca, a member of the Ruspoli family, is reckoned one of the most beautiful women in Rome.

ROME, *November 14.*

At 11 P.M. followed Torlonia's funeral procession from the palace to S. Lorenzo in Lucina. He was the ornament of his family. Wealth and philosophy, who have seldom anything in common, mourn his loss.

To-day the strongest scirocco blows that I have ever felt. The houses are dripping, the air is baking. It affected my nerves so strongly in the night, that in my dreams I beheld a house falling in an earthquake and several people killed.

Mortara, the Jewish child that was kidnapped, has been found in the palace of the Neophytes in the Rione Monti.

Seven hundred French chasseurs have entered. They are quartered in the Palace of the Inquisition.

*November 15.*

My dream was the reflex of an earthquake. Several people have told me to-day that they felt it, and Signora Annunziata said that the bell in her room rang without being touched.

Several disasters are reported at sea, and rivers have overflowed their banks.

*November 25.*

Worked hard; revised ten sets of proofs of the *History*. Persistent scirocco.

Saw Ferrari's *Prosa* very well acted by amateurs at the Teatro Metastasio. The thought underlying the piece is that of Hyacinth and Rosebud. The poet, a Modenese, who has written several literary comedies—such as *Parini and His Satires*, *Goldoni*, etc.—was repeatedly called on the stage. Heard the *Vestal* of Mercadente at the Argentina.

To-day Alessandro Zannini came to see me, bringing greetings from Corsica, also poems of Multado's. He speaks German very well.

Went yesterday to call on Mrs Salis Schwabe, a wealthy lady from Manchester and the friend of Bunsen.

Heinrich Hirsch showed me some splendid coins of Cellini's: his octagon dollar, which was struck in S. Angelo; and the coin of Clement VII. with Christ drawing Peter, who is sinking in the waves, towards him, saying: "*Quare dubitasti?*" The papal coins of this period have good inscriptions. Even in coins we can see how stale the world has grown.

ROME, *December 31 (evening).*

On Christmas Eve finished half of the third volume, bringing it down to the year 900 A.D.

The day before yesterday visited Madame Ristori, who brought me some books from Florence, among them a Froissart. She is a truly regal figure, still handsome, and of impressive calm.

Celebrated to-day by a walk to S. Paul's, where I read several remarkable inscriptions in the cloisters. A short time before had a call from de Rossi. He is the greatest scholar in Rome—has, as it were, grown up in the Catacombs—and has an amazing knowledge of Christian archæology.

1859

ROME, April 2.

SEVEN years ago to-day I left the Fatherland, and have therefore served seven years for Rachel.

On March 24 finished vol. iii. of the *History of the City*, consequently can complete the revision by the autumn.

The winter was profitably spent, pleasant society alternating with hard work. Often went to the house of Mrs Salis Schwabe. We made little excursions together; for instance, to the tomb of Nero, to Grotta Ferrata, etc. Of Englishmen, became acquainted with Cartwright, an eccentric man, of German education like Odo Russell, who is the diplomatic representative of England in Rome.

A month ago Heinrich Brockhaus returned from the East. He is simple and full of vitality, like Carl Haase, the ecclesiastical historian from Jena.

Have received letters from Lionardo Vigo and from Gallo, the Sicilian and the pupil of Meli.

Ampère came and brought me his dramatic scenes of *Cæsar*, which are unpoetical. Have often seen him jotting down these verses when passing, for, whenever he goes for a walk, he invariably carries paper and pencil, and instead of smoking always chews a cigar. He is never idle.

The Carnival was very fine. Owing to the presence of the invalid King of Prussia, of the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Leuchtenberg, masks were allowed, and I went to the masked ball at the Apollo Theatre.

The threatened war mania<sup>1</sup> has not affected Rome. In the most corrupt spot in Europe people continue to live

<sup>1</sup> The Franco-Austrian War in Italy.—*Editor's Note.*



as in a dream ; and yet it is only foreign powers that defend this mummy, that calls itself the State of the Church.

The French remain on in Rome, the Austrians in the Marches. A Congress is to be held at Baden-Baden.

*The Roman Poets of the Present Day*<sup>1</sup> has been printed in the *Morgenblatt*. Besides this I have not written anything short.

Salvini, the first of Italian actors, has appeared here. Saw him as Orosman, afterwards as Othello. His naturalness is greater than that of the studied Ristori.

Spring has come; everything is in flower. I dread the summer.

ROME, May 2.

The excitement is increasing. Contradictory rumours are afloat. On April 27, Tuscany declared itself for Piedmont. The Grand-Duke fled, and a provisional Government was appointed. *Novus rerum nascitur ordo*.

Romans are daily joining the army of liberty. A great many shoemakers' apprentices having gone, Pasquino says: *Corrono accomodare lo stivale d' Italia: la Francia vi mette la sola, l'Austria la pelle, i preti lo spago*.

Am working in the most delightful tranquillity in the Sessoriana, to which I walk every morning through the deserted rural quarter of Rome. Make use of copies made by Fatterchi of the documents of Monte Amiata and Subiaco. The monks, who were obliged to fly in 1848, are getting frightened. At the library made the acquaintance of Monsignor Liverani, who is writing the Life of John X.

Went with the ladies to Albano and Nemi, afterwards to Frascati.

May 2 (evening).

The provisional Government in Florence has made over the organisation of the Tuscan States to the King of Sardinia. Ulloa, formerly defender of Venice, commands the Tuscan army.

It is reported to-day that Parma has declared itself,

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards printed in vol. ii. of the *Wanderjahre in Italien*.—Editor's Note.

that Bologna has risen, and that the Austrians have been expelled. It is sultry in Rome as if some fatality brooded in the air.

Eight sets of proof-sheets of vol. ii. of the *History* came by post to-day. I fear that I shall be obliged to return home if the storm bursts here.

ROME, May 11.

The Austrians crossed the Ticino on April 29. Giulay was in command.

Rome is quiet and sultry, as if lost to the world—shut up, as it were, in herself and under a spell. The scirocco blows continually. The most exciting moments of the time fall here as silently as in eternity. I cannot work.

On April 29, the *Allgemeine Zeitung* announced the first volume of my *History of the City of Rome in the Middle Ages*. Its appearance thus coincides with what in all probability is the revolution that will transform Italy; and in what time will fall its end?—as yet impossible to foresee. Shall I be permitted to finish this great task?

I am excited; the very foundations of my life's purpose, laid with great difficulty and as yet scarcely solid, totter beneath me.

ROME, May 27.

Profound and strange quiet prevails here. Many Romans are leaving secretly for Piedmont. Buoncompagni is Commissary for the King in Tuscany. The Austrians move foolishly here and there in the Lomellina, instead of boldly throwing themselves on Turin. Napoleon came to Genoa on May 12; his headquarters are at Alessandria. On the 20th the Austrians were defeated at Montebello and Corteggio.

On Sunday, the 21st, King Ferdinand of Naples died, and his youthful son, Francis II., ascended the blood-stained throne. A new condition of things has consequently been inaugurated.

On May 24, began my work in the Vatican Library. The good reception which I received from San Marzano, the Custode, is doubtless due to Reumont's letter to Cardinal Antonelli.

Ampère arrived from Paris with the French translation

of my *Tombs* already printed. He pronounces the rightful cause of Italy poisoned by the adventurer Napoleon, and is therefore placed in painful discord either with his patriotism or his French nationality. Ampère is an Orleanist.

ROME, *June 9.*

Events have succeeded one another with great rapidity. On May 31 the Austrians were defeated at Palestro, on June 4 at Magenta. Yesterday Napoleon III. and Victor Emmanuel made their entry into Milan. The Austrian Emperor is at Verona. Everyone is surprised at Giulai's bad generalship.

Here the news of Magenta awoke a perfect transport of joy. It arrived about five o'clock in the afternoon. The people surged through the Corso; the *gendarmes* were hissed. At six o'clock there was a great illumination. General Goyon had previously issued a proclamation, in which he exhorted the Romans to remain quiet. The Corso was densely crowded, but everything passed off quietly. Everywhere were portraits of Napoleon and his generals, of Victor Emmanuel, and Garibaldi in his fantastic costume. In every window illustrations of the battles of Marengo, Roveredo, Arcole, Lodi, etc., were displayed. The earlier period seems reproduced; the nephew will perhaps follow in the footsteps of his uncle as far as Waterloo.

The clergy are shaking in their shoes. What will Prussia do? Prince Napoleon has entered Florence. Naples remains quiet. A funeral Mass for King Bomba was celebrated in S. Maria Maggiore, and in the evening I saw the church draped for the solemnity and a huge catafalque erected. Was there with Alertz, and it was a very fine sight.

The last proofs of vol. ii. have arrived and been returned. I continue to work in the Vatican. In the evening, walk on the Pincio, where it is beautiful and quiet. Rome is sunk in profound tranquillity. The air is warm and clear.

ROME, *June 16.*

Yesterday the news arrived that the Austrians had evacuated Ancona and Bologna, where a municipal Govern-



ment has been established under Pepoli, and that a revolt had broken out at Perugia. The papal regiment of Swiss Guards was, in consequence, hastily despatched thither under Colonel Schmidt. Baraguay d'Hilliers has defeated the Austrians at Melegnano, and they have already probably retreated across the Oglio. They have also evacuated Pavia and Lodi, have blown up the fortress of Piacenza, and are concentrating themselves on the great line of the Mincio. Schlick is in command in Giulay's place.

To-day came the news of Metternich's death; it took place on June 11, at the age of eighty-seven. The last representative of the antiquated period lived to see the pitiable downfall of his Hapsburg-Papal system of falsehood. Lombardy is lost to Austria, and this is fortunate. This relic of mediæval imperial authority has brought nothing but disaster to Germany, since it has forced Austria into closest alliance with the Papacy and to the resignation of her mission on the Danube.

All the Germans here are fanatics in Austria's cause, and I keep silence.

Went up to Aracoeli yesterday and there enjoyed the loveliest view of Rome, especially on the side where the Torri delle Milizie, Colonna, del Grillo, Conti, Capocci—in short, the actual Middle Ages—are in sight.

Three months ago Napoleon was execrated here, Orsini pronounced a hero, Mazzini the only true patriot who deserved well of Italy. To-day Napoleon is a deity, Orsini a fanatic, Mazzini nothing but a fool! When I remind the Italians, in their enthusiasm for Napoleon, of his past record, and draw conclusions from his position and his necessities, they say: "Were the Devil himself to offer us an alliance we would accept it, if only he would rid us of the Austrians."

In the whole of this revolution the most wonderful part to me is the attitude of things in the States of the Church. *Roma stat antiquis erroribus.*

June 24.

The day before yesterday came the news that the Swiss regiment had taken Perugia after thirty hours' fighting, in

which they lost eight men, while about seventy Perugians were killed. The Pope forthwith made Colonel Schmidt a general. Almost all the towns of the Romagna have placed themselves under the Central-Giunta of Bologna. Ancona has shut up the papal troops in the fortress, and has appointed a municipal Government. But the offer made by these cities to Victor Emmanuel, that he should take in hand the government, has been declined, as it would be contrary to his promise to respect the neutrality of the States of the Church. The Romagna has consequently been reduced to great perplexity; a Bolognese deputation to the Pope is even talked of.

The temper of Rome grows more gloomy. The demonstrations of the populace in front of S. Luigi dei Francesi, to which Goyon, the French general, drives to Mass on Sunday, were only prevented by the intervention of the military. The café in the Corso, where the bulletins are fabricated, is also guarded. Nearly five thousand Romans have gone to the war, and the donations for the national cause are very considerable.

For ten days the Lombard post has not arrived, neither, consequently, has the German. I am without letters and papers.

The procession on Corpus Domini was very shabby. The people did not attend, and many of the cardinals were suddenly seized with coughs, fevers, cold, or lameness.

ROME, *June 26.*

The capture of Perugia was sanguinary. These foreign mercenaries, the scum of the whole of Europe, rioted as in a Turkish city, sacked it for thirteen hours, massacred people in their houses, and even outraged nuns. A Tuscan deputation went to Napoleon, to represent these horrors to him. Had the Pope only waited three days, Perugia would have voluntarily submitted. The longing once more to act the temporal prince will cost him dear. The Romans are indignant. Were it not that there are four thousand French in the city, many priests would be found strung up to the lamp-posts.

Yesterday came the bulletin announcing the great battle of Solferino on June 24. After the loss of thirty guns and six thousand prisoners, the Austrians were obliged to abandon the first line of the Mincio. The cause fights against them. Prussia has mobilised six army corps!

A great future is preparing for her; but I fear Germany will have to pass through a terrible crisis before she can reorganise herself. In Prussia's hands lie the weal or woe of the Fatherland.

ROME, July 2.

The Pope has assembled the Consistory of Cardinals and delivered an allocution, in which the disturbers of peace in the States of the Church are threatened with excommunication. The King of Sardinia is not mentioned by name. At the close, the Pope comforts himself with the thought, "Our well-beloved son, Napoleon III., has declared that he will respect the independence of the States of the Church." Nevertheless I read in the *Monitore di Toscana* yesterday that Pinelli has arrived as Commissary of Sardinia, and has announced to the Central-Giunta the speedy arrival of Massimo d'Azeglio to establish a military organisation in the Romagna. It would appear, therefore, that Victor Emmanuel was determined to persevere, and that the principle of the neutrality of the States of the Church would be set aside. The report is current here that 18,000 Bolognese will march to the deliverance of Perugia. Whether or not Ancona and other towns of the Marches have as yet made subjection, their apostasy is nevertheless foreseen. The Pope is collecting troops against Bologna. The condition of Rome grows more and more curious. A spark would suffice to blow up the mine and sweep away the clergy; but the populace are guided by the orders of Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel. Everything is quiet—only here and there groups on the streets, more especially in front of the windows where the portraits of the French and Piedmontese generals and even of the Austrian leaders are exhibited, and where gruesome pictures of the battles of



Montebello and Palestro are on view. The faces of the Romans are living thermometers of events. On the arrival of the bulletins people are seen in the streets carrying them in their hands; they are shouted aloud in every café. The city is divided into two great parties, the clerical and the national: besides these are the French and the German, who are again split into two parties, and quarrel with one another. After the first despatch from Solferino no other arrived for six days, and the Romans remained in a torture of suspense; it is said that the Austrians have once more gained the advantage. To-day also there is no news, beyond that the Allies have crossed the Mincio.

The mobilisation of Prussia causes universal dismay, more especially as her intentions are unknown. I fear for Lombardy, that in the end she will only gain partial freedom. Already I perceive signs of disunion among the Italians; the Genoese newspaper expresses itself in bitter articles against certain desires of Tuscany. Here in Rome no papers are allowed beyond the Genoese, the *Débats* and the *Allgemeine*. The Italians are like children; they think that in two months they will be free. Even were such the case, they would have to evolve order out of chaos. And what will finally be the aims of France?

The Austrians have suppressed a tumult in Venice. Tidings from Naples speak of a state of great ferment in the country. The King of Naples has issued an amnesty, has taken Filangieri into the ministry. But this is not enough.

Was again present at the festival of SS. Peter and Paul in the crypt of the Vatican, and beside the grave of Otto II. I reflected on the destinies of Italy and Germany. The illumination of the Cupola was magnificent, the spectacle of the Girandola was not marred in any way. The evening hours in the Villa Borghese are the most enjoyable that I spend.

Yesterday fresh proofs of the *History of the City* came through the Austrian army; I paid dearly for them. Cotta's correspondence arrives all right, although greatly delayed.

In my present state of tension, perpetually swayed between fears, hopes, opinions, I can do no work beyond making slight corrections in vol. iii. Have prepared everything, so as to be ready to go away if forced to do so.

I regard the independence of Italy as a sacred national right; and if every Austrian in Lombardy were my brother, would myself urge the Italians to drive him out. Only I cannot stand the thought that a man like Napoleon should make capital out of the fact of having liberated a nation. Germany will renew her youth, Prussia is her Piedmont. The principle of Protestantism will conquer; but through the possible destruction of the temporal power of the Pope, Catholicism will once more energetically concentrate her forces, and a religious war of principles stands before us.

NETTUNO, July 11.

The heat drove me from Rome. Left on the 7th at 5 A.M., and took up my abode at the Casa Fiorilli.

Yesterday rode with Müller through the magnificent wood to Astura. Pasquale is no longer lieutenant in the tower: the garrison, even the marshal, has been withdrawn to the Legation on account of the war.

No newspapers here—no letters—no tidings—everything is, as it were, out of the world, only fish and fisher-folk, sky and sea. Will bathe here for eight days longer and otherwise do nothing.

NETTUNO, July 14.

On the 9th a truce was concluded at Villafranca, and signed by General Hess and Marshal Vaillant.

Yesterday five large steamers sailed in procession past the Cape of Circe, a fine spectacle, and the last sign of the war.

To-day came the news of the peace. The bulletin runs as follows:—"Peace has been concluded between the Emperors. The Emperor of Austria cedes Lombardy to the Emperor of the French, who makes a present of it to the King of Sardinia. Austria reserves *il Veneto* to herself. Everyone who comes from Rome says that the disappointment there is very great. An Italian confederation, headed

by the Pope, is talked of—a preposterous idea. Napoleon evidently does not desire the freedom of Italy, but wishes to keep his hand over the country.

Near me is a lady from Marino, belonging to the middle class, a visitor to the baths, who had not heard a single word about the Italian War, nothing more, in fact, than of the *guerra di Perugia*. When I expressed my surprise, she said that it was only in the cafés people knew what went on in the world; there they saw the newspapers—she lived only for her home.

NETTUNO, *July 15.*

To-day Alertz sent me from Rome the bulletin announcing peace, dated Paris, July 12. Venetia, which is retained by Austria, will likewise belong to the Italian confederation, whose honorary head is to be the Pope. The peace, consequently, is only one of straw.

ROME, *July 22.*

At four o'clock on the morning of the 20th returned to Rome with Müller, the artist.

The peace has caused great dismay, the clergy alone rejoice. A three days' thanksgiving, beginning to-day, has been ordered in the churches. No one is able to explain Napoleon's sudden surrender. The Romans are speechless. The city, already deserted on account of the heat, presents the most curious spectacle. The portraits of the military leaders, and of the scenes of battle, still hang in the windows, but scarcely anyone looks at them. Yesterday a bulletin was put up in the Café dei Convertiti, which gives Napoleon's speech of July 20 to the legislative body, where he says, that in the face of an armed Europe, which would have forced him to fight simultaneously on the Rhine and on the Adige, he has been obliged to accept peace; that the Italian princes have promised to introduce reforms. To-day the report is in circulation that the Pope is going to issue a constitution (!).

Massimo d'Azeglio has left Bologna, where, moreover, the entire population is in arms with the object of defying the Pope. Victor Emmanuel's interference in the Romagna



has damaged the Italian cause. Napoleon has, therefore, avoided an alliance with the growing revolution.

GENAZZANO, *August 28.*

On Tuesday evening, July 26, drove from Rome to Genazzano, where I am very comfortably established in the Casa Gionne. Lindemann<sup>1</sup> and the Esthonian family of Mohrenschild are here. On the 28th began the first act of a drama on Otto III., which I have finished. Am writing the essay on the national songs of Sicily here. The days pass quietly and pleasantly. Read Virgil a great deal, and have made two expeditions—one on the 23rd to Palestrina, another on the 25th to Pisciano, beyond S. Vito. The heat was very great even here; in Rome it rose to over 35 degrees. The beginning of August brought several days' rain and a heavy hail-storm, which killed a boy.

The last proofs of vol. ii. have arrived.

The political condition of Italy is changed by the strengthening of the principle of nationality. This ought to run counter to Napoleon's plans and those of the Pope.

Bologna and the Romagna are in arms. Tuscany, whose grand-duke abdicated on July 21 in favour of his son Ferdinand, has by a National Assembly pronounced its annexation to Piedmont. Garibaldi is in command of the army. Parma and Modena, where Farini is dictator, still hesitate whether to return to their dukes. Meanwhile the Congress has assembled at Zürich; England is making a great fuss in defending her coasts.

ROME, *September 14.*

On the 11th rode with Müller, the painter, to Segni, on the 13th from Norma to Cori. At eight o'clock in the evening we got back to Rome.

ROME, *September 29.*

The legations are in arms. Union with Piedmont is everywhere declared. A new Italy is forming itself, as

<sup>1</sup> The painter Lindemann-Frommel was for many years an intimate friend of Gregorovius, whose idyl *Capri* he illustrated for the édition-de-luxe. Lindemann died soon after his friend, in Rome, on May 16, 1891.—*Editor's Note.*

it were, under a spell. Victor Emmanuel has received the ambassadors; has not, it is true, directly accepted the union of the states, but has exhorted them to energetic resistance.

The Pope is collecting troops at Pesaro, but his proposed compact with Spain to obtain auxiliaries has been unsuccessful.

Perfect quiet in Rome.

To-morrow I go to Monte Cassino, whither Kalefati has invited me.

SORA ON THE LIRIS, *October 4.*

On September 30 I went to Genazzano, whence on October 2nd I rode with Francesco Romano to Ferentino, by way of Paliano and Anagni. At Ferentino found the people celebrating the festival of S. Maria del Rosario.

The tasteful dress of the country-folk made a beautiful picture, but the gross idolatry awoke my disgust. Will this state of paganism long continue? Is it not at length time to do away with this religion of sorcery? I felt a longing for my native country.

On October 6 rode to Veroli, thence on to Casamari, and thus to Sora on the Liris.

ARPINO, 5 P.M.

Drove here from Sora, where I spent the night.

MONTE CASSINO, *October 6.*

On the 5th drove on a char-à-banc from Arpino. Neapolitan troops, lancers, and infantry on every side. They were going to the Abruzzi, where forty guns have preceded them, as an incursion of Garibaldians is feared.

Here and there are deserted fortresses. The road makes a bend before coming to S. Germano. A wood of oaks is traversed, and the friendly town is seen lying under a rock, crowned by the beautiful fortress of Janula. An amphitheatre is passed. Blue mountains forming a semi-circle stand around. The river Rapido flows through the plain, from which Monte Trocchino rises like an island.

I rode a donkey the three miles up to the monastery.

Kalefati received me cordially, and soon after the celebrated Tosti, who kept me company at supper in the refectory.

Passed a good night, wandered round the abbey in the morning, saw the Cyclopean walls, the church, the court-yards, and then worked at the archives. These contain 800 codices and several thousand documents.

Early this morning a splendid raven was walking about in my room. When I tried to stroke him he bit my finger until it bled. Here, as well as at Subiaco, these sacred ravens are protected.

(Evening.)

A little while ago Tosti came to my room and told me that news had arrived from Frosinone that the French were advancing against the Neapolitan frontier, and that fresh troops had landed at Civita Vecchia. A combination seems to have been formed between Austria, Rome, and Naples to bring about a counter movement. The projected new system, the result of the peace of Villafranca, is to be choked in the bud.

The police regulations are very strict here. A ministerial order has arrived from Naples, which ordains that any monk of Monte Cassino, who wishes to leave the place, must state in his passport the object of his journey and his domicile at the place whither he is bound. Tosti has never left his convent since his exile in 1848.

Affairs in Naples have taken a bad turn. Several nobles have just been imprisoned in the city. The government is in the hands of the bigoted widowed Queen and of the Austrian Minister.

The present convent seminary numbers over 120 pupils from all parts of the kingdom. They are now away for the holidays. Only a few energetic youths from Aquila and Tagliacozzo remain here. I went for a walk with them to-day to the hill of Cairo. They asked me whether it was true that in Prussia, which is *par excellence* the model state, everyone was obliged to study, even in the villages. They knew all about Humboldt, and even the custom-house official at Isola spoke about him as soon as he heard I was a Prussian. The same man knew nothing of the existence of Horace.



I dine in the refectory an hour later than the monks, in company of a nephew of Count Moritz Arndt, who once spent two years here as a novice, but then went to Naples, where he is now tutor at a military school. The young man told me of the rebellion of the Swiss, and said that it had been fomented by French gold.

The monks have even a billiard room, where a lay brother dispenses coffee if required.

MONTE CASSINO, *October 7.*

Work from eight until one o'clock at the archives, then comes the midday meal, after which I work again until four and then take a walk. In the muniment room hangs the portrait of del Caretto, the Minister of Police, in full uniform, a fact which surprised me. Tosti explained the reason. Prior to the revolution of 1848 it was this hated man who granted the monastery a private printing-press, and agreed to Tosti's and the Abbot's scheme of founding a universal newspaper, the *Athenæum* of Italy, to which Italian scholars of every colour, and even exiles, were invited to contribute. It was to appear at Monte Cassino. Programme and letters were issued. Cesare Balbo promised his *Compendium of Italian History*, Gioberti his work *del Primato d'Italia*. Rosmini, Silvio Pellico, Manzoni, Cantù, all were ready to contribute, and thus the movement in favour of Italian unity began in this very convent. Gioberti openly expressed his delight in it; he attacked the Jesuits in one of his works, and exalted the Benedictines as of the liberal school of learning. This caused bad blood; the project was hotly opposed, and Monte Cassino denounced as a centre of unbelief and democracy. Soon after the reaction set in. The monks were deprived of their printing-press; many were banished, among them Tosti, who henceforward lived in Rome and Tuscany. Del Caretto's portrait remained as a monument of a beautiful hope, to which the notorious Minister had unawares contributed. The shrewd Benedictines had appealed to his vanity. For ten years the relations between the Government and the convent have not been restored, and Tosti calls this period *il decennio plumbeo*.

He told me that he had come to the convent when a boy of eight. He had then found aged monks, scholars belonging to the previous century, such as Alfonso Federici, de Fraga, and a great-nephew of the meritorious Gattula. These musty figures of an antiquated time, encompassed with the *patina* of the past, as he excellently expressed it, initiated him into the historic traditions of the convent, so that, as a youth of eighteen, he already began his *History of Monte Cassino*. From the time of Petrus Diaconus, the continuator of Leo Marsicanus, he says the traditions of the historiography of M. Cassino were maintained down to the eighteenth century, and he lamented that this great reputation had passed away.

The present archivist (Don Sebastiano Kalefati) has been commissioned to carry on the journal of the Convent and of contemporary events.

Have just visited the abbot, who returned from a journey yesterday. Papalettere is an imposing-looking man between fifty and sixty, tall and stout. He met me with dignity in his simple but elegant room, the gold cross hanging from a chain on his breast. He gave me the impression of an abbot, conscious of living in a time of decadence, conscious that his predecessors had princely rank and ruled over a feudal state. He was formerly a disciple of German philosophy, and began to learn German, but did not advance very far, and entrusted this branch of learning to his pupil Nicola d'Orgemont, a young Belgian, who had come as a child of eight, and had now dwelt at Monte Cassino for twenty-five years. In his cell D'Orgemont showed me the works of Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, Herder, Klopstock, and several of our philosophers, not only in French translations, but in the original. Philosophic traditions have been preserved in South Italy since the time of Pythagoras which have been furthered by Thomas Aquinas, Giordano Bruno, Campanelli, Genovesi, and finally by Galuppi, an empiricist with a leaning to the Scotch school of Stewart. To Galuppi belongs the merit of having given a new life to philosophic studies. D'Orgemont praised the acuteness and zeal of the Abruzzesi, of

whom there are several in the college, which includes about 20 scholars, and in the seminary, where 120 receive instruction. The number of Benedictines is now reduced to only 20.

Kalefati, who came to the convent when a boy of ten, collects documents concerning the Byzantine period of Naples. The undertaking was set on foot by the Directorium of the Cultus.

To-day came the news of the rising in Rome and the flight of the Pope; these reports, however, are probably but fables.

MONTE CASSINO, *October 12.*

Augustin Theiner<sup>1</sup> has just been here. He looks like an aged hermit. Nothing liberal, nothing genial or human is perceptible in his character. His learning consists solely of the dry-bones of knowledge, collected from archives.

Tosti read his prologue to the *History of the Church* aloud to me yesterday.

The archives here are in exemplary order. The diplomas of emperors, princes, popes, number 3400, the *Cartæ minores* about 30,000.

Found but few for my purpose, beyond some documents in the register of Petrus Diaconus and some diplomas concerning places in the Campagna, such as Ferentino, Babuco, Veroli, Ceccano.

MONTE CASSINO, *October 13.*

Have worked for twelve hours to-day.

The moonlight nights are beautiful as fairyland—the hills of Cervara and Rocca d'Evandro veiled in silvery light. On the Campagna fires are burning, dogs barking in distant places. Now and then a misty phantom suddenly passes like a curtain ten paces before my window. The Campagna far below is, as a rule, covered with a white cloud.

Yesterday we distinctly heard the firing of artillery at Gaeta. To-day the family of Prince Pallavicini-Rospigliosi

<sup>1</sup> The well-known Catholic ecclesiastical historian. After 1855, Prefect of the Vatican Archives. He died in Rome in 1874.—*Editor's Note.*



on their way to Rome visited the archives. Guests are daily entertained by the monks. Forty-seven dined in the refectory yesterday.

My room is lofty and vaulted in the form of a cross. It reminds me of my parental castle of Neidenburg.

MONTE CASSINO, *October 15.*

Tosti presented me to-day with his *Boniface VIII.* He repeated one of his unpublished biblical poems in prose entitled *Uriel*, which is full of poetic imagination. A profound and beautiful soul dwells in this extraordinary man. Everything with him is intuition; he works and studies but little, everything is created within himself. He laughs heartily when he talks—the laugh of a happy disposition that has never known the torments of ambition. Nevertheless in his look there is something of superior sagacity, that suddenly reveals the material of the prince of the Church. It is the inherited spirit of the Benedictine aristocracy that dwells within him. Tosti lives in communication with the minds that from Monte Cassino have influenced the world. He spoke very well concerning celibacy and of mankind in its higher as well as in its lower sense.

Kalefati is silent and suffering. His world lies in his archives. He is educating a successor in Cesare Wandel; is frequently disturbed by inquisitive visitors, whose importunities he always satisfies with equanimity.

MONTE CASSINO, *October 16.*

Have been down to S. Germano and seen the ancient amphitheatre, where the soil is now cultivated; the hill on which Varro's villa formerly stood; and have hired a carriage for Ceprano for the day after to-morrow.

Tosti has just been with me. He told me a great deal about the time of the persecution of the Benedictines in 1849, when Papalettere was in prison for several months. Tosti was also accused of belonging to the sect of Pugnalatori, was cited to appear before the Prefecture of Police in Naples, and only escaped imprisonment through the influence of kind friends. Lord Temple offered him a

vessel to escape to Smyrna; Gladstone, who was then in Naples, was enthusiastic in his behalf. The Pope was also there at the time. Tosti went to him and staggered him by his bold and energetic discourse; for Pius IX. approved of everything that the King, who hated the Benedictines and all literary ability, urged against the order. He gave Tosti the choice between a decree of secularisation and a passport for the papal states. Tosti refused the former, as unworthy alike of himself and of the Pope; but accepted the other, and lived for a period in exile in Rome and Florence. He had written his *Abelard* at the time.

During the last year of Gregory XIV. it was proposed to make Tosti a cardinal, but Gregory died in the meantime. It is much to be wished that he were one.

Papalettere has been accused of disseminating pantheistic teachings in his lectures. He has been abbot for a year and a half. The abbots are now elected for only six years.

MONTE CASSINO (*Monday*), *October 17.*

It is the intention of Kalefati, the archivist, to edit a *Regestum* of the collected diplomas year for year, like the *Regesta* of Boehmer and Jaffe. In like manner he intends to form a *Corpus Legum* which is to contain Lombard law, Canon law, the Constitutions of the Abbots of Monte Cassino (more especially in regard to their colonial and civil relations towards their possessions), Norman and Swabian law, etc., according to the period. This collection is to begin with the earliest law-book of Mediæval Italy, the rule of Benedict. Lombard law was maintained in Monte Cassino down into the thirteenth century, and no cases of the application of the Justinian law are recorded. The Justinian Code, which I saw to-day (No. 49), belongs to the tenth century. Bluhme<sup>1</sup> saw it in January 1822, and, at the invitation of the archivist Fraga Frangipane, wrote a note in the Catalogue, in which he attests its great importance.

Have seen to-day autographs of Vittoria Colonna,

<sup>1</sup> Friedrich Bluhme, the celebrated editor of the Pandects. Born in Hamburg in 1797, he died Professor of Law in Bonn in 1874.—*Editor's Note.*

several letters to the Convent, written on bad paper, in a very firm, almost manlike hand.

Tosti, Kalefati, and Wandel lunched with me in a beautiful room. It was a solemn, "historic" meal. Tosti told us a great deal about Carlo Troya,<sup>1</sup> mentioning especially his domesticity. In this respect he seems to have been a second Neander.

Have at length seen the Cabinet of Coins, in which are rare pieces of Magna Græcia collected by Kalefati. A beautiful gold coin of Gisulf of Benevento (reverse, Carlus Rex) is a historic document of Charles's sovereignty in these parts: coins of Metapontum with the ears of corn; of Agathocles of Syracuse; of Naples with the Minotaur; Lombard ornaments of bronze, especially massive needles or hooks. I presented Tosti with a Roman coin belonging to the time of Gregory XI. by Limoges—*S. Petrus: Urbis Romæ*—and he gave me three little Lombard coins which were found at Hernia, amid a whole pile of others.

I have taken leave of the Abbot, whom I have seen but seldom as he has been almost constantly absent. De Vera and d'Orgemont are at S. Germano.

To-morrow I leave S. Benedict's mountain. Have found a great deal of human nature among the brethren of the cloister; and even if the archives have not fulfilled my expectations with regard to my work, I nevertheless carry a great deal away with me, especially some unedited documents from the Gaeta Book of Diplomas, the publication of which is much to be desired.

The insight which I have gained here into the monasticism of the Middle Ages is invaluable.

*Multum esset scribendum, quod dimitto in calamo.*

FROSINONE (Tuesday evening), October 18.

At six o'clock I descended from Monte Cassino, and at S. Germano paid a hurried visit to d'Orgemont in the Palazzo dell' Abbadia, but could not see de Vera, who was ill. As my *sensale* was shameless, I left him and hired a little

<sup>1</sup> Author of the *Del veltro allegorico di Dante* and of the *Storia d' Italia del medio-evo*. Died 1858.—*Editor's Note*.



carriage, a so-called *cittadina*, to Ceprano. A thick fog lay over the Campagna; but Monte Cassino was in light, and the air was clear. In descending from this region of brightness into the fog of S. Germano, I was startled by the contrast, which reminded me of the two divisions of Raffaele's "Transfiguration."

Three miles farther on the road turns aside to Aquino. The fog meanwhile had lifted. The tower of S. Gregory, who is said to have had a country-house here which he presented to the Abbey, still stands by the road. A quarter of an hour later I reached Aquino, the native town of Juvenal and Pescennius Niger, and the feudal patrimony of the counts whose name is borne by S. Thomas. Aquino has thus, strangely enough, produced a satirist, an emperor, and the greatest philosopher of mediæval scholasticism.

From Aquino I drove back along the Via Latina, and at Melfa crossed the river of that name; then proceeded through the hilly district of Arce, which forms the watershed between Melfa and the Liris. Until we reached the States of the Church we found vedettes standing at every corner, as in a state of war. The road to Ceprano makes a bend round Arce, and we soon arrived at the frontier station, where the sentry was eating his dinner in the middle of the road. As horses that are not branded are not allowed to cross the frontier without the payment of a heavy tax, I was obliged to alight, and a handsome girl was summoned, who carried my luggage on her head all the way to Ceprano. She was called Angiolina, and belonged to Arce. She was building, as she told me with delightful naïveté, a palace by the road—that is to say, she got wages for carrying stones for building. She was sixteen; her marvellous figure was like that of a nymph, and in the costume of the district she formed a charming picture. Thus my diplomas journeyed on the head of this fascinating maiden to Ceprano, which we reached in half an hour.

Ceprano lies close by the Liris, whose waters, overhung with willows, were emerald green in colour. The river is spanned by a wooden bridge, and at this spot King Manfred was betrayed. The place no longer retains any

memorials of the Middle Ages. Fortunately I found a carriage, which had been hired by a Roman officer from Benevento to bring his wife away from Rome. We drove thirteen miles through pretty country to Frosinone, where we arrived about five in the afternoon. Frosinone, owing to its situation the capital of the province, is unimportant and badly built—the Palace of the Delegation its only imposing building.

Here ends my summer, one of the pleasantest of my wandering life, and Monte Cassino the pleasantest part of it.

To-morrow at six leave by the post for Rome.

ROME, *November 13.*

I arrived in Rome by way of Valmontone on the evening of October 19. Scirocco and rain. The city empty and desolate; foreigners are not coming on account of the disturbances, although the peace of Zürich was concluded on October 18. I immediately set to work to write out vol. iii.

On November 10 we celebrated the Schiller festival in a manner worthy of the occasion. Six of us united in forming a committee: Dr Brunn,<sup>1</sup> the painter Grosse from Dresden, the sculptor Krop from Bremen, the painter Tom Dien from Oldenburg, the architect Barvitius from Vienna, and myself. The rooms of the Artists' Club in the Palazzo Poli were tastefully decorated. In the first was placed Schiller's bust; on the walls, which were adorned with wreaths of laurel, were the names of his contemporaries and the titles of his works. A hundred and twenty Germans assembled. The Austrian Ambassador, Freiherr von Bach; Baron von Ottenfels, Councillor of the Embassy; the Prussian Minister Freiherr von Canitz, and his secretary Graf Wesdehlen, were present. The German Cardinal Reisach, whom we had invited, did not come. Cornelius was ill. Dr Brunn pronounced the festal oration beside Schiller's bust, and,

<sup>1</sup> Successor to Emil Braun as secretary to the Archæological Institute; author of the *Geschichte der Griechischen Künstler*; appointed Professor of Archæology in Munich in 1865.—*Editor's Note.*

after some introductory music by Beethoven, I recited the festal poem. At its close a hymn of Beethoven's was given. I then crowned the bust with the Roman laurel, and each of the two ambassadors laid a wreath on the pedestal. At the banquet I sat next to Bach, the Austrian Minister, who is a man still in the prime of life, of commonplace aspect—one may almost call him ugly. He it was who concluded the infamous Concordat. He is reputed learned. Brunn proposed the toast of Germany, Dr Steinheim that of Schiller's contemporaries, I (deputed by old Cornelius) that of Art. Nadorp improvised some good verses.

ROME, December 31.

A short time ago Laguéronnière's brochure, *Le Pape et le Congrès*, appeared. It is evidently issued with the purpose of making the Congress impossible. It advances as a principle that the Powers which in 1815 restored the States of the Church have the right to partition them in 1860. The Pope should be restricted to Rome and the Patrimony, and a heavenly condition restored to the Eternal City, in which Romans, in blissful *apragmosyne*, would have nothing to do but recite their rosaries and contemplate their great past. The *Gazzetta Romana* has an official article on the opposite side, which concludes with a despairing appeal to the "King of kings." The Church has put forward some weak pamphlets in defence—by Vicomte la Tour; by Gerbert, Bishop of Perpignan; and some articles of the *Civiltà Cattolica* and the *Univers*. The most valiant champion on the side of Rome is Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans. The movement of the Episcopate in favour of Rome still continues, and addresses arrive daily.

Buoncompagni has gone to Florence as Viceregent for the Prince of Carignano. Garibaldi has resigned his command at a sign from Napoleon. Fanti commands in Bologna.

The University of Pisa has been reopened. Some of my friends have been appointed there.

Have resumed my work in the Vatican. On December 22 I finished the copy of vol. iii. of the *History of Rome*.



About Christmas time I conceived the thought of the poem *Ninfa*.

Here closes the memorable year of 1859. During its course vols. i. and ii. of the *History of Rome* have appeared, and vol. iii. has been finished. Have also written the essay *The Popular Poetry of the Sicilians*, an act and a half of *Otto III.*, and the poem for the Schiller festival.

Of illustrious men, have become acquainted through the Apthorp family, on December 28, with Theodore Parker, the American theologian, and have begun a correspondence with Bunsen.

1860

January 6.

THE resignation of Walewski and the appointment of Thouvenel have just been announced; this is the answer to the violent speech which the Pope addressed to General Goyon, on New Year's Day, on account of the brochure *Le Pape et le Congrès*.

Garibaldi has issued a proclamation, in which he places himself at the head of a national army, and calls on the Italians to rally to his flag. The year 1860 apparently intends to bring forth great events.

ROME, January 27.

On December 31 Napoleon addressed a letter to the Pope, demanding the cession of the Romagna. Addresses from bishops, cities, communes come pouring in from every country. Among them figures that of the seven Prussian bishops in the *Giornale di Roma*.

Ratazzi's ministry resigned on January 15, and Cavour returned to his post. The annexation which was expected at the beginning of February is thereby decided.

The Roman nobility have handed to the Pope an address of loyalty with 134 signatures, headed by the Marchese Antici, Senator of Rome, Prince Domenico Orsini, and Marcantonio Borghese. Several princes have seceded; such are the Gaetani, the two Torlonias, Doria, Pallavicini, Gabrielli, Piombino, Buonaparte, Buoncompagni, Fiano, Cesarini, and others.

Book v. of the *History of Rome* went to-day with the Prussian despatches by the Austrian courier to Stuttgart, by way of Ancona and Vienna.

Mons. Kervyne de Lettenhove from Bruges, a historian, sent by Bunsen, called on me to-day.

Last Thursday (January 22) a great demonstration took place, summoned by the French tattoo on the Piazza Colonna. The people shouted *Evviva Napoleone e Vittorio Emanuele!* Report says that the French instigated the affair in order to compel the Pope to flight, and that they might seize the government.

ROME, February 6.

On January 19, my birthday, the Pope issued an encyclical to all the archbishops and bishops of Christendom. It is conceived in a moderate but firm tone. He therein repeats what he said to Napoleon in his letter of December 31, to wit, that he cannot cede the rebellious provinces.

The *Univers* has been suspended in consequence of an article and commentary on the encyclical; the first blow that Napoleon has dealt the clergy.

In Paris, Villemain has in a pamphlet pronounced in favour of the papal *dominium temporale*, likewise Sylvestre de Sacy in the *Débats*.

Naples is in a ferment; in Trani the people demand a constitution.

The elections for the National Assembly have taken place in North and Central Italy. Ricasoli was elected at Pavia. It is believed that the annexation will be decided by giving seats to the deputies from Tuscany and Central Italy in the Sardinian Parliament.

I have lately written the article *From the Banks of the Liris*, the first half of which I sent to Augsburg to-day.

Gruyer, the French author, came with Delâtre to see me. Am re-reading all the comedies of Terence and Plautus.

ROME, February 9.

Yesterday evening I found the Via Condotti and the Spanish palace illuminated. The news had arrived of the capture of Tetuan by the Spaniards.

Cavour has issued a circular to all the agents of Sardinia,



in which he candidly explains annexation to Piedmont as the only salvation for Italy.

ROME, *March 8.*

At the beginning of the Carnival I fell ill, first of rheumatism, and then of gastric fever. Have kept my room for three weeks, but was only a few days in bed. On February 26 I drove out for the first time, and went to the valley of Egeria. My illness was due to the scirocco, which has prevailed since October 19. It has been the worst winter I have spent in Italy.

The Carnival was worth nothing. The Romans made a demonstration, removing it outside the Porta Pia. One day the executioner walked by orders of the Black party. People are beginning to give up smoking cigars, as at Milan.

On March 1 Napoleon opened the Legislative Council with a very able speech. The annexation of Savoy and Nice seems likely to become a *fait accompli*.

Newton, the English Consul, is exhibiting the drawings of his excavations at Halicarnassus in the Palazzo Caffarelli.

On March 1 I began my labours on vol. iv.

ROME, *March 20.*

Yesterday was the festival of S. Joseph, Garibaldi's patron saint. The congregation of the Sapienza assembled in the Church of S. Giuseppe in the morning. After Mass the students sang a Te Deum for the brilliant result of the elections in Tuscany and Central Italy, which were in favour of annexation to Piedmont, and a tumult took place. A demonstration was announced for the evening; but outside the gate the military occupied the Via Nomentana, and patrols paraded up and down the Corso. A crowd collected there; the papal *gendarmes* used their weapons, and the populace scattered in disordered flight. I was sitting close to a café drinking a glass of wine, when several fugitives rushed in. The host immediately closed the café. Several Romans have been arrested this evening

and will be sent to exile forthwith. In the evening French patrols promenade the Corso, invariably in batches of six, with a *gendarme* at their head. The Corso is thronged with foot-passengers. The French outwardly repress the disturbances, but their agents secretly provoke them. They will soon take the helm of the government.

Antonelli's despatch of February 29 to the papal nuncio in Paris, the answer to Thouvenel's circular, is sold in the streets.

The Government has posted up a notice, according to which the price of bread is to be reduced.

ROME, *March 22.*

Monday's events were even worse than I supposed. The dragoons, who laid about them as if possessed, wounded a hundred people; one of whom died yesterday, a poor innkeeper, who had just come from Mass at S. Carlo. Two French officers in civilian dress were injured. The American Consul, in the act of getting into his carriage, was only saved by an officer, who drew his sword. The dragoons have been rewarded by the Government with five scudi each. The Romans are indignant that Goyon approved of their conduct; the corps of French officers are said to have protested against it. Treason is talked of; people deplore the fact that Napoleon provoked the agitation, and that the *gendarmes* who charged the people were commanded by his general.

Yesterday made acquaintance with Munch, the historian from Christiania, who is studying here for his History of Norway.

*March 28.*

The disquieting news has reached me that the first half of my third volume has not arrived at Stuttgart. I have written to Vienna. Meanwhile cannot feel easy in my mind.

Have just seen a placard posted at Monte Citorio and a crowd standing in front of it. It is the Excommunication of March 26 directed against the usurpers of the

papal rights in general. According to custom the Bull of Excommunication was posted up on the Curia, the basilicas of S. Peter and S. John, and the Campo di' Fiori, the ancient place of execution, where Giordano Bruno was burned.

Reumont has been definitely recalled to Berlin; his Italian career is ended.

Have made the acquaintance of Browning, the celebrated English poet, who with his delicate wife, a gifted poetess, has lived for years in Florence.

ROME, *March 29.*

There was a great demonstration of the Black party in S. Peter's, where the Pope goes to pray every Friday at noon.

Rossi de Sales has been sent here from Piedmont to assure the Pope that Victor Emmanuel, saddled with the necessity of annexing the Emilia, will respect his supremacy.

It is reported that Lamoricière has arrived at Ancona to take the command of the papal army.

A great many Romans have been put in prison. This fate befell Signor Moneta, an acquaintance of mine. He was seized at a café on Monte Citorio and shut up in company with fifteen bandits, but was released the next day.

On March 24, the treaty by which Piedmont cedes Savoy and Nice in perpetuity to France was signed at Turin.

A stifling scirocco has been blowing since yesterday.

ROME (*Palm Sunday*), *April 1.*

Yesterday afternoon went to S. Peter's, which was alive with processions. The Bull of Excommunication was affixed to the two columns of the entrance to the vestibule, and the sacred processions of the Easter festival thus passed between two curses into the temple of God. Other and earlier notices containing warnings against cursing stood accidentally above them. And immediately over the proclamations of the Pope were seen the words: *Bestemmiatori! pentitivi, pensateci bene! Nel momento stesso del bestemmiare potete precipitare nell'inferno.*



The *Giornale Romano* of March 29 contains a declaration of Goyon's which not only sanctions the attack of the *gendarmes* on March 19, but even explains that it was made at his express orders, the French being in Rome for the purpose of defending the Pope.

ROME, April 5.

On April 3, drove with Lindemann, and the Norwegian ladies Frau von Chateaufort and Frau Kolban, to Veii. In spite of my long sojourn in Rome, it was my first visit. The district has a tragically severe aspect, and is very desolate. Isola Farnese, a little place of at most eighty inhabitants, stands on the ground of the ancient fortress. In the way of sights, there was nothing beyond the Etruscan tomb with rude paintings and some urns; a helmet was shown us, pierced by the thrust of a Homeric lance which killed the warrior. The Ponte Sodo is an artificial passage in a rock, through which the Cremera is diverted.

On March 23, Ferri, Silvestrelli, Titoni and de Angelis, *Mercanti di Campagna*, were sentenced to exile and taken to Civita Vecchia to be sent by sea to Leghorn. Twenty others of the anti-papal party have been arrested, among them my poor lawyer Sellini, who, like Cassius, always goes about in a shabby mantle. He was seized at night at a café; whether he will be taken to S. Michele or not, I do not know.

In consequence of the annexation of Savoy and Nice to France, European politics have undergone a revolution. On March 26, Lord John Russell declared in Parliament that the Ministry had been betrayed by Napoleon and that it was time to seek other alliances on the Continent. The *Times* called Napoleon Münchhausen, Cæsar Borgia, and Macchiavelli.

The Piedmontese troops left Nice on March 31 amid the clamour of the populace. The Russian Court watched the embarkation. The French entered on April 1.

On March 29 the Prince of Carignano made his entry as Viceroy of Piedmont into Leghorn and Florence.

A few days ago Lamoricière arrived in Rome to take

over the command of the papal troops. He had already been appointed Minister of War. The Pope's position is curious. Napoleon is included in his excommunication, while at the same time the Pope remains protected by his troops; the French are still here, while Pius IX. protests against their presence by appointing the Republican Lamoricière generalissimo of his army. The priests smile once more, and hope for a European coalition and the fall of Napoleon.

Three thousand papal soldiers have been collected at Ancona. Lamoricière will review the garrison.

ROME, April 9.

The *Giornale di Roma* of the 7th announced the appointment of Lamoricière as general of the papal army. He has asked for a guard of honour, which the French authorities have refused. A conflict has arisen over the question of authority; Grammont threatens to demand passports. They have telegraphed to Paris, and have received instructions not to attach too much importance to the matter.

Lamoricière has found from 15,000 to 16,000 men. Officers are lacking. Yesterday I called on Theodore Parker, who is ill. He said with great energy, "The Pope is a fool, pure and simple."

The Abbé Venturini, a Corsican, came to see me to-day.

I went to the Minerva, and found papal sentries in front of the hotel, where Lamoricière is living. Frenchmen are now in the Dominican convent opposite; they gazed across to the hotel, looking at the guard of honour of the man who represents a glorious past for France—Algiers, Abdul Cadex, the Republic, Cavaignac.

Lamoricière has stipulated that he shall be responsible to the Pope alone, to whom he is always to have free access: neither the violet nor the scarlet monsignori are to be allowed a word. He has raised 100,000 scudi for his expenses, and wishes to form ten batteries and two cavalry regiments. It is reported that the Orleans princes are to serve under him; meanwhile he has been given three papal

adjutants, among them the Marchese Zappi. It is said that the family of Larochefoucauld have presented the Pope with a million to equip a regiment.

Yesterday the Pope gave the benediction in S. Peter's. The curtain over the Loggia had been torn by the storm, like that in the Temple of Jerusalem.

On April 4 a revolt—which was, however, suppressed—broke out in Palermo. Sabatier wrote me from there, that the three days (from the 4th to the 6th) were terrible. They fled to Naples, and even at sea could hear the firing.

ROME, *April 12.*

The *Giornale Romano* of the 10th asserts that the contributions to Peter's Pence hitherto received amount to 260,000 scudi. Yesterday the newspapers gave Lamoricière's first order for the day, which is couched in such a dogmatic and polemical tone that his soldiers will not understand it.

To-day I found a sonnet posted up for April 12, the anniversary of the return of Pius IX. from exile and his restoration in Rome by means of the arms of the French Republic; the anniversary also of the day five years ago of his dangerous fall in S. Agnese.<sup>1</sup> Each verse begins "*Esulta o Roma,*" etc. It is proposed to have a great demonstration, taking the horses out of the papal carriage; but the Pope will not go to S. Agnese. The city is to be illuminated. It rains on and on. Profound melancholy broods over Rome; no one remembers such an Easter. The Girandola and the illumination of the cupola were abandoned.

I called on Azeglio's daughter, the Marchesa Ricci, who has come here.

ROME, *April 21.*

The Pope did go to S. Agnese, and a great demonstration took place. The carriages which followed him on his return to S. Peter's were innumerable. People waved their handkerchiefs, shouting: *Evviva Pio IX.!* In the

<sup>1</sup> See p. 19.



evening a complete and general illumination. Antonelli might have shown the city to the Holy Father, and the Holy Father exclaimed: *Fili, non credebam invenire tantam fidem in Israel*. The Romans are ashamed of this, their improvised illumination, to which they were naturally incited by the priests.

Lamoricière inspires the clergy with the greatest confidence.

On the 18th the Count de Merode was appointed pro-Minister of War. Lamoricière has left for Ancona. Troops are being raised; recruits are seen on every side.

Some days ago Prince Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg brought me a letter from the Sabatiers. I called on the Prince at the *Isles Britanniques*—a pleasant young man of nearly thirty. He seems to be highly cultured; the Sabatiers rave about him. He has spent a long time in the East.

ROME, April 25.

It is said that M. de Courcelles, Lamoricière's companion, will take over the police, and that Spoleto will be his headquarters. Two cavalry regiments have been formed.

According to the latest tidings the disturbances in the interior of Sicily have not been quelled.

The Austrian Minister having taken possession of his post, the official reception in the Palazzo Venezia took place this evening, the festival of S. Mark, the patron of Venice. The honours were done by the Duchesse de Grammont, *Madame la France*, by the side of Austria, who, after having received her punishment, appeared to kiss the French rod. Madame carried a bouquet in her hand, an emblem of the fine phrases at Villafranca. Several cardinals were there. Antonelli looked pale and interesting; Cardinal Wiseman's tall form and bibulous face towered above the crowd. Odescalchi came as Duke of Sirmia, in Slavonic furs; a Scotchman appeared in a kilt. Cornelius and Overbeck were there, as also many Germans. This comedy in gold lace, in which men compliment one another on their inanity, was sufficiently well worth seeing.

ROME, May 8.

On May 1 the first proofs arrived of vol. iii.

The revolt in Sicily seems to be suppressed ; the royalists have taken the town of Carini.

Victor Emmanuel journeyed in triumph through Tuscany, laid the foundation stone of the façade of the cathedral in Florence, and entered Bologna on May 1. The King was received by the clergy in the Cathedral of S. Petronio, and greeted with the *Te Deum*.

Three saints have been sent winging their way to heaven. The day before yesterday (Sunday, May 6) took place the canonisation of the Austrian Sarcander in S. Peter's; that of two others followed. I drove to Frascati on May 6, went as far as Monte Porzio, read some epistles of Horace in the Villa Conti, and returned home in the evening. The train stopped three miles outside the city, and I gladly returned the rest of the way on foot.

Have recently been at a party at Newton's, the discoverer of Halicarnassus, and there saw some excellent sketches of Asia Minor. I made the acquaintance of Professor Stickel from Jena, who tries to explain the Etruscan language through the Hebrew.

ROME, May 14.

The Sicilian revolution is not ended yet. To-day despatches announced that the Garibaldians had landed at Marsala. The *Gazzetta Genovesi* says that Garibaldi secretly sailed from Genoa with 1400 *Alpini* and twenty-four guns. The Government made a feint of preventing the expedition. Garibaldi has sent in his resignation as deputy for Nice and Piedmontese general, and addressed a proclamation to the army, in which he says that it must remain faithful to the banner of Victor Emmanuel, which, in spite of the insinuations of cowardly advisers, would, he hoped, lead it on to the liberation of the very last provinces.

To-day a Roman told me that Garibaldi had landed at Orbetello with 4000 men. Viterbo was in revolt. Others announced the attack on Cattolica for May 16. The city

is in the greatest excitement. To-day a battery and a half of papal troops marched to Civita Vecchia, and carabineers rushed out of the Porta del Popolo. Lamoricière has returned from Ancona. A thousand Irish are expected. Büyer, the French general, has asked permission to enter the papal militia.

Another saint was despatched to heaven to-day, de Rossi, the Italian. Labré, a Frenchman, will follow eight days hence.

I have great hopes for Italy.

My essay, *From the Banks of the Liris*, has appeared in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*.

ROME, May 15.

The report is current to-day that the Garibaldians have landed at Corneto, and papal troops were consequently despatched yesterday by train to Civita Vecchia. It is also said that Cialdini has entered Pesaro.

Garibaldi himself is reported by some to have landed at Marsala, by others at Girgenti. To-day's *Gazzetta Genovese* describes the excitement in Naples as intense: the King is at Gaeta; all available troops have already embarked; the army in Sicily is everywhere concentrated in the towns; in Palermo all the gates are closed except four; the troops are encamped outside; communication with the interior is cut off; the peasants are armed with guns. Agents are in every corner who pay each volunteer four *tari* a day.

ROME, May 20.

Garibaldi landed at Marsala on May 11. An English vessel protected the disembarkation of the volunteers.

Yesterday the Roman newspapers contained despatches which announced that the King's troops had dispersed the Garibaldians at Calatafimi, had taken their banner, and that one of their generals had fallen. The Romans are dismayed; they wish to make it a *casus belli*. The deposition of the last Bourbon in Italy seems resolved on. The *Times* casts loving glances on Sicily, and recalls the golden days of the island under the government of



Lord William Bentinck. Napoleon hopes to occupy the Neapolitan throne.

News has arrived of the death of the Archbishop of Bologna, Cardinal Viale, brother of my friend the Corsican poet Salvatore. On the occasion of Victor Emmanuel's visit the clergy of the Romagna were obliged to present an address of loyalty.

Lamoricière is very active. Each volunteer receives forty scudi earnest money; but the populace fly from him. He has removed all the guns from the towers along the coast. The Romans say sarcastically that Torlonia will not succeed in draining the Lago Fucino, but that Lamoricière will drain the finances of the Pope.

ROME, *May 23.*

Another saint ascended to heaven from S. Peter's on Sunday last, the pilgrim Labré from Amettes in Normandy. The miracle-working Madonna from S. Maria di Capitelli is exhibited in the Minerva, and over the door of the church a large inscription announces "The ancient war against the church is renewed. We, O Romans, will oppose it with our arms—prayer." Crosses, miracle-working pictures, processions, canonisations, all the decayed lumber of the superstition of past centuries, is set in motion.

Bands of volunteers scour the country between Canino and Montalto: it is said that a body of Garibaldians has come from Orbetello under Medici, and that there has been an encounter with the papal chasseurs. Lamoricière has sent all the troops out of Rome.

ROME, *June 1.*

I have spent the two Whitsuntide holidays in the Casa Mazzoni at Genzano.

Several bishops having refused to allow the Sardinian festival of May 12, in honour of the Constitution, to be celebrated in their churches, proceedings are being taken against them. The Archbishop of Ferrara, the Bishop of Faenza, the Vicar-general of Bologna have been put in prison; the Bishop of Parma has escaped to Mantua.

The Cardinal-Archbishop of Pisa has been removed under an escort to Turin. Energetic proceedings are being taken against the clergy.

After having defeated the Neapolitans at Calatafimi, Garibaldi marched to Palermo. He was joined by bands of Sicilians under the son of Baron S. Anna of Alcamo, under Rosolino Pilo, Capeza, Castiglia and others. At Salemi he assumed the dictatorship in the name of the King.

Yesterday came the news that after severe fighting he entered Palermo at 6 A.M. on May 27, where he took up his abode at the Senate House. The royal troops, restricted to the Palazzo Reale and the fortress of Castellamare, began the bombardment of the city about seven o'clock. Here the despatch ends. The consequences of the loss of Sicily are incalculable: the fall of the Bourbons is assured.

My proof-sheets have been missing since May 9.

A short time ago the Abbé Zanelli, in the name of Cardinal Marini, allowed me to examine Crescimbeni's MS. *History of S. Nicolò in Carcere* which has been deposited in Visconti's<sup>1</sup> hands. Visconti showed me a MS. containing the acts and accounts of the games in the Navona.

I shall leave Rome next month to revisit my home for the first time. Theodore Parker died in Florence on May 16.

ROME, June 5.

According to the latest despatch an armistice has been concluded in Palermo until June 3. The rebels have been defeated at Catania.

There was a great procession here on the 2nd, when the miracle-working Cross was brought back from S. Carlo al Corso to S. Peter's prison. It was accompanied by three cardinals, Pietri, Patrizi, and Andrea, and report says that the Pope in disguise also took part in the procession.

The relics are exposed in several churches. In S. Andrea

<sup>1</sup> Baron Pietro Ercole Visconti, Commissary of the Roman Antiquities and Director of the Vatican Art Galleries. Died in 1880.—*Editor's Note.*

della Valle I saw over the High Altar a Madonna exhibited with the inscription: "*Tu nos protege ab Hostibus.*"

ROME, June 7.

Two sets of proofs of vol. iii. arrived yesterday.

I saw Prince Chigi dressed as a common artilleryman in the Corso; he has joined the papal army. An Odescalchi and a Rospigliosi have also taken service in it. That, however, will not save the States of the Church; in a few months they will be limited to Rome.

To-day the rumour is afloat that, after the conclusion of the armistice, General Lanza capitulated in the fortress of Palermo in order to embark with all the troops. The whole of Sicily is free except Messina.

Sicily is the land of the adventurous, and its entire history is one continuous romance.

However we may regard Garibaldi's expedition, it will always remain one of the most attractive acts of heroism.

The *Siècle* asserts that it is now time to annex the Rhine. War is at our doors. I trust, however, to the immensely increased moral vigour of the German people; and Prussia has a free constitution—it is no longer the country of the dandified squirearchy of 1805.

ROME, June 14.

The Octave of Corpus Domini is ended to-day. I witnessed the procession at the Lateran. The church in its decorations, filled with candles and devoid of worshippers—who remained outside—with its wide-open doors, presented a sight of quite a peculiar kind. I reflected on all the forces of past centuries that contributed to produce this whole, which now stands as a symbol of an epoch of humanity. It too will pass away, other temples will arise, and ivy will clothe the ruins of S. John's and S. Peter's as it does those of Ninfa.

From Sicily we hear that the Capitulation has been concluded. The King at first rejected it; but General Letizia, whom he sent to Palermo, explained that the troops refused to fight any longer. On May 29 a family



council was held in the Castle of Naples, from which the Count of Syracuse alone was excluded; it is said to have lasted eleven hours. His Majesty gave way. The Capitulation was thus concluded between Lanza, the *alter ego* of the King, and Garibaldi on board the *Hannibal*, an English man-of-war. Twenty-five thousand Neapolitans retired before Garibaldi's troops; they are to sail with their arms for Naples between the 6th and the 15th of June. This means the downfall of the kingdom of Naples.

Large supplies of arms are being sent to Sicily. The Italian cities contribute money.

An oppressive calm reigns here; the counter-revolution makes no progress. It is said that Lamoricière is already tired of his task.

A few days ago some non-commissioned officers of the papal troops, excited by wine, in the Café Nuovo shouted "Death to Napoleon! *Viva Henri V.!*" They were Legitimists. They got a calf's head, cut it up into little bits, and bragged that they would treat Napoleon's head in the same way.

Cathélineau, a veteran of the war of La Vendée, is here, and has promised the Pope to bring a regiment of Vendéans to Rome. The Knights of Malta also wish to place a regiment at his disposal. What a farce! The Pope says that he is treated like a child, that the true state of things is kept from him. He was assured that Garibaldi had been crushed, and the day after it was announced by telegraph that he was in possession of Palermo.

Lamoricière and de Merode are trying to compass the fall of Antonelli. They want M. de Courcelles in the Ministry of Finance; but the Cardinal is victorious, and has made Constantini, an utterly insignificant man, Minister.

De Martini, the Neapolitan envoy, was summoned to Naples, but has already returned. The Court of Naples is at its wit's end. The widowed Queen has proposed her son as King of Sicily.

The projected papal loan has only reached the sum of 400,000 scudi.

I received a sad letter from home on the 11th. On

May 27, Whitsunday, my brother-in-law, Dr Elgnowski, died at Insterburg.

ROME, June 15.

Placards were posted to-day on S. Luigi dei Francesi and on the French Casino, proclaiming *Morte a Napoleone ! Viva Pio Nono ! Viva Henri V. !* The Legitimists are making a great fuss.

Lamoricière and de Merode are bitterly hated ; they may prepare themselves for evil days. The Pope asked Torlonia for a loan, but the banker referred him to the Roman princes and especially to Antonelli, who has placed two millions in the English Bank.

Rome has become a perfect Tower of Babel owing to the many foreign *papalini*, among whom are adventurers of every description. Many strange figures are to be seen, Poles more especially. Even Lamoricière's troops look like comedians.

Garibaldi intends to throw himself on Calabria and leave Messina alone. I reckon that everything will be over in Naples in three weeks; and that Latium and the Marittima will then rise in revolt. A proclamation of Garibaldi's will suffice to blow up the States of the Church.

The Papacy is advancing to its fall. Many things will take place during the month of August. I am grieved that I shall not be here.

ROME, June 23.

Baron von Thile has lately written that the Prussian Government is going to give 400 thalers yearly of subvention for the *History of Rome*. This is due to Bunsen's representations.

On the 16th, Napoleon's meeting with the German princes took place at Baden.

Nothing here but prayers and processions. A *Triduum* was announced for the 19th-21st in the Pantheon.

The anniversary of Pius IX.'s accession (June 21) was celebrated by illuminations. The Pope announced that he would not move from Rome unless taken by force.

Yesterday I finished the article, *From the Volscian*

*Mountains.* Have also written another, *Rome since the Beginning of the Year 1860*, for the American newspaper.

Have spent a great deal of time in the churches studying the inscriptions.

ROME (*St John's Day*), June 24.

Two hundred and fifty Irishmen arrived here yesterday on Tiber boats. They have been quartered in barracks near S. Maria Maggiore. Instead of five baiocchi they demand twelve, and will only serve under their own officers.

ROME, June 26.

Have packed and made everything ready. I leave to-morrow; dine with C. Serny at four o'clock to-day and spend the evening with Alertz.

After eight years of travel and hard struggles I shall see the Fatherland again.

Yesterday saw Colonel Pinoden enter with a troop of carabineers from *le Grotte*. Some *papalini* shouted *Viva Pio Nono!* and two men were thrown from their horses.

ALLA FONTANA, FLORENCE, June 30.

Left Rome at six o'clock on the morning of the 27th. Alertz came to see me at the station. Within three hours reached Civita Vecchia, and departed thence at 5 P.M. in the steamer *Quirinal*. The most glorious night. A comet in the sky just as two years ago. Mars rose splendidly in the south. My travelling companions were Count Malatesta from Rome, and several ladies from East Prussia. Early the following morning we arrived in the harbour of Leghorn. As a result of the annexation the greater number of annoyances have been done away with; the visit to the Custom-house and passports are no longer a cause of delay.

The Italian revolution seems to have penetrated everywhere into the life of the people. National flags, portraits, placards summoning the people to support Garibaldi in Sicily, are seen on all sides; nothing talked about but politics, and Garibaldi's name in everyone's mouth.



The news arrived yesterday that the King of Naples had proclaimed the Constitution on the 26th. It is hoped that the Neapolitans will not accept this Danaan gift.

Left for Florence at five yesterday afternoon. Nothing was talked of in the carriage but Garibaldi and Sicily. I called on Professor Vannucci to-day.<sup>1</sup> Amari has just left for Sicily. The Sabatiers are not here.

In Florence every face looks cheerful—in Rome everything is sad and gloomy. The contrast could not be more striking.

FLORENCE, July 6.

Have called on all my friends. The Perez, a Sicilian family, leave to-day for Palermo.

Have examined the two MSS. of Cencius Camerarius in the Palazzo Riccardi, where Bulgarini is librarian.

Since watching things closely I have formed the greatest hopes for the permanence of the movement. Emiliano Giudici swore to me yesterday that in six months Rome would be the capital of the Italian kingdom. The news from Sicily is good. Garibaldi, as Dictator, has expelled the Jesuits, who arrived in Rome in great numbers on the 23rd and 24th of June. An army is being organised. The annexation is to be carried out by envoys on July 18. Mazzini is in Sicily; but his adherents are insignificant in number, and his ideas are laughed at here; Republicanism has been ousted by the idea of unity. The Neapolitans have accepted the Constitution in silence. The *lazzaroni* maltreated Brenier, the French Ambassador. The police are being assassinated even in the interior of the country.

The chief newspapers at Florence are the *Nazione* and the *Monitore*. The *Contemporaneo*, a journal hostile to the Government, is edited by a Sardinian and is regarded with contempt. There are a great many comic papers and caricatures. On many houses may be seen portraits of Victor Emmanuel and the arms of Sardinia.

Giudice and Perez are anxious to publish a new edition

<sup>1</sup> Historian and patriot. In exile from 1849 to 1856. After 1859, Librarian of the *Magliabechiana*, and Professor at the *Istituto di studi superiori*.—*Editor's Note*.

of Dante by national subscription, and to erect a colossal monument to the poet in Rome in order to celebrate the foundation of the new kingdom.

The Florentines speak of Napoleon with reserve, or frankly call him a traitor. The national feeling of Italy has thwarted his plans.

Diodati's Bibles, products of the English Bible Society, are publicly sold in the cafés at a ridiculously low price.

GENOA, *July 10.*

Left Florence at eight o'clock, Leghorn at nine in the evening by the steamer *Abbatucci*. Arrived at Genoa at two this morning; explored this magnificent city.

ISOLA BELLA, *July 11.*

Left Genoa for Arona at six o'clock. Two young men from Modena, returning from imprisonment at Gaeta, were in the same carriage; they had been on the steamer *Mile* when the Neapolitans captured it at Cap Corso while on its way to Sicily. Volunteers are leaving Genoa for Sicily almost every day. I saw Radetzky's celebrated battlefield at Novara. How changed are the times!

The steamer *S. Bernardino* brought me at twelve from Arona to the Isola Bella. I wished to spend my last night in Italy on this fascinating island. The Simplon, with its snow-clad head, is seen in the far distance. Beautiful also is the Isola dei Pescatori, inhabited solely by fishermen. I bathed from the Isola Madre and then returned here. Several rich English people live on the shores of the lake, one on the Isola dei Pescatori itself.

HEYDEN, CANTON APPENZELL, *July 18.*

I left Isola Bella on the 12th. The frontier between Switzerland and Italy is at S. Bartolomeo, and the first place on the Swiss side is called Birago. From Magadino the road ascends to Bellinzona. We passed S. Bernardino, on which the snow was still lying, 6400 feet above the level of the sea. Felt too much overcome with sadness at

leaving Italy to be able to look dispassionately on the colossal scenery of the Alps, its waterfalls and woods, its pastures and meadows, and would gladly have turned back. In eight years many things have grown unfamiliar: the architecture of the houses, the Northern type of face, the ways of life, the scenery. I have made discoveries in things formerly of daily familiarity, as, for example, deal floors, on which one's footsteps resound.

Arrived at Chur at six on the morning of July 13, and drove immediately to the hotel at Ragatz. Slept for a few hours, and afterwards walked up the magnificent gorge of Pfäfers. The same evening went on to Rheineck. On the morning of the 14th took a little carriage to Heyden, where I found Baron von Thile's family.

I am living in his house. My gaze rests on the neighbouring lake of Constance, the Rhine flowing into it; on its banks stand Lindau, Friedrichshafen, Arbon clearly visible, and beyond Baden, Würtemberg, Bavaria, and Austria lie stretched before me. The architecture of Appenzell looks barbarous, and the vivid green of the mountains jars upon me.

We dined at the table d'hôte at the Freihof; everyone was German or Swiss.

My proofs 14-19 have arrived here. Nothing fresh from Italy. Garibaldi's position is enigmatical; he has banished La Farina from Sicily. There are signs of the coming revolution in Naples. Parliament is summoned for September 10. Nothing new from Rome.

STUTTGART, *July 25.*

On the 23rd, drove to St Gall and visited the Benedictine Library. Dr Henne showed me the MS. of the Nibelungenlied, which contains that of Parsifal; some ancient documents, and carvings in ivory by Tutilo.

On the 11th to Rorschach and across the lake. At two we reached Friedrichshafen, where the Grand-Duke Leopold of Tuscany is living for the present. The country is flat and uninteresting; nothing striking about it. Biberach is Wieland's birthplace, and there I saw the first stork



again. Came by Ulm to Stuttgart, where I arrived at 11 P.M., and alighted at the Hotel Marquardt.

The following morning called on old Baron Cotta. He talks very well, though in somewhat high-flown and diplomatic language. What he told me concerning the *History of Rome* was very encouraging. Five hundred copies sold in a year. Also called on Emma Niendorf, Hauff, and Edmund Höfer.

To-day went to see Wolfgang Menzel. His house is surrounded by a garden; the rooms are small and neat with a poetic air about them; a bower of ivy over his sofa, tobacco-pipes in the corner. Everything thoroughly German and Philistine. Menzel is a man of sixty-three, still fairly fresh, tall, and strong. He told me with satisfaction that Count Montalembert had called on him.

NUREMBERG, July 28.

On the 26th to Augsburg. Put up at the "Drei Mohren," the house of the Fugger family, and thence paid a visit to the office of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. Kolb was at Kissingen, Altenhöfer and Dr Orges at home. Gave vent to my feelings concerning the Austrian leanings of the paper, and tried to win it over to the side of Italy. Orges, an intelligent young man, originally a Prussian officer, is stuck fast in the doctrinarianism of a philosophic system. He acted as my guide in Augsburg. Altenhöfer told me that there was no intellectual, nor even any social, life there. Only sixty copies of the paper are sold in the town itself. Everything hinged on material interest and prosperity.

On the 27th went to Nuremberg, which is the Florence of Germany; its rich architecture a combination of Gothic and Italian rococo. An artistic sense of form is evident, but it lacks light, colour, and grace. The basis of the Nuremberg character is sad and ponderous. Nuremberg frequently seems to me the true city of Faust. A breath of the ancient German life seemed to reach me here.

Visited the German Museum founded seven years ago. Several sculptures are worth seeing; the collection of

pictures is less important; that of prints, early printed books and MSS., is first-rate. Kaulbach's picture of Otto III. opening the tomb of Charles the Great did not satisfy me.

At the midday dinner made the acquaintance of Charles Bonner, an Englishman who lives in Munich, and of General von Hunoldstein. These two gentlemen took me to two patrician houses. That of the Peller family has been well added to in the rococo style. Generally speaking, Italian influence has produced a combination of the German and Italian styles throughout Nuremberg. The spacious dimensions are, however, lacking.

LEIPZIG, *July 31.*

Left Nuremberg on the 29th and reached Leipzig at 10 P.M.

Called at Brockhaus's yesterday, but neither of the gentlemen was in. I drove in vain to Gohlis to see Herman Marggraf, but found in his tiny house nine fair-haired and healthy children—the family of a poor German poet. They all crowded round me, and the sight was very touching.

Spent the cold, wet day reading in my room.

Heinrich Brockhaus, of whom I have just been speaking, came from Dresden to-day. I am to dine with him at two, and at five to continue my journey to Berlin.

I am perished with cold here, and long for the South, where the sun is now lying warm on the Sabine Mountains.

DANZIG, *August 6.*

On the 1st by Wittenberg to Berlin. It rained incessantly. Arrived at Berlin at eleven in the evening and alighted at the Hotel de Rome. The following day looked up Gräfe, whose Klinik I saw in the afternoon. Found the sight of the patients and the treatment of their eyes (brushing, lancing, etc.) insupportable, and thereby provoked Gräfe's hearty laughter. It was a great pleasure to see this distinguished man ruling like a magician in his kingdom.

The time of year was not favourable; most of the people I wished to see were away from home. Found Titus Ulrich, and made the acquaintance of Jonas the painter, who went to Corsica at my instigation.<sup>1</sup> Pertz was away. Dr Sybel and Dr Raspe conducted me through the library, where I found the Catalogue of Italian literature very rich, more particularly in specialities concerning the history of the city of Rome. Bethmann-Hollweg, Minister of Education, received me from three to six with ministerial formality. He told me that a letter had been sent me, conceding me a subvention of 400 thalers for two years.

Have seen the new museum. It is a luxurious and magnificent building, that seems to overpower all its contents.

The last day dined with Gräfe, where among other medical men I met Virchow. In passing, saw *Tannhäuser* at the opera house, or rather the second act of it.

On the 3rd by night to Danzig. At eleven on the morning of the 4th found my brothers, Julius and Rudolf, waiting for me at the station of Dirschau. And so after eight years we met again, and I have lived through the happy day of my return.

KÖNIGSBERG, *August 19.*

Spent eleven days with my brother Julius in beautiful Danzig. On the 14th went to Königsberg, where Harder and Köhler met me at the station.

Am staying with Harder. Königsberg is to me the city of my own past. I can roam about here almost unknown, or as if wearing a mask. And eight years only have sufficed to work these changes!

Have even found people who have stood still at the point where I left them; thus, for instance, the high-minded Alexander Jung, who met me with the same misery, the same complaints, and the same poetic gush. Rosenkranz is away. Found Drumann in his study, calm, serious, and benevolent, the true type of profound German erudition.

<sup>1</sup> See pp. 23 and 29.



Giesebrecht<sup>1</sup> is a man of order, of inaction, and of rule, calm and satisfied with himself. He inveighs against Garibaldi, whom he would like to hang. He protests his love for Italy, but I call it a platonic love.

The voice of the past frequently comes back to me; for instance, in the rustling of the Juditer-wald, to which I drove. The eight years at Rome have been an invaluable period for me, as I feel here more especially.

NORDENTHAL, *August 31.*

Have been five days at Insterburg, where I found my sister ill and my step-mother ailing. Everything is changed. Of my father's world only a fragment remains; but it retains warmth enough. Our talk dwelt solely on the past. My brother Rudolf came over from Schlippenbeil; Julius, however, was obliged to take his battery to Graudenz.

On the 27th drove to Gumbinnen, where I had spent the happiest of my youthful years—from eleven to seventeen—at the Gymnasium. Had not revisited the place for twenty-one years. I hurried to my uncle's house. It had been rebuilt; the poplars in the courtyard had disappeared, but the old familiar shady beech-walk in the garden still greeted me. I looked for birds' nests, and found them in the same trees as of old. The feelings of childhood came vividly back to me. Pompeii did not move me as deeply as this garden of my boyish play.

Looked for my uncle's grave, and, finding that it had fallen into neglect, provided for its restoration. All the names of the houses, all the places connected with my school-days, came to life again. Had dinner with Hamann the director, my former master in German and history. He suddenly asked me quite seriously whether all that I had described as having seen or experienced in my book on Corsica was actually true?

At two o'clock left with the post for Goldap. The drive took five hours, and was through wild country without a highroad. The summer sky here only wears a sad

<sup>1</sup> Author of the *Geschichte der deutschen Kaiserzeit*, at this time Professor of History at Königsberg.—*Editor's Note.*

Slavic smile, and hill, moor, wood and sea, though frequently beautiful, awaken melancholy. Spent a day with my relations, who lead a simple, frugal life; are happy, perhaps even to be envied in their out-of-the-world solitude.

On the 29th travelled with the Nordenthaler coach to Oletzko, and a host of my relations sprang suddenly from the ground. They came out of every house and from every side, all anxious to see the cousin who had come from Rome.

In the evening reached Nordenthal, the estate belonging to my noble-minded friend Pauline.<sup>1</sup> The world here is a narrow one, but the domesticity is of genuine Prussian worth and goodness. The house of Hillman is celebrated far and wide in East Prussia for its hospitality and humane dealing. The old master is dead; the mother, a fine old lady, the model of a Prussian matron, still lives in her dower house. The pines and fir-trees are continually whispering, and a river—the Lega—flows past. All around are dark woods; here and there a church tower in the wild solitude. Beyond is Poland. I have here described a circle, and come back to the period of my childhood, the time of the Polish Revolution of 1830.

NORDENTHAL, *September 2.*

Yesterday we drove to the Polish frontier, crossed it at Lipowden, and went with two young Polish ladies to a house where one of them played the piano. It was curious to find myself in Poland after my sojourn in Rome. This unfortunate nation wakened my first historic and poetic feelings. This neighbourhood is, at the same time, ancestral; for in the period of new East Prussia my father was *Gerichtsherr* in the adjacent towns of Szeiny, Kalwaria, and Szuwalki, and made my mother's acquaintance at Mariampol. Wished Poland a resurrection—that is, if ever the dead rise again. Talked Polish as far as I remembered it, but mixed it up with Italian. All the country is a dreary waste, shadowed by dark forest. Count Pacz, an acquaintance of my father's, one of the richest

<sup>1</sup> See pp. 32, 33, 35, 39.

noblemen in Poland and head of the revolution of 1830, has estates in these parts.

INSTERBURG, *September 14.*

Spent the night of the 2nd at Stradaunen, after having visited the village of Gontzken, where my father was born. Early on the 3rd Surmirsky brought me to Goldap; on the morning of the 4th, drove with the post to Gumbinnen and came here in the afternoon. Early on the 5th went by Wehlen to Gerdauen, where Rudolf received me. We drove to Schippenbeil. Was dismayed there by the narrow and dismal surroundings which my brother, with his vivacious spirit, is forced to endure. Remained with him until the 8th and drove back here on the 9th. On the 10th my brother Julius arrived. To-morrow return to Königsberg.

BERLIN, *September 25.*

On the 15th got back to Königsberg and stayed with Harder. On the 18th the Naturalists held their congress, when the town became very animated. Old Professor Ratke, the zoologist, died the same day, terrified at the thought of having to act as President at the sittings; and thus during my stay two celebrated inhabitants of Königsberg, Ratke and Lobeck, passed away. Found Rosenkranz eloquent and witty as I had left him, Lehrs almost rejuvenated; besides these, Ludwig Friedländer with an amiable wife. Went frequently to the Börsengarten, where I met many acquaintances again.

On the 22nd came here. The day before, Editha von Rhaden telegraphed that the Grand-Duchess Helene was leaving Berlin for Königsberg on Sunday evening. Arrived here at five that morning, slept some hours, and then went to the Russian Embassy. Was received by the Grand-Duchess, who conversed with me for some minutes and asked me to return at three o'clock. Found on my arrival that she was receiving a visit from the Prince Regent, but was admitted on his departure and remained nearly an hour, when she dismissed me in a friendly manner. In the evening dined with the ladies of the Court.

To-day called on Pertz in the library. He was coldly amiable. He is leaving for Munich immediately. Lappenberg, the historian, was with him.

BERLIN, *October 1.*

Have called on Olshausen and Renger; have worked at the library every day; have sent off the Preface to the *Siciliana*, and to-day the last proofs of vol. iii.

I long for settled work. To-morrow I leave Berlin.

HOTEL DE BOURDEAUX, LYONS, *October 5.*

On the 2nd left Berlin, travelling by way of Magdeburg. Touched Wolfenbüttel; passed by Göttingen and Hanoverian Münden, which, with the Fuldathal, seemed more attractive than anything I had seen in Germany; and proceeded in the evening past Marburg and Giessen to Frankfurt. On the 3rd called on the architect Cornil, an acquaintance from Rome, who has married a beautiful Roman girl, one of the Salvatori. He acted as my guide through the town, where I saw the Church of S. Paul, the Römersaal, the Bethmann Museum, the Städel'sche Museum, in which Lessing's pictures, his "Huss" and "Ezzelino," did not come up to my expectations. They are perfect as regards technique, but are merely talented compositions, devoid of greatness and power. Huss looks like a sophist, and wears a magnificent fur.

Also called on Dr Böhmer, the City Librarian, compiler of the Imperial *Regesta* and collector of the *Fontes*, a man already advanced in years, but very lively, and whom I greatly liked. He criticised Giesebrecht's *Geschichte der Kaiserzeit* as verbose and tedious, and of feeble inspiration, and held a higher opinion of Raumer's *Hohenstaufen*.

Came on to Heidelberg in the afternoon. The weather dull. Called on Kirchof, the physicist, who showed himself the fiercest detractor of Italy. Old Schlosser is inaccessible; Gervinus lives on the other side of the Neckar; Häusser had gone away.

At nine o'clock continued my journey as far as Strassburg. Passed Carlsruhe and the fortress of Rastatt, where I was



shown the Prussian stone of 1849, and was sadly whirled across the bridge of Kehl, over the old German Rhine, which foams majestically against the new iron railway bridge. Entered France for the first time on October 4.

Remained only three hours in Strassburg, filled with sorrow that this beautiful German town must now remain for ever French. Came past Schlettstadt and Colmar to Mülhausen, where I spoke German for the last time. Then on through magnificent country to Belfort, where I spent the night.

On the 5th to Lyons, passing through the most beautiful parts of the Jura, with glorious views of the river Doubs and its valleys. It was cold; hoar frost and ice lay along the road. The Jura ends at Besançon—a town beautifully situated under the ancient citadel, and where the country and architecture have a Southern aspect. At Auxonne crossed the Saône, which had overflowed its banks. Spent two hours at Dijon and saw the ancient cathedral; afterwards continued my journey, passing Beaune and Chalons—splendid views over the Saône—whose waters covered the plain; magnificent river landscapes, long lines, endless rows of poplars, beautiful underwood, out of which towns with pointed towers peeped forth; in the background, in remotest distance, the snow-white summits of some Alpine peaks—a region for Claude Lorraine. A character of monotonous grandeur; all length and breadth, in colour a transition from north to south—the clearest atmosphere. Entered Lyons in the evening, where the innumerable lights shone fantastically over the Saône.

Spent the 6th and 7th at Avignon, reached Arles on October 8. Nothing to record here. My journey through these delightful districts has been little else than a swallow's flight.

ON BOARD THE "HERMUS" OFF ELBA, *October 9.*

Yesterday visited the museum at Arles, which contains some antiquities, especially Roman and Christian sarcophagi found on the spot. Marseilles at eight, the atmosphere filled with fog. Marseilles is a chaos; nowhere but in

London and Paris could one see such movement of humanity. Stayed at the Hotel des Empereurs in the principal street, and was rowed out to the Chateau d'If. The harbour is magnificent.

The *Hermus* was ready to start; the same steamer on which I had been two years ago when it sank the *Aventine*.<sup>1</sup> Fate willed that I should have the very same cabin. The boat is full of French soldiers (horses are stabled even on the deck) bound for Civita Vecchia. Among the troops are French Zouaves in the becoming half Turkish uniform, designed by Lamoricière, of blue-grey cloth with red facings. They did not hold much intercourse with the other French, and looked sad and gloomy. There are also Austrians on board, who, like these Zouaves, seem to have escaped from the battle of Castelfidardo<sup>2</sup> and are now returning by a circuitous route to Rome; moreover, numbers of Swiss who have entered the service of the Pope. A German, dressed as a civilian, beside whom I accidentally stood, was saying that he enlisted eighty men a week. These men, Austrians, to judge from their speech, looked like gentlemen. They also dined at table-d'hôte in the Hotel des Empereurs.

Slept well at night. The sea was rough the entire day, more especially passing by Corsica, to which we kept so close that I could recognise the different places in passing. We sailed with a strong wind round Cap Corso.

One more night and in the morning we shall reach Civita Vecchia. The circle of my journey is nearly rounded.

ROME, October 16.

The storm at sea obliged us to spend the night lying at the entrance to the canal of Piombino. We only arrived at Civita Vecchia at four o'clock, and I was obliged to remain there the night. At ten on the morning of the 11th got to Rome, and immediately entered my new abode, No. 13 Via

<sup>1</sup> See p. 50.

<sup>2</sup> On September 18 the papal army, under Lamoricière, suffered a decisive defeat at the hands of the Piedmontese under Cialdini.—*Editor's Note.*

Gregoriana, the house of Meier the sculptor, where I have three little rooms with an enchanting view of Rome at my feet. The city is alive with French soldiers; the garrison having been reinforced by 10,000 men. On the 12th the French occupied Viterbo. On the evening of the 14th Lamoricière arrived—the martyr of Castelfidardo.

ROME, *October 25.*

To-day rumours are afloat of the fall of Capua, which Garibaldi is said to have entered. In consequence of the Congress of Warsaw, the clergy hope for a Northern coalition. The Russian envoy has been recalled from Turin; Prussia has addressed a protest against Cavour's memorandum. The way in which Piedmont has seized the States of the Church and entered the Neapolitan kingdom, takes us back to the times of Louis XIV. Not until the Italian Revolution has achieved a great national result, will the means used to attain it be forgotten.

Lamoricière is working on his report of the events up to the battle of Castelfidardo and the fall of Ancona. He will then leave Rome. He has also been grossly deceived by France; for a despatch of Grammont to the French Consul at Ancona asserted, even before the 18th of September, that the Emperor had written to Victor Emmanuel that he would forcibly oppose any attempt to enter the States of the Church.

The lower clergy are favourable to the national cause, even in the States of the Church.

The French have occupied Viterbo, Montefiascone, Ronciglione, Sutri, Nepi, and Narni; the Viterbese are leaving in crowds, and at Orvieto signatures are being collected for an address to Napoleon.

Called on Perez, and heard from him the terrible news that his brother had been drowned with the whole of the Arvedi family in the Lago di Garda; the boiler of their steamer burst, and the vessel sank.

Have not yet begun my labours, but am going on with *Ninfa* and my account of Avignon.

Reumont has arrived here.

ROME, *October 27.*

The States of the Church have hitherto consisted of the two following divisions:—

1. The Mediterraneo, with ten provinces and 1,187,484 inhabitants.

2. The Adriatico, with ten provinces and 1,937,184 inhabitants.

Of these all the ten provinces of the Adriatic, and five of the Mediterranean, have been taken from the Pope. He has been allowed to retain Rome and Comarca, Civita Vecchia, Frosinone and Pontecorvo, Velletri and Viterbo, with a total of 684,791 inhabitants.

ROME, *October 30.*

The votes in Naples are almost unanimous in favour of annexation. The King of Sardinia is advancing slowly against Naples. Cialdini was, however, repulsed at the Bridge of the Garigliano on the 27th and 29th. From Gaeta Francis II. has issued protests to the Courts. Royalist risings have taken place in the Abruzzi; and a certain Giacomo Giorgi is the leader of a band which has attacked the Liberals at Avezzano. Lamoricière is still here; he has finished his report, but it is to be printed at Brussels. They are afraid of him at the Vatican; afraid that he may reveal the wretched state of Roman administration and expose Antonelli. Monsignor Berardi, implicated in the treasonable transactions of his brother, a creature of Antonelli, and promoted by him to be Under Secretary of State, has just been obliged to send in his resignation. More than one scandalous case will be brought to light if the corruption of this State is inquired into. Lamoricière has denounced the Duke de Grammont as a liar, on account of his despatch to the Consul at Ancona.

The first four sets of proofs of my *Siciliana* have arrived.

ROME, *November 7.*

Capua was taken by assault on November 2. The day before yesterday came the tidings that a fugitive Neapolitan corps had crossed the frontier at Terracina and taken



up its position in the Pontine Marshes. A battalion of French marched thither yesterday. The catastrophe is approaching Rome. The history of the Papal States has reached its last chapter. The Roman question will become a burning one after the fall of Gaeta. To watch the new kingdom of Italy rising as it were by magic is a marvellous sight. When time has veiled the events of the period and wiped away all that is perfidious and adventurous, Cavour, Victor Emmanuel, and Garibaldi will stand forth as heroes of this epoch. While I am writing of the struggles and sufferings of Rome in the Middle Ages, the observation of the present, which is realising the work of which centuries have despaired, is an experience of inestimable value to the historian.

The finances of Rome are exhausted; the resources of the State will only last until the New Year. Peter's Pence has hitherto brought in 1,600,000 scudi, and Lamoricière's *Midsummer Night's Dream* cost twelve millions. Papal prisoners are constantly coming from Genoa; yesterday thirty officers and 300 soldiers arrived. The Jesuits from the Marches, the two Sicilies, the monks, and the Government employés from the lost provinces—all seek refuge in Rome. And what is to be done with the troops of abbés, of monsignori, of palace officials with and without *cappa* and *spada*, and with the creatures of the deposed cardinal legates, who ask for bread and advancement as heretofore?

Pius IX. finds himself in a labyrinth, the exit from which he cannot see and does not even seem to look for. His position under the treacherous protection of France, which is always dallying with him, always deceiving, always humiliating him, excites one's sympathy. The faint-hearted sentimentalist, however, sighs forth prayers to the Madonna, and on his effeminate, enervated features no strong feeling is expressed, nothing beyond weariness.

In spite of the situation the *Civiltà Cattolica* talks very big, and converts every reverse suffered by the Church into a triumph. It extols the magnanimity of the heretic squirearchy of Mecklenburg (*I nobili del Mecklenburgo*), because they sent an address of loyalty to the Pope; it

vaunts the levying of Peter's Pence throughout the entire world; but abuses the princes, who stand ready armed, without rushing to aid the harassed Chair of Peter. Although these people do not venture to pronounce the *dominium temporale* an actual article of faith, they are not far removed from doing so.

For the rest, it is evident that the lower ranks of the clergy in the States of the Church are friendly to the national cause. The bishops as a body have, however, long been degenerate and devoid of importance.

Have received the last proof-sheets of vol. iii., which is therefore in my hands now. To-morrow, shall set to work on vol. iv.

ROME, November 8.

On the 6th Lamoricière left for France. The evening before his departure he was received by the Pope, who had already in his hands the general's report of the term of his command. The Pope said to him, "General, you have written this with an angelical pen!" (*l'avete scritto con una penna angelica*). Merode now stands alone opposite the hostile party. Alertz told me to-day that Merode had said to him that things would go on better but for six people in the Vatican. He meant Antonelli and his creatures. While Alertz was with Merode, who is ill, the banner of Marcantonio Colonna—which the celebrated general of Lepanto had bestowed on Loretto—was brought to him. Lamoricière had caused it to be conveyed thither to Rome.

The Queen of Spain went to-day in a gilt carriage to the Vatican. She is living in the Palazzo Albani, now her property; formerly the abode of Winckelmann's muse, at present that of a worn-out *hetæra*.

Francis II. is expected. Two of his adjutants have arrived. They have been looking at three palaces—the Quirinal, the Consulta, and the Palazzo Farnese, which has been tenantless for years.

ROME, November 11.

According to the *Giornale di Roma* about 30,000 Neapolitan troops have crossed the frontier, and have

been distributed in various places: 2000 at Frascati and in the Latin Mountains; the Villa Conti is filled with them; others are at Frosinone, others again at Scrofano and Ronciglione. Among them are galley-slaves, whole families of royalists, volunteers and foreign battalions. The keep of these troops must cost the Pope daily 6000 scudi. They sell revolvers at three pauls, horses for a few scudi. Among them are 5000 cavalry and sixty-three guns. These things remind me of the times of the Polish Revolution, when the corps of Romarino and Gielgud came over to Prussia. The papal Government has bought arms. Several Neapolitan officers are here in civilian dress. The priests are indignant that, instead of fighting, 30,000 men have descended like locusts on papal territory.

From the Marches and Umbria comes the news of the voting which began on November 4. It is almost unanimous, as in Naples. Even in Roman territory people go to the notaries to vote, and the inhabitants of the Sabina flock to Poggio Mirteto, where the Piedmontese still remain, to record their votes. Priests with banners lead the processions; all the houses are decorated with the likenesses of Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi. Even the inhabitants of Viterbo have gone to vote. For weeks past the country people have been wearing a ticket in their hats on which is inscribed a *Si* in large letters.

The position in the Vatican is as follows: Antonelli represents the moderate party, while the fanatic Merode is the leader of the Ultras. The moderate cardinals are Amati, di Pietro, Andrea, and Morichini, the last of whom was brought into the College by Lamoricière in order to oust Antonelli. Merode urges the Pope to leave Rome, and the weak Pope is at his wits' end. All hope from Austria has vanished. The State here is falling to pieces.

On October 25, by a decree of the Pro-dictator Pallavicini, the ancient duchy of Benevento has been incorporated with the kingdom of Italy.

On the 7th Victor Emmanuel entered Naples. It is said that Garibaldi has gone back to the island of Capra.

The telegraph between Gaeta and Rome is no longer



working, since the Piedmontese remain in Fundi, and since, moreover, the entire Terra di Lavoro is now in their hands.

Began vol. iv. on November 8, the festival of the *Quattro Coronati*.

ROME, November 22.

The day before yesterday the widowed Queen of Naples arrived with her family from Gaeta. Antonelli received her at the station and accompanied her to the Quirinal, where she is staying. Yesterday the Pope went to visit her. The scene must have been a touching one; the Queen and her children threw themselves weeping at his feet; he himself sobbed aloud. Twelve years ago he too was a fugitive, and the guest of the queen whom he now receives as an exile; while he, on his own side, is contemplating going forth again into exile. Rome consequently shelters two widowed and dethroned queens, Maria Christina and the Queen of Naples; but the relations between the daughter of the Arch-Duke Charles and Maria Christina cannot be of the most friendly nature. A third queen is expected, the unfortunate Bavarian princess, who at such a tender age was called on to wear so fatal a crown.

To-day the Corps Diplomatique of Prussia, Austria, and Russia arrived from Gaeta. King Francis is left more and more alone. The bombardment is to begin. A long procession of thirty-two cannon, taken from the Neapolitans, has been brought to the fortress of S. Angelo, where the arms are deposited.

Only two cardinals, di Pietro and Santucci, are in favour of the Pope's remaining in Rome.

Farini is Victor Emmanuel's representative in Naples, Montezemolo in Sicily. Garibaldi actually went to Caprera on November 7, but, as general of the army, only gets three months' leave. The Moor has done his duty; his volunteers are being disbanded.

My third volume is announced in the *Augsburger Zeitung* of November 16. The *Siciliana* has also been brought out by Brockhaus.



ROME, November 29.

Here the motto is always *Laissez faire et passer*. The majority of the cardinals, *animam, non facultates ponere parati*, are in favour of the Pope holding out. Gaeta is a serious obstacle to the plans of Piedmont, and, besides, strengthens the royalist risings in the Abruzzi. Atrocities already take place, as in the time of Cardinal Ruffo. The disbandment of the Garibaldian volunteers, who have been sent home, causes bad blood, and strengthens Mazzini's party. The squandering of the property of the State and the demoralisation of all public offices is, moreover, unbounded.

On October 24, Beckx, General of the Jesuits, addressed a protest to Victor Emmanuel, concerning the dispersion and the spoliation of the Jesuit order. It has lost three houses in Lombardy, six in Modena, eleven in the States of the Church, fifteen in Sicily, nineteen in Naples. At present the order of Jesus numbers in all 7144 members.

In three months Peter's Pence has yielded 11,500 scudi in Rome. The Pope has promised indulgences in abundance to all the brothers and sisters of the arch-confraternities who have collected it. Prince Chigi-Albani is vice-president, the Marchese Patrizi Montoro treasurer. The French Government, meanwhile, has forbidden the formation of commissions for such a purpose within its territories; and, moreover, all the acts of the bishops are made subject to stamp duty.

Peter's Pence has hitherto yielded two million scudi, of which two million francs come from starving Ireland alone (the single diocese of Dublin contributes 400,000 francs); New York, 200,000.

All the parish churches in Rome (there are forty-four) have celebrated funeral Masses for the "martyrs" who fell at Castelfidardo and Ancona.

On November 23 the French occupied Terracina. They thus protect the entire southern frontier; there are also numbers at Palestrina, Frosinone, and Velletri.

On the 26th the volunteers of Montanari, formerly

postmaster at Montefiascone, attacked Bagnorea and Acquapendente. The news was told me by Alertz, who heard it to-day from Merode.

There is now a pause due to fatigue, of which Antonelli's protest of November 4, called forth by the voting in Umbria and the Marches, bears the traces.

ROME, *December 2.*

On the 24th Napoleon decreed the laws, which extend the prerogatives of the Senate and the legislative power, and which permit discussion. The star of the false Smerdis begins to decline. The *papalini* explain these concessions in their favour, and perceive therein a feeling of uncertainty, a weakening of the autocracy. Reports of tumults in Paris are in circulation, and the journey or exile of the Empress Eugenie is connected with the machinations in favour of Rome, at the head of which she is believed to stand. According to other versions the Prince Imperial is a spurious child, hence the reason of Eugenie's invention of the crinoline.

A secret national committee is in existence here, which wished to collect the votes, as at Viterbo, but was not able to do it. The Romans of present times will not willingly burn their fingers, to say nothing of an arm, like Scaevola.

It is a fact that the Vatican is filled with hope. There is no longer any talk of exile. A fresh regiment of carabineers has been raised. Zouaves are to be seen in every street, and with them Irishmen, similarly and altogether comically attired in green jackets and wide trousers, with yellow facings and epaulettes, looking like a salad garnished with eggs.

Rome is deserted; there are no foreigners here, except Russians and Neapolitans. Poverty and beggary gain the upper hand with alarming rapidity.

Was yesterday with an intimate friend of Garibaldi, Madame Schwartz, who has written his Life, which she is now publishing with Campe at Hamburg. She says she has received documents from himself, and gives an inter-

esting description of her visit to him at Caprera, as also her adventures as his agent in Sicily.

ROME, *December 18.*

Napoleon's plans remain hidden. Tiberius himself did not more thoroughly understand the art of acting a double part. The Emperor plays with both sides. He has surrendered the Marches and Umbria to Victor Emmanuel, has allowed the papal army to be defeated at Castelfidardo, and at the same time has compelled the Pope to acknowledge that he is his only protector; for Goyon has driven the Piedmontese from the southern March, and occupies Terracina as he formerly occupied Viterbo. Napoleon furthers and hinders the Italian Revolution at one and the same time. His admiral, Barbier de Tinan, protects Gaeta from the sea, and from the land forces the Piedmontese to a Sisyphus-like work amid torrents of rain. With his permission Naples will be annexed; and Francis II. now declares that after the world has deserted him, Napoleon remains his sole defender. The Powers threaten a coalition, and the Piedmontese also announce that Napoleon is their only defender.

Once Gaeta has fallen, the Roman crisis will be decided. According to the eccentric plans of the lawyer Gennarelli, Rome will be divided between the King of Italy and the Pope. The King is to inhabit the Quirinal, and the city is to be his; the Pope is to be shut up in the Leonina as in a Ghetto, or is to dwell there in cloistral liberty like a great abbot, surrounded by richly dowered cardinals, provided with a splendid civil list, protected by a guard of honour of all the Catholic powers, commanding 300 guards; and now and then is to open the gate at the bridge of S. Angelo in order to receive king or emperor as guest, on whom without any feeling of jealousy he is to bestow the benediction.

All Cavour's proposals for an arrangement have been declined. The Pope remains in Rome; no plan has been formed; the fall of Gaeta has been decided. If the French, as the Romans hope, withdraw their troops, the Piedmontese will enter and the Pope will then leave the city.



Dread of a schism or of Protestant heresies is very great. The bishops of Umbria and the Marches have issued pastoral letters, in which they prohibit the reading of Diodati's Bibles and all writings leading to heresy as *peccatum mortale*. Italy is now overflowing with Bibles and heretical pamphlets. No reforming spirit, no Diodati, Ochino, or Aonio Palencio arises; nothing but caricatures of the Reformation, such as a Padre Gavazzi and a Pantaleone.

A few days ago a Russian, who tore a portrait of Napoleon out of an illustrated paper in the Café Greco, was without more ado carried off before the French general in command at S. Angelo, where he still remains. The Russian envoy did not venture to defend the simpleton.

The day before yesterday the police closed the Café Nuovo because a tricoloured flag had been found there; and this morning the corners of the streets were covered with the arms of Savoy, which the secret National Committee had stuck up during the night. The police tore them down.

Have written out the first four chapters of vol. iv., and will continue to work hard until the Piedmontese make me too excited.

ROME, December 26.

The Pope delivered an allocution on the 17th. He bewails the repeal of the Concordat of Baden; sighs over the arbitrary conduct of Pepoli and Valerio in the Marches and Umbria; forgets himself so far as to stoop to refute Coyla's pamphlet, *Pape et Empereur*, without, however, mentioning it by name. The allocution breathes of despair, as do also the protests of the bishops against the abolition of the Inquisition, of the spiritual forum, of the convents (according to the Siccardi laws), against the confiscation of the Church property and against civil marriage.

Gaeta remains obdurate. Francis II. has addressed a proclamation to his people, which is well written.

The police arrested three papal Zouave officers on suspicion of theft in the Hotel Serny to-day.



Christmas has passed quietly. On the 23rd the whole of Rome was covered with snow and presented the most beautiful spectacle.

The Pope has founded a chaplaincy of his own in the *Scala Santa* under the title of Castelfidardo, and ordered a hundred Masses for the souls of the fallen to be said annually. All the papal soldiers who took part in the campaign have been decorated with a medal: a silver ring with the reversed cross of S. Peter inside it. The Irish regiment of S. Patrick is revived; the uniform is similar to that of the Zouaves.

I find that three types constantly recur in the history of Italy—Macchiavelli, Cæsar Borgia, and the Condottiere.

ROME, *S. Sylvester's Day (evening)*, 1860-1.

A demonstration in favour of the Pope was to have preceded the festival of S. Silvestro to-day. The Roman National Committee consequently addressed a letter to General Goyon, in which it told him that unless he prevented a demonstration of the kind, he would have to answer for any excesses that might be committed. At the same time it exhorted the Romans to avoid any conflict with the French, to which the Sanfedisti tried to force them. The time of deliverance is at hand. If only the banner of Savoy waved over Gaeta, Italy would proclaim Rome the capital of the kingdom.

No one knows the heads of this National Committee, nor the place of its meetings.

The demonstration was limited to shouting and waving of handkerchiefs as the Pope drove to and fro. The ceremony in the Church of the Gesù was short. The assemblage formed by this varied throng of Guelphs and Ghibellines, who dared not give vent to their hatred, presented a curious sight. French soldiers of Magenta and Sebastopol with their medals; "martyrs" of Castelfidardo with the cross of S. Peter; Zouaves of S. Patrick in the green vesture of Erin; enthusiastic women in white mantles; priests, monks, Armenians, mulattos and Moors, also in Zouave uniform; inquisitive secretaries from all

the embassies; Sanfedisti, followers of Mazzini, democrats; Roman policemen with the long dagger under their cloaks—a subject for Salvator Rosa; wounded Neapolitan officers from Cajazzo and Capua in civilian dress, wretched and pitiable; the guard of the Lateran Palace; middle-aged Swiss;—all one motley throng, waiting for the Pope: then a frenzied outburst on the part of the Sanfedisti, with waving of handkerchiefs, and cries of *Evviva Pio Nono!*

The year 1860 closes somewhat gloomily for Italy. Affairs in Naples are in a lamentable state; Farini sinks in the chaos, and the populace demand Liborio Romano as his representative. Victor Emmanuel left suddenly on the 27th by way of Ancona for Turin. Gaeta holds out; the French remain in the port, for Russia and Spain threaten to advance their fleets if they withdraw. Francis II. is encouraged by Austria, Prussia, and Russia. These powers urge the Pope to remain in Rome at any cost. Antonelli again stands firm, and Merode wavers; Grammont will desert his post, but Bach will remain.

It would appear that Capua has been the centre of the Italian national movement, which stagnates at Naples and Gaeta. The day when Francis II. will re-enter his capital is already talked of, and a rising in Calabria seems to be organised.

I take leave of the prosperous year 1860. It has been fruitful of good fortune to me. I have seen my native country and my own people once more after an eight years' absence; have become acquainted with beautiful districts of Germany and France. The Government has assured me of funds for some time to come. The third volume of the *History of Rome* has appeared, the fourth is begun; the *Siciliana* has also appeared in print. May the New Year be friendly to me! May it bestow freedom on Italy and the strength of union on my own native country!

ROME, January 5.

EVERY day pastoral letters are issued by the bishops; those of Ferrara and Narni denounce Protestantism with fanatic hatred as the work of Satan. Their anger is more especially directed against the productions of the present day, which are scattered abroad throughout Umbria.

To-day have received the proscribed *Quattro parole d'un sacerdote ai popoli dell' Umbria e delle Marche*. The object of this pamphlet is to influence the country people in favour of annexation. It shows that the Liberals are the flower of the country; that the aim of the revolution is only the welfare of the people; that the Legitimist princes are not the legitimate rulers; that neither is the Pope, because he is elected by cardinals who are not Italians, and because he does not acknowledge any nation. The popes have acquired their *dominium temporale* by cunning and force; the States of the Church are in the hands of monsignori and cardinals—who do not belong to the provinces, who do not care for the people, and who understand nothing of business. The misrule is described clearly and well. The true legitimacy resides in the people and in their votes. The Italians do not make war on the Pope, but on the non-national and despotic prince embodied in him, the King of Rome. The patrimony of S. Peter's is an absurdity, since Peter possessed nothing in the world. The Pope calls himself the Vicar of Christ; but Christ although of royal lineage, and although His people desired to make Him a king, refused the crown and would not



accept it—*neppure per suffragio universale: e disse chiaramente che il suo regno era il regno dei cieli, e non del mondo*. The Italians do not wage war on the Church; for the *dominium temporale* is not the Church, and Pope and clergy are not the Church, which is instead the congregation of all believers. The Pope is wrong in confusing the political affairs of the States of the Church with the Church itself. The suppression of the convents and the confiscation of ecclesiastical property are approved of, neither being in conformity with the times.

The whole of the pamphlet contains nothing heretical or contrary to dogma.

ROME, January 6.

On December 25 and 26, Pontecorvo voted in favour of annexation. It is said that the Pope will send troops there. Zouaves are seen in every street; they carry daggers; and even the police, in which many homeless Neapolitans have taken service, are armed with daggers. The Romans say that this arming is not for honourable warfare, but for highway robbery. They call the medals of the Pope *passa pensieri*, because they look like Jews' harps. The troops of Castelfidardo they call *la truppa di Gambe-fidando*. A good pasquinade is in circulation. Pasquino is cooking together in one pipkin potatoes (Venice), macaroni (Naples), carrots (the clergy): he tries all to see whether they are cooked. To the potatoes he says, *Sono fatte* ("they are done"); to the macaroni, *Ci vuol un altro po' di tempo* ("they require a little longer"); he makes a wry face at the carrots, and says, *Duri! duri! duri!* ("hard, hard, hard"). Marforio passes and says, "Did I not tell you that Napoleon advised you to cook them at a slow fire?"—*non ti ho detto, che Napoleone ti consiglia di cuocerli a fuoco lento?*

The figures seen here are quite indescribable, such slinking, scowling, tattered, hypocritical and fanatical-looking creatures! The enemies to progress, the slaves of despotism appear like owls to have flown together from all the ruins of the world. All the cafés are full of them; the

sight of these honest martyrs fills me with disgust. These yellow, beggarly, tattered Neapolitans are in every corner. Meanwhile I am hard at work at my *History of Rome*, and have now come to Gregory VII.

The day before yesterday came the news of the death of the King of Prussia. William I. succeeds to the throne, and this is fortunate. It is to be hoped he will do away with the ancient romanticism of State policy and accept what the time offers him.

ROME, January 12.

Yesterday a despatch announced that a truce had been concluded at Gaeta until January 19, on which day the French troops will leave the harbour. In Rome, attempts at reaction are constantly made in favour of Francis II.; these efforts are concentrated at Sora.

Civitella del Tronto, a little rock fortress which holds out for him, is besieged by Pinelli.

Farini has sent in his resignation; and is succeeded by the Prince of Carignano with Cavaliere Nigra. The elections for Parliament, which is to meet on February 17 at Turin, are taking place. The Vatican is opposed to New Italy and will not yield.

The *Armonia* of Turin announces the propaganda of the Evangelical Society of Geneva, which has set itself the task of protestantising Italy; the Bible Society of Malta stretches forth its hand from the South, and America makes a third in the confederation.

ROME, January 19.

On the 16th the Corps Diplomatique accredited to Francis II. left Rome to return to Gaeta, under the pretext of congratulating him on the anniversary of his patron saint, but in reality on a secret mission. The truce expires to-day. The world stands in arms, but I believe in a congress rather than in a war. The reaction continues in Naples; Sicily is in revolt. It is reckoned that during his short term of office Mordini, the Pro-dictator, has issued no fewer than 53 laws and 651 decrees. The

Moderates still hope that Garibaldi will allow himself to be dissuaded from his mad expedition to Venetia.

Yesterday was the festival of the *Cattedra*, or the foundation of the Sacred Chair. Sonnets in praise of Pius IX., with the superscription "To Pius IX. the High Priest, the lawful King of the Marches, Umbria, and the Romagna," were read at the entrance to S. Peter's. On entering the magnificent cathedral, in which people were kneeling all round me, and which resounds with sacred music, it seemed like some fortress safe from attack. There were illuminations in the evening.

Meanwhile the Marches and the Romagna scarcely resemble the pious dove of the deluge, which flew away from the ark and returned with an olive branch.

To-day is my fortieth birthday. It seems sad to pass this Rubicon of man's estate. I went to the Lateran, drank a glass of wine at the Osteria, on the ruins of the Baths of Trajan, and found there the first almond-tree in bloom; this was my only well-wisher.

Have just come from Professor Munch, who showed me many MS. documents.

Have described to-day the capture of Rome by Robert Guiscard. Since January 1 the *Allgemeine Zeitung* has been bringing out my article on Avignon.

ROME, January 26.

Of the Corps Diplomatique only the representatives of Prussia and Russia have returned from Gaeta; the envoys of Spain, Portugal, Bavaria, Austria, and Saxony have remained. Francis II. has played a pretty trick on these aristocratic despatch-bearers; having confined them in the casemates, where they sniffed powder instead of pomade. Until the 19th the town remained almost uninjured, but was already uninhabited. The Cathedral of S. Francesco was not touched by any ball. The King and Queen occupy two miserable rooms, wretchedly furnished and without carpets. The garrison consists of 10,000 men, among them 2000 Germans and Swiss. Eleven hundred guns have been placed landwards and seawards. Reiger, the



photographer, has just come from Gaeta. He showed me the views which he had taken of the city and fortress, and of the French and Spanish vessels in the harbour. The Queen looks calm and energetic; she is not devoid of charm, but is coquettish; wears a jacket with gold trimming and a Calabrian hat. The young King stands in thought, looks unimpressive and melancholy, just like a man gazing into an abyss.

The French fleet actually left the harbour on the 19th, and was immediately blockaded by Persano. We heard yesterday from Terracina that the cannonade began on the 22nd, and was terrible on the 23rd. It was said to-day that a breach had been made.

It is proposed to make a great demonstration here on the fall of Gaeta. It is hoped that Napoleon will repeat the manœuvre, that is to say, that he will withdraw his troops from Rome with an explanation, such as he published in the *Moniteur* with regard to Gaeta.

On the 23rd the Piedmontese attacked the beautiful convent of Casamari, which I visited in the summer of 1859. They advanced with artillery from the snow-clad mountains of Trisulti, and drove away a band of Neapolitan and papal volunteers, who had been stationed there by an adventurous Count de Christen and Ricci the lawyer. They sacked the convent, the pharmacy perished in flames; the splendid Gothic church happily remained uninjured. The Piedmontese corps probably came from Sora, where General Sonnaz is stationed.

The revolt at Ascoli has been suppressed by Pinelli, who played the blood-thirsty part of General Manchès. He burnt some villages to ashes and shot several of the inhabitants. The little war in the Campagna continues in the Abruzzi round Sora and Civitella del Tronto.

A short time ago the papal Zouaves arrested seventy of the *Guardia Nazionale Mobile*, and this may lead to a serious conflict. The Piedmontese have retaliated by bringing the Bishop of Poggio Mirteto to Rieti.

The Jesuits have published an almanac for 1861: *Il vero amico del Popolo*, which is directed against the

English propaganda, and which represents the Protestants—Luther, Calvin, the kings of England, etc.—as very demons.

ROME, *January 30.*

A remnant of the Sanfedisti have collected under Chiavone at Bauco near Veroli; the Piedmontese, 2000 strong, marched thither from Sora, and dispersed them on the 28th. They took another nest of reactionaries under de Christen, at Scurgola, by assault. At the same time they occupied Ceprano, but immediately retired; and nowhere have the Piedmontese arms been erected.

The reaction at Ascoli and Avezzano has been stifled. Giorgi of Avezzano, head of the Sanfedisti in the Abruzzi, is here; the people recognising him in the Corso on Sunday, hissed him.

Garibaldi has renounced his insane project with regard to Venice.

ROME, *February 14.*

A despatch announcing the fall of Gaeta arrived yesterday at ten. The explosion of three powder magazines on the 6th; an outbreak of typhus, of which Generals Ferrari and Sangro died; further, perhaps, the vote of the Prussian Chamber in favour of Italy drove Francis II. to the bitter determination to surrender. The King is to arrive here to-night; it is said to remain a few days only, and then proceed to Bavaria.

This evening about 20,000 men surged through the Corso, under leaders who exhorted them to order. The crowd halted in front of the palace inhabited by the Trapani family; but several voices shouted "Silence!" and "Obedience!" Finally, the order was given "Home!" and the thousands dispersed as if from a walk. Every balcony was filled, and some palaces were illuminated.

It is believed that the French will not leave Rome until the European powers have in some way guaranteed the spiritual independence of the Pope; nevertheless, the entrance of a division of Piedmontese, who are to garrison the city peacefully by the side of the French, is talked of.

The prop of the hierarchy has consequently fallen, and the States of the Church have reached their end. The fall of Gaeta is a great message of peace, and the best augury for the assembly of the first national Italian Parliament. It is to be hoped that a German national Parliament will be the result.

A month ago I could not have believed that Italy would become united. But the fact that the elections for Parliament resulted in so great a majority for the ministry, is a guarantee for the peaceful settlement of affairs. The party of Bertani, Crispi, Piancini, Mordini, will no longer raise its head.

This is a red-letter day in Rome; it announces a new era in the life of the people; the hierarchical and legitimist times are buried in Gaeta.

Have finished the seventh book of the *History of the City*.

ROME, February 15.

Francis II., his wife Maria, the Count of Trani, and General Bosco, with their retinue, twenty-eight in all, arrived here at 1 A.M. from Terracina. A strange omen occurred before the King's arrival; while his bed was being made ready, its curtains caught fire.

The fugitives were received at the Porta S. Giovanni by Monsignor Borromeo, at the Quirinal by Cardinal Antonelli, who kissed the hands of the King and Queen. A crowd of Legitimists had collected, who shouted *Viva il Re!* The royalties had been escorted by French troops from Terracina to Rome. The Pope went to call on the last King of Naples at the Quirinal at four.

As an historian, I am moved by the ending of this celebrated kingdom, the foundation of which by the Normans I described only a little while ago.

Strong picquets of French march through the Corso, but no demonstration has taken place.

The Zouaves have been defeated by Mesi at Nazzano while attempting to cross the Tiber.

The Pope has sent Padre Passaglia to Turin; he contemplates an honourable retreat. It is supposed that he will remain in Rome.



ROME, February 17.

After a touching scene with the Pope, Francis II. has shown an unnatural degree of cheerfulness. The Sanfedisti hurrahed him in front of the Quirinal when he came out to meet the Pope, and escorted him to his carriage.

When Pius received the news of the fall of Gaeta, he said, *Adesso tocca a noi* ("Our turn has come"). In Rome it is rumoured that Antonelli has had a stroke of apoplexy. The finances are only sufficient for a month: the daily budget amounts to 35,000 scudi.

No one knows what resolutions have been taken in the Vatican. The majority of the cardinals urge the Pope to remain.

Several Germans, wounded at the Volturnus, are asking alms and are helped by their compatriots. A Prussian, who was wounded in the foot by a grenade, has just come to me for some clothes. He told me that the Bourbon general, von Mecheln, had behaved very badly, and that his son had been killed by a ball after having cut open the head of a Piedmontese captain who begged for his life.

ROME, February 25.

It was expected that the fall of Gaeta would be rapidly followed by events bearing on the Roman crisis; and since these events have not taken place, people are disillusioned. It was believed that the first King of Italy would open the first national Parliament with the solemn tones of an oracle; but the speech from the throne on February 18 gave utterance to nothing that was new, and was silent concerning Venice and Rome. The French remain here: a note of Thouvenel announces the fact to the Catholic powers; a Congress is to decide.

Read Laguëronnière's pamphlet, *La France, Rome, et l'Italie*, yesterday. It is of almost greater importance than *Le Pape et le Congrès*, since it brings the Pope himself into the dock. It sums up everything that Napoleon has done for him, and leaves the Pope to sum up all that he has not done for himself. The three chief accusations are: the



elevation of the political into a religious question; the refusal to accept the vicariate of Piedmont; the refusal to receive a Catholic garrison and Catholic subsidies. Antonelli has explained in the *Gazzetta Romana* that the refutation of these accusations has long since been given in the Pope's encyclicals.

The French marched to Frosinone yesterday. Rome and the Campagna are quiet. But in consequence of the demonstration of the 19th, twenty persons have been sentenced to exile, among them my friend Sellini, and domiciliary searches are still taking place. A battalion of French soldiers is stationed every evening on the Piazza Colonna. The two foreign regiments have been disbanded; even the Swiss officers of the Neapolitan army are disappearing by degrees.

Francis II. has visited his possession, the Farnese Gardens, which consist of the ruins of the Imperial Palaces; those are left him.

Cardinal Brunelli, Archbishop of Osimo and Cingoli, died on the 21st. The Roman proverb says: "Three cardinals always die together." This time they have been Gaude, della Genga, and Brunelli.

The General-lieutenancy in Naples has suppressed all the convents there, has annexed the Church property, and has pronounced the Concordat of 1818 abolished.

Sebastopol was besieged and fell, Ancona was besieged and fell, Gaeta was besieged and fell; but there are no besieging guns that can force Rome to capitulate. Thus says the *Armonia* of Turin.

At a party I saw Jochmus Pasha, Minister of War for the German Empire in 1848, a tall and dignified man.

Yesterday evening the French brought to Rome 800 Sanfedisti of the company of de Christen's that capitulated at Bauco. They were disarmed by the French soldiers.

ROME, March 2.

A brochure, entitled *Esame d'un opuscolo Francese—La France, Rome et l'Italie*, was published here on February 28 in answer to Laguérionnière's pamphlet. The Papacy

being now at war with the nation and with the freedom of Italy, its defenders cannot evade the truth otherwise than by denying it. The Pope and Antonelli consequently say the Papacy does not stand in opposition to Italy, but to a revolutionary sect, the Piedmontese or Unitarian faction, with which France confuses the true Italy, which is Catholic, legitimist, at heart devoted to the Pope-King, yea, whose only pride it is to have the Pope for its centre. The Papacy would willingly return to the principles of Villafranca, and now acknowledges that confederation is the natural form of unity in Italy. The pamphlet concludes with the dictum that "A treaty between the Papacy and the sect of the Piedmontese, who call themselves Italy, would be tantamount to the union of Christ with Belial."

The reply of the French Senate to the speech from the throne approves of Napoleon's policy in Italy, recognises the non-intervention, says that the Catholic world entrusts the Papacy to Italy, and hopes that the Emperor as the Eldest Son of the Church will safeguard the independence of the Pope.

The French will not leave Rome for the present. The most memorable question of the century seems as if it could only be solved by force. Victor Emmanuel will advance rapidly as soon as he is proclaimed King of Italy.

For some days the French newspapers have been kept back, probably on account of Prince Napoleon's violent speech in the Senate against the Pope, or perhaps on account of the votes of the Senate.

Fergola has declared his intention of holding Messina to the last man; Persano has sailed thither; Civitella del Tronto is bombarded. The Campagna is tranquil.

ROME, *March 15.*

Rome is so passive as to resemble a city lying under the ban, or some kind of spell. It awaits awakening at the hands of the Piedmontese. Even the papal party offers no resistance. No resolution has been formed, no proposal put forward by Piedmont; things are allowed to take their

course. Every Friday—at present we have the March festivals—the Pope comes down to pray in S. Peter's. I saw him to-day. Behind him and the cardinals knelt the widow of King Ferdinand in mourning, with her sons and daughters, all dressed in black—a most melancholy sight. S. Peter's has often been the refuge for the sighs of the fallen great; it forms an impressive and historic background. Individual greatness is lost sight of in this vast cathedral. Even the proudest despot of Russia looks no greater than any beggar near him.

The congregation consisted of Legitimists of all nations; the first glance showed that they were entirely non-Roman, non-Italian. These gentlemen now wear the medals of Castelfidardo in silver and gold as breast-pins. The Romans, on the other hand, wear their heroes concealed in rings, or else look down tiny gold tubes through a lens at the microscopic representation of the first Italian Parliament.

ROME, *March 16.*

Messina capitulated on the 13th.

Foreign newspapers publish the protest of Francis II., dated from Rome on February 16, and Antonelli's note to Moniglia, secretary to the Nuncio in Paris, in reply to Laguéronnière's pamphlet of February 26.

The Romans walked to-day from the Capitol to the Forum by way of demonstration. The Corso is protected every evening by French troops as far as the Piazza del Popolo; even the Capitol is occupied. This morning it was found that several placards, Sardinian arms and tricolours, had been secretly erected in the Corso, and that Italian flags were flying over the Acqua Paola itself.

Rome presents a curious condition of angry passivity. The position of the French, the Romans and the Pope, is alike unnatural and false; that of the Pope is unique in history. He is the protégé of the very power whose prisoner he is, who drags him before the tribunal of Europe and maligns him in libels; a saviour who strangles him. Pius IX. is like a woman, weak and obstinate at the same time. He will not leave Rome, and even dare not do it;



should the French retire from Civita Vecchia, which they are re-fortifying, or should they receive a Piedmontese garrison beside them, he will summon the cardinals to live with him in the Vatican and will proclaim the Consistory permanent there.

Have been working for a while in the Vatican on the Register of Farfa. But weariness crippled my energies during the time. Made the acquaintance of Gallait, the artist, who is commissioned by Belgium to paint the Pope; he complains that he can scarcely get him to sit for five minutes, and that when he does sit, it is on hot coals. Gallait is a pleasant, simple, human personality.

Have frequently been with Munch, the historian from Christiania, who receives a mingled company of Norwegians, Swedes, Germans, French, and Romans at his dwelling every Friday. Ampère I have seen several times.

ROME, *March 17.*

A huge demonstration of the populace took place from the Forum to the Lateran to-day also. The Romans make their demonstrations by peaceful promenades. The French are indignant that in the present cold weather they are obliged to be in arms from six until ten o'clock in the evening. Battalions are stationed on the Capitol, on the Colonna, and on the Popolo.

To-day the report is in circulation that France is resolved to leave Rome to the Pope; and assurances are given of this intention. It is also said that the French are to march on Pontecorvo and Benevento; and rumour connects with this a reactionary agitation which is said to have taken place at Naples. Azeglio has published a pamphlet, *Questioni urgenti*, in which he pronounces against making Rome the capital, and proposes Florence.

Civitella del Tronto surrendered to General Mezzacapo on March 13.

ROME, *March 21.*

On the 14th Victor Emmanuel was proclaimed as King of Italy. On the 17th he issued a decree announcing that he would henceforward assume the title of Victor



Emmanuel II., King of Italy. Rome has accepted the great event with incredible passivity.

On the 18th the Pope held an allocution. It is worthy of note in that he herein acknowledges that the Papacy finds itself at variance with modern society, with Liberalism, with progress and civilisation; that is, he says that two principles are at war with one another, Progress so-called and the Catholic Apostolic religion, which represents righteousness. He condemns the former principle less on intrinsic grounds, than on the facts of the present day, which are: spoliation of the Church; heresy; admission of non-Catholics to all offices of the State; persecution of believers; abolition of the legitimate rights of the bishops, especially with regard to public instruction. The Pope says that he is asked to become reconciled to modern society and its ideas, and to Italy; but these insidious proposals are made with the intention of forcing him to divest himself of all his rights, to sanction a Vandal-like sack of the Church, and to recognise injustice as justice. This can never be. It is not necessary that he should be reconciled with anyone; he has himself received a hundred thousand addresses from Italy. At the end he promises to pardon all his enemies if they repent.

Such is the answer to Laguéronnière's brochure, to Victor Emmanuel's proclamation as King of Italy, to the attempts at a friendly understanding, and to the speeches in the French Chamber and elsewhere throughout the world. The allocution is considered mild. It breathes throughout a longing for a solution of the crisis. Not in such wise would a pope have spoken who had any forces to bring into the field.

ROME, *Palm Sunday.*

Was present to-day at the ceremony in S. Peter's. My place was immediately beside the tribune, where sat the whole family of the dethroned King of Naples. Francis II. looked bored and misanthropic. His demeanour was unconstrained, neither military nor princely; he looks older than his years. Queen Maria pale and suffering. The Duke of Trapani ugly and insignificant, like all the

rest of the princes. The two princesses, young girls, sad and melancholy figures. The mother, a daughter of the celebrated Arch-Duke Charles, looks more like a working woman than a queen. The entire royal party appeared in S. Peter's like a little heap of withered leaves. General Bosco was also there.

Of ambassadors there were present Grammont, Bach, Miraflores of Spain, and the envoy of Belgium. Francis II. ascended the steps of the papal throne and knelt to receive the palm. A dethroned king, receiving the palm of resignation at the hands of a falling Pope, is a sight of historic value. The glorious strains of the *Stabat mater* accompanied the ceremony. As the Pope was carried in procession through S. Peter's, Francis II. and his wife took their places among the spectators in the central nave, preceded by the Corps Diplomatique, with Grammont at their head, who did homage to them by a respectful reverence, each member carrying in his hand the palm, with which he at the same time saluted their ill fortune.

ROME, April 4.

After Cavour's magnificent speech, in which he answered Oudinot's interpellation concerning the Roman question of March 27, Buoncompagni's order of the day was unanimously accepted. Rome must be the capital of Italy; as soon as Rome is united with Italy, the independence of the Pope and the liberty of the Church will be secured. The speech is an epoch-making one; it is the point of departure of a new phase in civilisation.

Have spent Easter badly, a severe cold keeping me to my room. My former padrona, Signora Narzia, died after a two days' illness on March 28. I lived six years in her house, and in it wrote three volumes of the *History of Rome*.

Rome is quiet; the National Committee does not stir. The Bourbons are still here. The passivity with which Rome awaits its fate borders on the enigmatic.

The Italians resemble a gardener who, holding a tree

in his hand, has not a hole in which to plant it. The unparalleled fact of Rome being reduced to the head of an Italian kingdom—Rome, which for fifteen hundred years has been the cosmopolitan city, the moral centre of the world—descending to become the seat of a royal court, like any other capital, is to me utterly inconceivable. Filled with this thought, I walked through Rome and found that at every step I discovered nothing but memorials and monuments of the popes—churches, convents, museums, fountains, palaces; obelisks with the cross, the columns of the emperors, their summits crowned with S. Peter and S. Paul; thousands of monuments to popes and saints, thousands of tombstones to bishops and abbots—an atmosphere penetrated by the spirit of the ruins, of the catacombs, and of religion; Rome, in short, a monument of the Church at every period, from Nero and Constantine down to Pius IX. All civilian, political, and secular affairs lost within it, or only appearing as the hoary ruin of an earlier time, when neither Italy nor the world was aught else than a province of Rome. The air of Rome is not suited to a young aspiring kingdom which requires for its capital a plastic material that can easily receive an impression, such as that of Berlin, Paris, or S. Petersburg. The King of Italy will only cut a figure here such as that of one of the Dacian prisoners of war on the triumphal arch of Trajan.

Rome will lose everything—her republican atmosphere, her cosmopolitan breadth, her tragic repose.

ROME, *April 12.*

To-day is the anniversary of the Pope's return from exile at Gaeta. He did not go to S. Agnese in the morning, but only in the afternoon, either because he is still ailing, or because he wanted to avoid a demonstration. The papal party illuminated the city, and, either owing to the force of contagion or in fear, several Ghibelline houses were also lighted up. The churches were especially conspicuous, and were surrounded by a nimbus of devout populace. Transparencies were exhibited in several places—a huge one at the entrance to the Borgo, a reproduction of



the picture from Raffaele's Stanze, S. Peter in prison, released by the angel; another in the Corso; the vessel with the disciples and Christ asleep on the stormy lake; in the background S. Peter illuminated by the Saviour's nimbus, with an inscription descriptive of the situation. All the effigies of the Madonna at the corners of the streets were illuminated and furnished with sonnets. The most beautiful was that of the Collegium Romanum, the façade of which bore the inscription: *In te speravit, et salvabis eum*. Troops were stationed on the Popolo and Colonna. No disturbance took place. The Romans satisfied themselves with posting up placards in the morning, on which were inscribed: *Mettegli pure lampioni fanali—sono del Papa i funerali*.

The Pope fainted a week ago in the Sistina. It is feared that he may have dropsy. De Angelis, Archbishop of Fermo, is spoken of as his successor, a shrewd and wealthy prelate, who has been in banishment at Turin for the last six months. Riario Sforza of Naples has also a chance (*papeggia*, the Romans say). A Bull is in existence which authorises a minority of the cardinals to carry out the election immediately after the Pope's death. It may happen that the Catholic world will be obliged first to effect the release of the new Pope from Turin.

ROME, April 24.

The Bourbon counter-revolution in Naples, which was planned here, has failed. Two thousand armed royalists instituted a provisional government in Venosa and Melfi on the 5th or 8th of April, set fire to the city, and committed terrible excesses. They were defeated by the National Guard, and the last remnant driven into the forest of Sila. The confusion in the Neapolitan administration seems unbounded.

Della Rovere is gone as Governor-General to Sicily in Montezemolo's stead. A violent scene took place in the Parliament in Turin, when Garibaldi took his seat (for Naples) and violently interrogated Cavour concerning the ill-treatment of his volunteers. He spoke of fratricide. The President put on his hat and walked out. They now

wish to appease Garibaldi by reorganising the army of the south and incorporating the volunteers in it.

Rome has lately been excited by a political murder. Count de Lemminge, a Belgian, was treacherously shot in the Colosseum ; he managed to drag himself to the Hotel Minerva, where he died. High Mass was said for him at the church. He had been an officer in the Zouaves.

The French remain. Pius IX. receives supplies of money every day. Peter's Pence has brought in sixty million francs up till to-day.

Cousin Aurora and Fräulein von Babetti have been here for several days. The two von Freybergs, bringing letters to me, have arrived from Spain.

Have begun the third chapter of Book viii. This great work forms my real life.

Cornelius, who is seventy-eight, has lately married for the third time, and his present wife is the young maid-servant of his late daughter Countess Marcelli, who, sent away from the Countess' house, was taken by Cornelius into his own and clad in silk. *Æthiops senex non dimittit pellem suam, nec pardus, quando senescit, diversitatem.*

ROME, May 13.

The third chapter of Book viii. is finished. Since the unsuccessful counter-revolution there has been no movement in Naples. Chiavone, the head of the brigands, is back in Rome.

A few days ago I made the acquaintance of Andersen, the writer of fables. He looks uncouth and clumsy, and is very vain ; but his vanity, which is devoid of arrogance, resembles that of a child. At an evening party he read three little pieces ; it was amusing to listen to these innocent fables about cockchafers in Rome. The poet Browning, and a Norwegian poet, Björnson Bjornstine,<sup>1</sup> of whom I know nothing, were also present.

I am pestered with foreigners. It is growing hot, and the scirocco hangs over the city.

<sup>1</sup> Björnson (Bjornstjerne) was then at the beginning of his literary career.  
—*Editor's Note.*

On May 2, the Austrian Emperor opened the National Parliament with a speech that aroused great enthusiasm. Austria is renewing her youth, and Prussia is again falling into the second class. There is not any genius in Berlin; not even a man of moderate political ability.

ROME, *June 2.*

Rome is returning to the Middle Ages. On the festival of S. Filippo Neri, the Pope inaugurated his new carriage (the gilding of which cost 6000 scudi); he was preceded by the Cross-bearer on a white mule, in entirely mediæval fashion, such as hitherto has only been seen on the ceremony of taking possession of the Lateran. The Guelph demonstration was very strong; yellow and white flags at the windows, and unending shouts of applause.

On Thursday the procession of Corpus Domini took place; the Neapolitan Court watched it from a balcony, where the aged figure of General Stabella was also seen. The Pope, wholly absorbed in the sight of the Pyx, looked sad and suffering.

General Goyon headed the French troops in the procession, Kanzler the papal, and the Marchese Patrizi, as hereditary standard-bearer, carried the banner of the Church.

On May 17 the Pope held a review of the artillery in the camp near Fiumicino. He sat enthroned on a hill surrounded by cardinals and prelates: it would have been more fitting had he, like Henry VI., seated himself on a molehill.

On May 21 the address of the Romans to Victor Emmanuel was sent off. It implored him to take possession of Rome as capital of Italy, and bore 10,000 signatures. Its circulation remained unknown to the police for an entire month. The nobility, the propertied class, and intelligence are strongly represented in it. Doria and Torlonia had religious scruples. Buoncompagni Ludovisi was the first to sign.

The condition of Naples is threatening. Bands of Bourbons in Apulia and the Basilicata. They are under



the direction of the Legitimist clubs in Rome, one of which was closed by the French police at the end of May. King Francis is having money struck, which is sent secretly to Naples even by land. Arms are also despatched there. The French police have captured several transports, and have sent them under escort to the general commando. De Christen and Chiavone, the leaders of the Sanfedisti, have been expelled from the city by the Roman Government.

Francis II. had rented the Palazzo Feoli in Albano as a summer residence, but would not go there for fear of being kidnapped or assassinated. The Pope wanted to give him two companies as an escort to Albano. He has countermanded everything, and has paid 1000 scudi as compensation for the palace. Early yesterday I saw him and the Queen driving towards the Popolo, both looking very anxious.

The Queen has been photographed by Alessandri in about fifty different attitudes and costumes.

ROME, June 8.

Cavour died at six o'clock on the morning of June 6.

The architect has fallen from the scaffold. Who will continue his work? Who will guide the revolution, bridle the parties, thwart the secret ways of Bonapartism?

It is a great misfortune for Italy. The Piedmontese phantom of terror will no longer advance upon the Vatican, the denizens of which will breathe more freely.

On the ground of their signatures to the address,<sup>1</sup> Prince Piombino-Ludovisi and the Duke Fiano-Ruspoli are to be sent into banishment to-morrow. The Pope summoned them both, and a violent scene took place.

ROME, June 16.

Cavour's death has everywhere created great dismay. Even his enemies praise him or his abilities. The obituary notice published in the *Armonia* has been much talked

<sup>1</sup> To Victor Emmanuel. See p. 135.—*Editor's Note.*

of, and the fact that he died a Catholic has created a great impression. The sight of the dead body, the crucifix in his hands, has been very consolatory. On receiving the news of his death the Pope exclaimed: "He was not one of the worst; the worst enemies of the Church come after him." He has even celebrated a funeral Mass for Cavour.

Accounts arrive from several cities of Italy of the funeral honours paid him. Rome alone shows that she still lies outside Italy. No manifestation, no banner, nothing showed any sign of mourning. The Romans are silently raising collections for a monument, which they hope to erect in Rome when the city has become that which the great statesman wished to make her. He died like Moses on Mount Nebo, his face turned to the promised land, which he was not to enter.

The new Ministry has been formed. Ricasoli has issued a programme in which he says he will carry on Cavour's work with *arditezza e prudenza*.

It does not appear that Cavour's death will arrest or alter the course of events. On the contrary, the recognition of Italy on the part of France is imminent. Hitherto the following powers have given their recognition: England, Switzerland, the United States, Turkey, and Morocco.

Count M. told me to-day, that at the very beginning of Cavour's illness it had been agreed that the French were to be withdrawn to Civita Vecchia. In return, the French required security from the Government that no disturbance should take place in Rome within three months. Cavour was asked whether he would give this guarantee. He caused inquiries to be made of the Roman National Committee through Silvestrelli; and Silvestrelli returned the answer that he, on his side, would check every movement of the populace, but that so long as such a rabble of police stood in Antonelli's way, he could not be responsible for quiet. Tumults would be allowed to arise on both sides in order to force the French to reoccupy Rome. The plan was consequently abandoned.

On June 21 the Pope completed the fifteenth year of his reign. The new Arsenal of Artillery in the Borgo was

consecrated in consequence, and a pontoon bridge is being constructed at the Porto Leonino to serve for the passage of the artillery.

ROME, *June 28.*

France has recognised the King of Italy. The French troops are to remain in Rome until the guarantee has been given that the peace of Europe will not be disturbed. On the 18th the recognition was notified to the Vatican with pompous assurances.

The Pope is ill, and is said to be frequently delirious. The anniversary of his accession was celebrated by illuminations; but Rome took no part.

General Kanzler<sup>1</sup> told me to-day that the papal army now numbers 8000 men ready to take the field, 5000 of whom are infantry—namely, three battalions of Italians, one of Zouaves (composed of French and Belgians), and one of Swiss. The artillery has marched to Frosinone; a camp is to be pitched in the neighbourhood of Rome. The soldiers are trustworthy; they are going to meet the enemy.

The fear of a schism is revived. It is possible that it may be produced by the vacant bishoprics, the papal candidates for which have not been accepted by Victor Emmanuel. In Italy there are at present forty vacant dioceses, among them some of foremost rank—Milan, Ravenna, Turin, Bologna, Fermo, and lately also Messina. Within the year there may be double the number, and sooner or later they must be filled. The national festival of June 2 has divided the Italian clergy into two parties. The adherents of New Italy, which may be called the schismatical party, numbers perhaps 10,000 out of the 40,000–50,000 priests; and only two bishops, those of Acciano and Conversano.

To-day is the vigil of S. Peter, an anniversary on which the Pope has been accustomed to issue a medal. The

<sup>1</sup> A native of Baden. Entered the papal service in 1845, colonel under Lamoricière, on whose retirement he was made general. From 1865–70 was last Commander-in-Chief of the papal army.—*Editor's Note.*



present medal displays his portrait on one side; on the other, the significant effigy of Daniel in the den of lions.

ROME, July 3.

The Pope, although ill, was present at the festival of S. Peter; to the customary protest on account of Parma, Piacenza, Naples, etc., he added that concerning the recent spoliations.

On the evening of the 29th a tumult took place in the Corso after the Girandola. As the crowd was about to disperse, a transparency was seen in a window representing Victor Emmanuel in the act of being crowned by a Genius on the Capitol. The people shouted *Viva l'Italia!* The *gendarmes* laid about them; but one of them was stabbed and killed. The murderer was caught.

The Nationalists hope that Rome will fall before the winter. The date is fixed. It is possible that Ricasoli may seize the occasion offered by Francis II.'s sojourn; the removal of the King from Rome is now urgently demanded.

De Rossi told me to-day that a despatch had arrived, which brings within sight a universal vote in favour of the incorporation of Rome with Italy.

GENAZZANO, July 9.

Drove here at seven in the evening to spend some time in my favourite spot.

Everything remained unchanged in the city. The events of the day were the notes of Thouvenel, Ricasoli, and Rechberg. Austria's appeal to France catches Napoleon, so to speak, in a snare, and will force him to keep his word and defend the tottering Papacy. The clergy have regained courage and laugh at Ricasoli's speech concerning Rome. The Pope was in good health.

Left the Pincio unwillingly, and unwillingly parted from my friends.

Am comfortably installed in Lisa's rooms. The place greets me like an old acquaintance.

A hundred artillery are quartered here in the Colonna castle.

GENAZZANO, *July 29.*

Have dedicated myself to the Muses for three entire weeks. The poem *Ninfa*<sup>1</sup> has occupied all my days. I hope to finish it here, and that speedily. The heat is great. The solitude complete. Few letters.

A company of papal chasseurs has arrived here. There are troops in almost every part of the Campagna, and as there are rich people in most of the detachments, the villages profit by their presence. The French occupy Palestrina, Valmontone, the whole of the Marittima (even marshy Cisterna) and Terracina. They are changed every three months. Five hundred Zouaves are stationed at Anagni, and come here occasionally. Chiavone's bands scour the country as far as Sora; but the Roman Campagna remains quiet. Some places are entirely "Black" or papal, such as Paliano.

Nothing fresh from Rome. The newspapers are full of accounts of the reaction at Naples. Forty men were burned alive at Montemileto.

S. Martino resigned his post at Naples on July 15 and has been replaced by General Cialdini. Cialdini promises to clear the country of the bands, and Pinelli is making great efforts in the Abruzzi.

GENAZZANO, *August 13.*

Since the beginning of the month the heat has risen to an unusual degree; it must be insupportable in Rome.

Have gone on with the poem on *Ninfa*.

Explored the mountains as far as Mentorella. The little rocky nests of Rocca di Cave and Capranica are very striking. Each has a ruined fortress, a solitary round tower, surrounded by a wall. When its defenders could hold out no longer, they retired into the tower, which has no doors. The principal window was entered by means of a ladder. The fortress stands very picturesquely on the savage rock. A woman who lived in it had the features of

<sup>1</sup> The poem is printed in the posthumous collection already frequently mentioned.—*Editor's Note.*

a sibyl. But few houses stood around. The poverty here surpasses all imagination. Corn and maize are sparsely cultivated in the crevices offered by the rocks, which here and there present some tiny patches of soil. Everywhere else bare stones, scattered around in Cyclopean savagery. A splendid view of the sea in the distance, the great chain of the Serrone and Volscian mountains which enclose Latium between them. A priest and a doctor live in the village.

On August 11 we rode by a rocky path to lofty Capranica. A tiny chestnut wood which supplies sustenance to the village, stands at the foot of the mountain; scanty growth of vines; a few terraces planted with corn. The destitution of the place is indescribable. The black houses, looking like caves formed in the rocks, are inhabited by a miserable population, poor as beggars. They have no water but what is brought from a distance far below, whence it is carried daily on the head in bronze vessels. Like the goats from which the village takes its name, the inhabitants must scramble up and down to their work. They gather bundles of brushwood, carry it for miles on their heads down the mountain to sell it for five baiocchi at Genazzano or Cave. They even eat the flesh of dead horses and asses, which the people of Cave, equally poor, will not touch. I was told that they had picked a dead donkey so clean that only the white skeleton was left. The strong fresh air attacks the nerves and brings out any latent illness, which either becomes fatal or is speedily cured. A relief is shown in the sacristy of the little church, which the inscription proclaims the work of Michael Angelo. Who would deprive these poor people of the belief that Michael Angelo had laboured for them? This solitary work of art brings Capranica into connection with the world. The place formerly belonged to the barons, who derived their title from it; but is now the property of the Borghese.

We rode through majestic mountains of Cyclopean formation towards Guadagnola, the place of highest altitude in the Roman Campagna. It stands on abrupt rocks. We did not enter it, but rode on to Mentorella, an



ancient basilica dedicated to the legend of S. Eustachio. Its foundation is ascribed to Pope Sylvester and S. Helena. Basilica and convent, where Flavian monks are living, are situated on a rock, which stands out like a ledge in a solitude indescribably beautiful. From here the whole of Latium lies in sight—mighty Serrone diminished to a tiny mountain peak, behind which three other gigantic ridges are visible. They form the highlands of the Abruzzi, amid which lies the basin of Lago Fucino.

The exterior of the little basilica displays traces of Roman-Gothic architecture, especially in the windows. In the coffer containing the relics are preserved valuable lamps in the Byzantine style, a bronze relief of barbaric design, representing the Apostles, and many other antiquities.

The chief treasure is a wood-carving depicting the legend of Eustachius and the foundation of the place of pilgrimage. An inscription runs: *Men. Oc. D. XXIV. Dedicatio Beatæ Mariæ Wulturilla*. Another: *Magister Guillelmus fecit hoc opus*.

The tabernacle, in the style of that of S. Lorenzo *fuori le Mura*, belongs to the twelfth century; the character of the inscriptions on some of the mural paintings to a later period. Some frescoes refer to the history of S. Silvestro, and I copied the following inscription: *Con l'acque battesimal il Vicedio lava l'imperator e'l rende pio*. The Pope, a vice-god!—and as such he still considers himself—this was a thing that I had not hitherto met with.

We set forth under a scorching sun to descend the steep mountain in order to reach Pisciano, and wandered about a long time leading the donkeys behind us. Mine rolled down a depth of twenty feet, turning over repeatedly without hurting himself. This is one of the wildest mountain districts to be found. The view was enchanting on every side. Opposite Tivoli rose the rock Siciliano, the ancient Ciculi (corrupted from Equicoli, the seat of the Aequi), Sarracinesco (Saracunna of the eleventh century?), Sambuci, Cerreto, and Gerano; on the mountains of Subiaco—Cervara, Rocca Canterano, and S. Stefano.

GENAZZANO, *August 19.*

Return to Rome this evening. The unusual heat has hindered my work: the results of forty-four days are very insignificant.

ROME, *August 23.*

Got back to Rome early on August 20; found the heat still very great and the city lifeless. Otherwise no change.

On the evening of the 21st drove to Castel Gandolfo to visit Frau Lindemann and the Norwegian girls, Munch's daughters. They are living in the Palazzo del Drago.

Early to-morrow leave in a *vetturale* for Perugia.

FOLIGNO, *August 26.*

On the 24th drove in the diligence to Civita Castellana, where I spent the night; thence the following day to Terni and on to Foligno. Had with me Count Borgia from Velletri, a Roman emigrant, now living at Rieti.

He bewailed the slackness of the revolution. The Italian people must either speedily march on Rome and take the capital from the French, who would not venture to hinder an invasion, or they must leave Rome out of the question and make the capital elsewhere. He deplored the absence of talent in the Parliament, as also in the Government. Ricasoli had character, but was not fitted to achieve a political action; Garibaldi had been set, and must remain, aside, because the dictatorship could not exist with an ordered Government; other men were worn out, such as Massimo d'Azeglio, who, through his last letter to the Senator Matteucci, had rendered himself impossible. This noble-minded letter was directed against the military executions in the kingdom of Naples.

The Piedmontese police are informed of everything that takes place in Rome. They have spies in their pay in the precincts of the Vatican. B. says that the outlay for these spies is enormous; they are papal officials, who give information of all that goes on. Every detail is given concerning persons and dates—when they go to Naples, on what errands, and how much money they take. These

emissaries are not, however, always to be discovered. They also go from these provinces to Naples.

PERUGIA, *August 27.*

The university here is rich in collections of Etruscan inscriptions, among which is one very lengthy. It was the vacation, and I did not see any of the professors. Count Gian Carlo Connestabile is at present paying a visit in Ireland. He is a strong adherent of the Papacy. The aristocracy of Perugia is in the main reactionary. The priests behave with prudence and shrewdness, even though here and there an outbreak of hatred takes place. Thus, a little while ago, a priest fired a gun at a boy who shouted *Viva l'Italia!* The convents have not all been suppressed. That of the Benedictines still remains, in whose Abbey of S. Peter troops are quartered; also the Zoccolanti and Cappucini.

PALAZZO UNGHER, FLORENCE, *August 31.*

On August 26, left Perugia at 3 A.M. in the post for Florence. The moon was shining and the air chilly, for in general the changes of atmosphere in Perugia are very marked. At six we reached the lake of Thrasymentum. During the entire journey we scarcely touched a village, except some insignificant spots; drove past Cortona, high on its mountain slope, then descended into the Val di Chiana, where the Grand-Duke of Tuscany had formerly valuable estates. The railway station of Sina Lunga lies but a short way from them. From here I reached Florence in six hours, arriving at eight in the evening. Sabatier was by chance at home; I met him in the Fontana, where I alighted, and spent the night at his house.

Have begun my work in the Magliabecchiana.

FLORENCE, *September 17.*

Have formed the acquaintance of Michele Amari, who has been made a Senator. The third volume of his *History of the Mussulmans*, of which he gave me the proofs, is going through the press. He is at present



publishing Arab documents from the Florentine archives. Another distinguished man is Count Miniscalchi of Verona, an excellent Orientalist. The Druse Matteo, his teacher from Rome, lives with him.

Villari has gone away; Vannucci returned from Berlin. At Vieussieux's made the acquaintance of Tibaldo, the Greek poet and the friend of Tommaseo, who has now become blind.

On the 14th the King made his entry into the city; beside him sat Carignano, and opposite the ministers Ricasoli and Cordova. The city was decorated as for a festival; the population filled the streets; the people clapped their hands.

On the 15th the Exhibition was opened in a speech by Ridolfi, to which the King replied in some unintelligible words. Madame Piccolomini then followed with a hymn. In the evening there was a splendid illumination along the Lung' Arno, and a fairly good one in the city.

The first Italian Universal Exhibition of Art and Industry, opened in Florence, is established in the former railway station for Leghorn. A ludicrously bad equestrian statue of Victor Emmanuel, of bronzed stucco, stands opposite the entrance. Inside the building is the statue of Bishop Sallustio Bandini, the first political economist of Italy, a predecessor of Adam Smith. There are six thousand exhibitors; even Rome has furnished some.

The painting of sacred subjects has almost disappeared; history is strongly represented. Genre is vanishing, as is also landscape. The war of independence has here and there provided subjects, but none of these pictures is of any importance.

Sculpture maintains a higher level than painting; at least the Italians have no painter equal in rank to sculptors such as Tenerani, Dupré, Fedi, and Bartolini, who died a few years ago.

The industrial products form the glory of the Exhibition. But even here we must take into account the unfavourable conditions of the time.

ROME, *September 29.*

On the 20th left Florence, after taking leave of Sabatier at supper the evening before, when a Viennese professor of law, Herr Unger, was also present, a young and witty man, and an excellent pianist.

Embarked on the steamer *Provence*, at Leghorn, at 5 P.M. The painter Müller was on board; some Germans and Russians; little society. A glorious moon; a quick passage. We arrived at seven on Saturday morning. After enduring much vexation at the hands of the Roman Custom-house officials, *facchini* and other annoyances, I got off by train, and arrived here at two in the afternoon.

Storm and scirocco. Immediately set to work at the revision of the first chapter of vol. iv., making use of the excerpts made in Florence.

Rome is unchanged; profound stillness, profound bitterness, profound obscurity. On the 19th, the marriage of the young Grand-Duke of Tuscany to the Neapolitan princess took place. The Pope blessed the pair, and took the opportunity of delivering a violent tirade against civil marriage. The ex-Queen of Naples is living at variance with her mother-in-law, and in strained relations with the priests, to whose counsels she attributes the loss of the throne. She did not touch anything at table in the Vatican.

Grammont has had his farewell audience. His successor, Lavalette, is expected. It is said that he is bringing Ricasoli's Ultimatum, modified by Napoleon, to the Pope. Complete renunciation of the temporal power is demanded; the ridiculous project of giving the Pope jurisdiction in the Leonina is no longer spoken of.

The day before yesterday a reactionary band fired on French sentries at Veroli. Attacked by the bayonet, they fled, leaving behind a sackful of money and papers in the hands of the French.

ROME, *October 17.*

At the end of September some Spaniards, under a former lieutenant of Cabrera's, called Borgès, arrived from Malta to try to stir up a revolt in Calabria. They landed at

Pizzo; and their band was dispersed. The race of Don Quixote is not extinct. The band of Mittica was annihilated. Chiavone still holds out at Sora. New reinforcements are constantly leaving Rome or Malta for Naples.

On September 30 the Pope delivered a violent allocution against "the Piedmontese brigands"; he made seven new cardinals, among them Bedini, Guaglia, Sacconi, and Panebianco. The Romans have been very sarcastic over these vulgar names. The pamphlet of the ex-Jesuit Passaglia, *Ad Episcopos Catholicos, pro causa Italica*, has created a great sensation. Passaglia is the same theologian who defended the dogma of the Immaculate Conception in three folio volumes; he now writes against the *dominium temporale*, after having contradicted Döllinger. A true comedy of errors! Passaglia came from Florence to Rome. A few days ago his house was searched by the police; they were more especially in quest of a MS. by a Jesuit, Cardinal Tolorucci, of the last century, which is believed to contain many revelations. Passaglia has been placed under police supervision. The day before yesterday he disappeared, and to-day the news arrived that he has successfully reached the frontier.

Ricasoli's Ultimatum has, it would appear, been transformed into the officious Paris brochure, *Les Garanties*.

To-morrow King William takes the crown, and my thoughts are thus turned to old Königsberg.

ROME, December 1.

Have lately been uninterruptedly occupied with the *History of the City*, and have finished chapter v. of Book viii.

On November 20 Parliament was opened at Turin. Ricasoli read aloud the letter which France was to have handed to the Pope; she, however, declined the task. It contains all the well-known guarantees which were previously offered for the independence of the Sacred Chair, and threatens the Pope with the schism. The brigand war in Naples still continues. Chiavone has burned Casteluccio, but has been defeated at Rocco Guglielmo. The French



have also attacked his band near Veroli. The theatre of these horrors is the Basilicata, where the Spaniard Borgès has reappeared, where Langlois, a Legitimist, acts as general of Francis II., and Crocco, Ninconanco, etc., follow their own devices. Cialdini resigned his office at Naples about the middle of November; Lamarmora is now lieutenant-general.

Count Goyon returns as Commander-in-chief of the French army of occupation.

Recruiting is energetically carried on at the Quirinal. Of the former Neapolitan generals Clary, Bosco, Vial (father and son) are here, the two latter living in the same house as I am. The Queen's married life is unhappy, as is that of her sister the Countess of Trani. Various stories are told about them. The ex-Queen still drives with her sister in the Corso every afternoon, and shows herself too much to the crowd. She rides, smokes, practises pistol-shooting in the Quirinal, and drives four horses, seated on the box. The unfortunate ex-King, on the other hand, is often seen in a hackney carriage, and in such I saw him driving to the Colosseum.

The head of the Medical Staff of the French army in China, Monsieur Castelneau, has returned, and has a great deal to tell of the doings there.

Made the acquaintance of the newly created Cardinal Bedini at an evening party at Mad. —. He is very handsome and easy to get on with; must have been her lover.

Heard to-day of the death of the Corsican poet, Salvatore Viale of Bastia.

ROME, Thursday, December 26.

Have made Book vii. of the *History* ready for the press. During the present clear, frosty weather the glorious constellations seen from my eastern window are a nightly joy—Orion, Sirius, Procyon, Aldebaran in the Bull, the Pleiades, and Castor and Pollux.

Saw and fled from Ludmilla Assing. A Jewess, a Berlineuse, an old maid, a blue-stockings—a constellation of more unfortunate qualities could not exist.

The new French Ambassador, Lavalette, arrived a fortnight ago. He demanded the departure of Francis II.; the Pope refused it. The ex-King sold the imperial palaces on the Palatine and the Farnese Gardens to Napoleon in the summer. The Quirinal is guarded by French *gendarmes*. It is impossible any longer to feel sympathy for the King. People would respect him, did he place himself at the head of an army to reconquer his kingdom; but this recruiting and enrolment of banditti is disgraceful. The reaction in Naples has almost been suppressed. Borgès, with seventeen other Spaniards, was taken and shot at Tagliacozzo. Their lives, their desperate flight from Calabria to the Abruzzi, are a terrible romance.

The result of the elections in Prussia is liberal. Glorious tranquillity in Rome. Have worked occasionally at the Vatican.

As early as 1814 Niebuhr wrote from Italy in a letter to Berlin: "In one way or other this country will be united into one kingdom in the course of a generation or more." (*Leben und Briefe*, vol. ii. p. 130.)

ROME, Sunday, December 29.

To-day the engine has gone to Ceprano to try the Latin Railway. Its approaching opening fills me with joy, as bringing Latium nearer me. The station outside the Porta Ostiensis will be abandoned, as the Central Station is to be transferred to the Baths of Diocletian. The line to Civita Vecchia will consequently cross the Tiber, the Via Ostiensis, the two Appian Ways, the Via Palestrina, and cut the Aurelian Wall close to the Porta Maggiore. An opening beside the marble tablet of Clement XI. has already been made.

A new Don Quixote, Tristany, formerly a guerilla under Don Carlos, will take the place of Borgès. He has already talked to the ex-King; and Chivavone has also secretly been here. While Francis II. and his wife have been driving on the Pincio, Spaniards and other adventurers

have been fighting for them in Calabria—only ostensibly for them, however; for this business has lost its Neapolitan colour, and belongs to the Legitimists of Europe who fight for their declining principles under the banner of Bourbon and S. Peter.

Lavalette urges the removal of the ex-King; the Pope upholds his right of sanctuary; Francis II. will only yield to force, and leave the Quirinal for the Palazzo Farnese.

The papal Zouaves are now encamped in S. Paul's; they are digging an entrenched camp on the site of the ancient Prætorian, which has been bought by de Merode, Minister of War. A strange accident is that which associates the declining Papacy with the ancient Roman military despotism. I even saw Moors among the Zouaves. *Mutantur tempora, mores et Mori!*

ROME, Tuesday, December 31.

Here ends the year 1861. It has passed for me in a commonplace way, without any special inward experiences, or any outward favours of fortune. I have spent it in work. To-day reached the death of Lucius III., in chapter vi. of Book viii.; hence this volume also nears its close.

This sun of 1861 set in an eclipse. The darkness began about 2.45, and Helios thus journeyed under a veil into the future. Watched the phenomenon from Monte Pincio, when the sun set ominously behind the Vatican.

Meanwhile the Pope was driving to the Church of the Gesù. Thousands had collected there, waving white and yellow flags. Over this great Legitimist demonstration lay the veil of the eclipse. "The day will come by-and-by, when Sacred Ilion will set."

It is reported that the brigand leader, Cipriano della Gala, has been taken and shot.

Lavalette has quarrelled with Antonelli. This means tension between Portugal and Rome. In the last Consistory the death of the King of Portugal was not even mentioned.

*Explicit annus.*



1862

ROME, *Tuesday, January 21.*

HAVE begun the year industriously: Book vii. vol. iv. was sent, through the Prussian Embassy, to Frankfort on the Main, and thence to Stuttgart.

The weather is bad, and my health bad. Have been obliged to give up the libraries for the present.

The local conditions are in nowise altered. Francis II. and his generals continue to enlist forces as heretofore. Frequently see the King among the crowd on the Pincio; his looks are noticeable enough, his gait awkward, his manner unprincely. At Alertz's occasionally meet the Neapolitan leader Lagrange, a German, whose surname is Klitsche, a herculean figure of rough exterior.

Two thousand Neapolitans are said to be living here in exile, among them the greatest of the feudal nobility. These gentlemen signed a subscription list for the Torre del Greco, injured by the eruption of Vesuvius, and their names were consequently made known: the Princes of Sanseverino (Bisignano), Colonna, S. Antimo, Monte Mileto, Scondita, Monterotondo, Sepino, Pignatelli, Ruffo, Borgia, Riario, Caracciolo, Ripalda, Cardinal Caraffa, the Marchesi Imperiale, Cosentino, Sersale, Strevi, Dragonetti, Brancaccio, Ruffo di Scaletta, the Dukes of Ascoli, Castellaneta, Regina, Monteleone, Casalmaggiore, Count Chiaramonte, Statella, etc. They have all followed the King, whose fate they share, while the emigrants to Paris are fewer in number and can hope for return.

The wild Chiavone is living at Scifelli, near Sora. He

was born in 1828, and his grandfather was adjutant to Mannione, the celebrated brigand leader.

On January 6, a Bourbon reaction broke out at Castellamare near Alcamo, in Sicily. A great deal of blood was shed. The pretext was the conscription.

Peter's Pence has hitherto yielded the by no means insignificant sum of 3,800,000 scudi.

In June the liberal section of the clergy founded a weekly journal called *Il Mediatore*, at the head of which stands the ex-Jesuit Passaglia.

The entire Episcopate of Italy meanwhile holds as one man to the Pope. This is shown by its last protest against the circular of the Minister Minghetti.

ROME, Tuesday, January 28.

Yesterday the Latin Railway was opened without the Pope. The temporary station at the Porta Maggiore was transformed into a hall for the occasion. White and yellow banners waved above the image of the globe on the façade; and engine as well as carriages were lavishly decorated. Hohenlohe, Archbishop of Nisibis *in partibus*, took the place of the Pope and blessed the railway from an altar. The higher clergy, the generals, the diplomatists, and members of other bodies sat on the tribune. At eleven they left in the train for Velletri.

It is curious that this great undertaking should be completed just at the time of the fall of the ecclesiastical state. It is a work that aids in the overthrow of the Middle Ages and the dominion of the Papacy. Gregory XVI. called the railroad an invention of the devil.

Things in Italy are going badly. Ricasoli's prestige is on the wane. Sicily is disturbed, and, in short, Italian unity is rendered doubtful by the insoluble Roman question.

I am now at work on the last chapter of vol. iv. In May I hope to have finished it and to breathe freely.

ROME, Sunday, February 23.

Italy has been excited by the publication of Thouvenel's note to Lavalette dated January 11, and by the answer to

it of January 18. It seemed by it as if Napoleon were going to support Piedmont's demands with regard to Rome as the capital. Demonstrations against the *dominium temporale* have been held in several towns.

Francis II. is utterly destitute. His revenues, which were derived from Naples, have been confiscated, and he has spent everything on the disastrous brigand war. Borgès, it is true, received only 7000 francs. It is said that in the spring an attempt at revolt on a larger scale will be undertaken. Count Bisson, a Frenchman, is here, and is carrying on negotiations concerning it with the ex-King. Francis II. is surrounded by wretched adventurers. These mysteries of the Quirinal are probably sad enough.

A poor Carnival! Nothing but military and police. The Council is to meet in the month of May, and has as its pretext the canonisation of the martyrs in Japan.

The first sheets of vol. iv. arrived on the 20th.

ROME, Sunday, March 2.

The Carnival divided Rome again into two factions; the Legitimists endeavoured to start it in the Corso, but the Nationalists celebrated the occasion in the Forum. Thousands went thither on Thursday, walking in silence to and fro between the Capitol and the Colosseum; the surrounding world of ruins serving them as stage scenery—scenery, however, that overpowered the wretched-looking actors. As I watched them crowding through the Arch of Titus, and thought to myself, "These are the Romans who have no further desire than that of shaking off the rule of an impotent priest and making their ancient cosmopolitan city the capital of Italy, and who give expression to the wish by a silent promenade," I could not refrain from a smile. The crowd of demonstrators returning from the Capitol to the city came into collision with the Legitimist Carnival, when wounds were given and arrests took place.

It had been intended to transfer the demonstration to the Corso on Friday, but Goyon barred the street with troops. Yesterday it was almost empty; the balconies decorated, but for the most part deserted.



A few days ago the police sequestered a mass of correspondence belonging to the National Committee; the capture was made at a macaroni dealer's on the Piazza S. Apolinare, and a Signora Diotsalvi was arrested. The police are believed to have got possession of the list of members of the committee; several arrests have been made.

Theodor Mommsen is here. His appearance is a curious mixture of youthfulness and pedagogic conscientiousness. This in great part explains his work, which is distinguished by critical, destructive acumen and erudition, but which is rather a pamphlet than a history.

*Sunday, March 16.*

The director of the *Armonia*, Marchese Bisago, has died at Turin; and the day before yesterday Padre Brasciani, founder of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, also passed away. The two chief organs of the clerical press have thus lost their leaders.

The Lenten sermons are drawing great crowds; those especially of Giacinto Romanini, a Dominican at the Minerva. The conquests of genius, even gas, telegraphy, and railways, are denounced with shameless fanaticism as works of the devil.

*Palm Sunday, April 13.*

The Roman question does not advance, although Lavalette, at variance with Goyon, went to Paris to lay his remonstrances before the Emperor. He is expected back, and the general remains.

The clergy are hopeful; the Legitimists most active. The guerilla warfare with Naples is renewed. Chivavone is again at the head of his band near Sora.

On March 25 the Pope delivered an address to the clergy in the Minerva, therein expressing the opinion that the *dominium temporale* was not an article of faith, but was necessary to the independence of the Sacred Chair. He laid great stress on the machinations of Turin, to incite the clergy of Italy to sign a declaration against the

*dominium temporale*. These formulas were issued by Passaglia.

A great clerical demonstration and an illumination took place yesterday, the anniversary of the Pope's fall at S. Agnese and that of his return from exile. A transparency on the obelisk in the Piazza del Popolo bore the inscription: *Al Pontifex Re il Popolo Romano*—and the Piazza was entirely empty.

Garibaldi travelled in triumph through Lombardy. He seems to be wearing himself out.

New elections in Prussia will, it is hoped, lead to a speedily subdued reaction.

Have made Liszt's acquaintance; a striking, uncanny figure—tall, thin, and with long grey hair. Frau von S. maintains that he is burnt out and that only the outer walls remain, from which a little ghost-like flame hisses forth.

Have been working in the Vatican, where Mommsen—who, however, has just left for Dalmatia—has also been engaged.

ROME, April 27.

The number of foreigners this Easter amounted to 35,000. S. Peter's was filled to overflowing; owing to the immense crowd, the benediction on Easter Sunday made a great impression. The Girandola was finer than usual.

On the 23rd the Pope went to Porta d'Anzio, where he is to remain a fortnight. His troops have pitched a camp between Albano and the sea. On the 26th the flotilla which conducted Victor Emmanuel—the Shalmanezar of the present day in Rome—to Naples, passed along the coast, and with a good telescope Pius IX. might have descried the tricolour on the masts. The clergy are in good spirits, and Francis II. hopes for a speedy restoration; wherefore, is unknown. The attitude of Prussia, which is again drawing nearer to Austria, may contribute to these joyous hopes. Francis II. has severed himself from Napoleon and is making approaches to England. Arthur Russell told me that the ex-King had urgently summoned his brother Odo, the English Minister here, and had openly avowed that

owing to evil counsellors he had lost the throne in the inexperience of youth ; that he cherished the conviction of soon returning to his kingdom, where he would reign as a constitutional king, and that he hoped to find a friend in England. The adviser of the King is the Marchese Pietro Ulloa. I saw the young ex-Queen in S. Peter's with her sister the Countess of Trani, both clad in black (the sisters are always dressed alike, and are inseparable) ; they kept close to one another, sat on the same column, and were surrounded by inquisitive bystanders.

A few days ago Colonel Lopez, who is in command here in Rome, drove a part of the Chiavonisti near Veroli back to Roman territory. The French tried to disarm them ; they fired ; a close fight took place, in which more than twenty Frenchmen fell. Goyon has received orders to put an end to this guerilla warfare.

Scoppa, the notorious King of the Maremma, who has committed fourteen murders, has been captured by the Roman police outside the Porta del Popolo. This terrible man arrived on an Arab horse, and was on the point of starting for Alessandria. He was, however, betrayed by a bill which he tried to change at a banker's, and was pursued by the son of Adami, who wished to avenge the murder of his father at Scoppa's hands.

Have finished vol. iv. To-morrow the first three chapters of Book viii. leave for Stuttgart.

Pietro Rosa, Intendant of the Palatine, showed me the excavations there. He has discovered the Clivus Palatinus. He told me that Napoleon frequently wrote to him, questioning him minutely on behalf of his *History of Cæsar*, and he was astonished how a monarch, on whose shoulders rested so heavy a political burthen, could find time for a work of the kind. He wrote and questioned, as if he were a professor who did nothing else than pore over books.

The arrival of 400 bishops is announced ; the canonisation will take place on June 8.



ROME, *Monday, May 12.*

The day before yesterday gave the last four chapters of vol. iv. to Stahl, the ecclesiastical historian, who was returning to Jena.

The Romans confidently maintain their approaching deliverance, but I do not believe in the withdrawal of the French. The hopes of the National party rest on Goyon's recall (he left yesterday), on Pietri's pamphlet, on Victor Emmanuel's avowal at the banquet in Naples, and on Prince Napoleon's journey thither. Even Hudson, the British Minister at Turin, has gone to Naples and that through Rome. The National party, in short, is in a cheerful mood.

It is said that the Pope has given orders to have everything prepared for his departure. He will go to Venice, even if the French remain, and admit a Piedmontese garrison.

The bishops are beginning to arrive. Ketteler of Mainz is already here, and preached at the Anima yesterday. About 310 are expected—a great many French; and those who cannot come are sending vicars.

Preparations are being made at S. Peter's, or rather the building is being disfigured by being immensely over-decorated for the canonisation festival. Sham pillars in the open spaces between the columns bear the effigies of the candidates; a frieze of coloured paper, depicting angels holding wreaths of flowers, in imitation of mosaic, is carried round the nave; papal armorial bearings; several candelabra sixty feet high, made of wood and covered with gold leaf; a great many lustres; even the gigantic pilasters are covered with paper in imitation of yellow marble. S. Peter's is unrecognisable.

A few days ago I saw a captured brigand brought by French soldiers into the fortress. He was dressed half as a *Ciocciaro*, half as a Neapolitan soldier. He walked proudly and freely, and with a chivalrous air disappeared from sight through the gate of S. Angelo.

ROME, Sunday, May 25.

Eight days ago Goyon left for Paris; the newly appointed general fills his place. Lavalette has not yet arrived; whether he will return or not, is questionable. The conditions are further complicated by events in Lombardy. The Garibaldian volunteers contemplate an invasion of the Italian Tyrol; the Government ordered several arrests, among them that of Colonel Cattabeni and Colonel Nullo, whom they took in Garibaldi's own dwelling at Trescone. Mazzini's followers tried to liberate prisoners in Brescia; the military fired on the people and some fell. War consequently threatens to break out between the Government and the Mazzinian-Garibaldian faction.

Quiet reigns at the Vatican. There is no longer any thought of flight. Bishops are daily arriving. The Government has forbidden the departure of Italians; the Portuguese are not coming. Several French bishops have already arrived, twenty-four from Spain—Greeks, Dalmatians, Canadians, English, Germans, North Americans. The Cardinals of Burgos and Compostella received the red hat in the Spanish palace, where a great festival was solemnised. The Sacrament is exposed in the chief basilicas. The Pope is at the summit of bliss; he intends to hold a formal Council and promulgate several canon laws. No bishop comes with empty hands. Clergy also of every grade are flocking to Rome; it is a great clerical festival; priests are found in every hotel, in every café, every street and every church. It is a clerical army of occupation, led by twenty-eight saints who wing their way to heaven.

Pasquino says that the Pope is going away soon, for he is already packing up S. Peter's (*già incarta S. Pietro*).

The festival of canonisation is to cost 80,000 scudi; 10,000 are spent in wax alone.

Victor Emmanuel returned from Naples on the 22nd. Prince Napoleon still remains there.

On the 19th the New Chamber is to be opened in Berlin. Began to work in the Chigiana yesterday.

My MS., containing the first three chapters of Book

viii., has not yet reached Stuttgart. The printing of the volume is thus interrupted.

ROME, June 10.

On the 8th, Whitsunday, the canonisation of the twenty-eight Japanese martyrs took place. The procession began at seven o'clock. This religious comedy is the greatest theatrical spectacle which the Church has displayed for a long time. Thirteen thousand wax candles, the tallest eight feet high, were burned in the cathedral and were lost in the vast space, like stars of the fourth or fifth magnitude in the vault of heaven. The crowd was innumerable.

Yesterday the Pope held a Consistory. The bishops (about 390) presented him with an address, in which they explained the *dominium temporale* as a necessity. Their veto may perhaps avert the fall of the temporal power of the Pope for a moment, but will scarcely prevent it. The leaders of the Episcopal Parliament are Dupanloup and Wiseman. The French have frequently preached in the churches; a bishop from Limousin, from the Capuchin pulpit, addressed thousands in the Colosseum. Agitations are made in every form.

Lavalette returned as victor a few days ago. Goyon remains in Paris, and the army of occupation is reduced to 10,000, half of what it was. It is hoped that the Italians will now occupy the States of the Church to within five miles of Rome.

ROME, June 22.

The assembly of the bishops concluded with an allocution of the Pope, in which the Italian Revolution was traced to the Lutheran and irreligious tendencies of the time; the war against the Church was bewailed, and the condemnation of the usurpation was repeated. The bishops then read aloud an address: extolled the resistance of the Pope, condemned what he condemned, and pronounced the continued existence of the *dominium temporale* a necessary condition of the independence of the Pope in spiritual matters.

Addresses of adhesion have been received from the Umbrian and the Neapolitan bishops.



On the ground of these Roman addresses, the Turin Parliament has issued a public manifesto to Victor Emmanuel.

The day before yesterday General Montebello, the new Commandant of the French army of occupation, arrived. Some thousand French have already left Civita Vecchia for France. Ten thousand remain behind.

The prelates have gone away. Some were received with hisses and whistles in the harbour of Marseilles; the French Government has consequently given orders that the departure of vessels conveying priests shall be so arranged that they may arrive at Marseilles at night.

A Spanish vessel is lying at Civita Vecchia awaiting the royal family of Naples; it is said that King Francis alone will remain behind.

Chiavone and Tristany have joined forces, and hold the Abruzzi in terror.

ROME, *July 6.*

During the last few days all the troops have been kept in barracks, and patrols parade the city. The report is current that the party of action is about to rise throughout Italy, and that Garibaldi's presence in Palermo is connected with the movement. It is further believed that Viterbo will rise on the departure of some companies of French, and will call in the Piedmontese. The city is perfectly quiet.

The Pope has not left the Vatican for seven days; he is ailing. Queen Maria of Naples has started for Germany, *via* Marseilles. A Legitimist Congress at Lucerne. People here are almost convinced that there will be a second edition of the restoration of 1815.

Ancient mural paintings were discovered in the excavations for the Central Railway Station. I have been to see the Jewish Cemetery excavated in the Vigna Randanini, near S. Sebastiano. It is most remarkable. Nothing but Greek and Latin inscriptions; even the names are Romanised, and only the Seven-branched Candlestick betrays the Jew.

The Aqua Felice is being conveyed from the Porta Maggiore, where it has been necessary to lay bare the

walls, the depth of which below the ground equals the height above.

Finished my work at the Vatican yesterday; that in the Chigiana I had already finished. Rome is perfectly delightful, not even hot, and I am in such a happy frame of mind that I have no desire to go away.

ROME, *July 18.*

The event of the day is the recognition of Italy by Russia. Prussia will follow suit. The Holy Alliance is broken for ever. There are voices even in Spain asking for recognition. Rome is still as death; the clergy are indignant, the Romans full of hope.

Have revised proofs 30 and 31. Am preparing to leave for Genoa and Switzerland, but without any real desire.

ROME, *July 20.*

Yesterday came the news that Prussia's recognition was an accomplished fact.

Suspicious vessels are cruising along the coast off Corneto; a regiment of French soldiers consequently went by train to Civita Vecchia. A landing of Garibaldians is feared; according to others, the vessels carry reactionaries, who have been sent away from Naples.

"AI TRE SVIZZERI," MILAN, *July 24.*

On July 21 left Civita Vecchia, and, passing Leghorn, came to Genoa, where I arrived yesterday at 6 A.M. Remained there until 3 P.M., and came *viâ* Alessandria to Milan last night. To-day have been to the cathedral, the Brera, the *Accademia Scientifico-letteraria*, where I called on Professor Nennarelli, and made acquaintance with Professors Conti and Brondelli. My reluctance to leave Rome was great, and even to-day I would gladly return thither.

MILAN, *July 26.*

Have looked through the Catalogue of MSS. and several codices in the Ambrosiana, but find nothing for

my purpose. Matalori and Sessi have ransacked everything already. Ceriani, the Orientalist, and Dozio, the historian, showed me great kindness.

Yesterday called on Cesare Cantù (Via di Tor Morigio, No. 1). Had expected to find an old man, but instead a fresh-looking person about fifty, short, with an intellectual face and sparkling eyes, greeted me in his library, which overlooks a garden. Cantù made a very pleasant impression; his energy is enormous, and his popularity as historian for the people very great. He presented me with a work on Beccaria. His political views are adverse to the unity of Italy. He is a Federalist and a Papist; is of opinion that the Piedmontese will not be able to get on amicably even with the Lombards, and told me that in Milan they were obliged to live completely apart. He described intellectual life here as at a very low ebb. Study is for the present abandoned throughout the whole of Italy; indeed, no wonder! The youth of the country follow arms; I saw boys practising shooting on the Piazza d'Armi. In both German bookshops found great lamentations and few books.

The whole of Milan is filled with rumours of a Garibaldian descent on Rome. The movement of the Italians Romewards from here has become stronger since the recognition of Russia and Prussia.

S. MORITZ, ENGADINE, *July 30.*

On the 27th left Milan for Como, and came up the lake to Chiavenna. Then on through splendid Alpine scenery, past ruined Plurs and by Silva Plana to S. Moritz, where I found accommodation at the Pension Bavier.

Am now living here, 6180 feet above the sea, between the snow-crested Alpine peaks of the Julier, the Langaro, Plaschurz, and the Maloja; down below the infant Inn rushes on through an Alpine lake, passing the Arve wood, where stands the Kurhaus. The scenery is grand, severe, and cold, of petrifying sublimity: waterfalls, the foaming Inn, constant rustling of the wood of Arve, clouds and



snow, rain ; occasionally a rainbow, a celestial messenger. The Alpine world is a cold and dumb miracle. These mountains explain why the Swiss are prosaic. The *lingua romanscha*, similar to the ancient Provençal and Catalanian tongues, is spoken throughout the entire Engadine.

The society : Milanese, a few English, the majority Swiss ; scattered in pensions ; about sixty here at table d'hôte, when a wandering musician played a hand-harmonica.

The sudden change from the heat of Rome to the cold Alpine air is too great. It produces a revolution in me.

S. MORITZ, *August 13.*

First hideous days of rain, then snow on August 10. It is bitterly cold. Take the waters and baths. The cure is very fatiguing.

Have made the acquaintance of the two travellers, Moritz Wagner and the globe-trotter Carlo Scherzer, from the province of Novara, both men of amiable character.

Ascended the Furca at Piz Corvatch with Cartwright and Dr Erhardt. We roused several marmots ; breakfasted on a glacier ; came down to the magnificent Rosegg glacier, and on through the lovely valley to Pontresina, the most attractive spot in the entire district. The usual walks are to Campfer, Silva Plana, Cresta, Celerina, Samaden. The longer the traveller stays, the more does this great world of mountains, with its naïve inhabitants in their little, cold, clean and prosperous villages, take hold of the imagination. The valley of the Inn is fifty-seven miles long, twenty-one of which are occupied by the Engadine-ôta (alta). Have begun to learn Romansch, but cannot apply myself to serious study. Have revised the first ten sets of proofs of vol. iv. here.

According to what Moritz Wagner says, King Max wants to entice me to Munich.

The events in Italy, where, after Victor Emmanuel's proclamation, Garibaldi severed himself from the King and placed himself at the head of 10,000 volunteers in Sicily, thrill me even here. "Rome or death!" is the war-cry in every town. Garibaldi is determined to gain the

coast of Naples, and to march on Rome. The French will scarcely capitulate to him. The thought of being far away from Rome during a possible reformation of the city troubles me.

Herr von Thile wants to take me away. I long to be back in Rome.

S. MORITZ, *August 18.*

We have had two more wet days; to-day is clear. Pleasant afternoon walk with Scherzer. Made the acquaintance of Major von Wirsing from Stuttgart, Dr Sigmund from Vienna, and Consul Hirzel from Palermo.

The Romansch language is divided into two dialects, that of the Oberland, and that of the Engadine. It is in process of being absorbed by German, and is a dying language. Encouraged Herr Alfons von Flügel of S. Moritz, one of the few poets of the Engadine (besides Anna Camenisch), to edit the popular songs of the country. The number is not great, and, as he said, they are influenced by German and Italian poetry. The New Testament exists in the translation of Menni (pastor in Samaden). About sixty publications have been written in the Romansch idiom. A Romansch newspaper, *Fögl D'Engiadina* (*Organ del public*) appears at Zuoz.

The father of Engadine history is Campbell, whose Latin work lies unprinted at Chur. It has been revised by Mohr (a lawyer at Chur), who has also published a *Codex Diplomaticus* of the history of the Engadine. Kaiser has written a compendium of history for use in schools.

O. Carisch has compiled a dictionary and a grammar.

The emigration of the inhabitants to Australia and California is very great. It is curious to think that such sublime landscape gives birth to pastry-cooks.

ZÜRICH, *August 23.*

Left S. Moritz on the 20th. Crossed the Julier. Arrived at Zürich on the 21st.

Yesterday called on Wilhelm Rüstow, who was formerly an officer in Königsberg, where I made his acquaintance

in 1848; he served as colonel of volunteers under Garibaldi, and got himself talked about by his (unsuccessful) attack on Capua. Found him writing, dressed in a red Garibaldi shirt. He seems to be a furious partisan of Mazzini. Rüstow pronounces Garibaldi's expedition in Sicily a piece of folly.

Afterwards called on the æsthete Vischer: a little square-set man with a red beard, between forty and fifty, and speaking the Swabian dialect; very natural and simple in manner, and full of learning and intellect.

Every Swiss looks as though he carried a halberd, which he had just laid aside somewhere against the wall. Vischer remarked that there were no ladies here, only women. Culture, he said, is an imported product in Switzerland; after the people have emancipated themselves from the German culture to which they belong, they have nothing of their own left.

HEIDEN, August 27.

In S. Gall met Professor Ullman from Carlsruhe, formerly joint editor with Umbreit of the *Studien und Kritiken*—a dignified man with the fine manners of the Consistorial Court. Also found Gräfe with his young wife at Herr von Thile's at Heiden.

The news from Italy troubles me. Garibaldi advanced, unhindered by the royalists, to Catania; has set up the flag of rebellion; and the Government has sent Cialdini, his avowed enemy, against him, and has given the command of the fleet to Persano.

MUNICH, September 3.

On August 31, went to Ragatz with the Grand-Duchess Helene. Found only Fräulein von Rahden with her. We lunched and dined alone with the Russian envoy from Berne, Herr Uwaroff; her private physician, Dr Arneth, arrived later. Soon discovered that the rumour that the Grand-Duchess had been exiled was nothing but a fabrication, for she returns to Russia very soon. While with her read the despatch announcing that Garibaldi had been taken and wounded by Colonel Pallavicini, at Aspromonte, on August



29. The unfortunate man was enacting the ballad of The Diver<sup>1</sup> along the Neapolitan coast! The gods tolerate audacious simplicity but once.

Augsburg was again the place that awoke my patriotism. A Protestant funeral, at which I was accidentally present, touched me profoundly. The service is full of deep feeling. The German churchyards and the German children reveal better than aught else the unfathomable goodness of our people.

Lunched with the staff of the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung* at Hermann Orges', and met Baron von Freiberg, whom I had known in Rome. Also saw Kolb, the chief editor, who is entirely crippled. The editorial staff has gone on for years in the most casual way: Altenhöfer and Kolb, living close to one another, have settled their business affairs by letter for about fifteen years.

At two o'clock to Munich. At Cotta's house found vol. iv. of the *History of Rome*. Saw *Hamlet* in the evening.

Called to-day on Adolf von Schack in his beautiful house.

MUNICH, September 8.

My brother Julius arrived on September 5.

Schack gave me to understand that the King, who is at present at Berchtesgaden, wants to keep me in Munich, or at least wishes to bind me to spend three months of the year here. Cannot decide to do this. I value freedom too highly, and have drunk it too long at the breast of the Roman she-wolf. My work demands my continued sojourn in Rome.

In short, I leave the matter once more in Schack's hands.

Genelli has painted two beautiful portraits of Schack which are in his house.

Munich is the theatrical creation of one or two kings. The royal house determined to make the city a large and imposing residence. Gigantic designs, full of spirit, have been dwarfed, because out of proportion to the population and their requirements. It was desired to transform the

<sup>1</sup> An allusion to a poem of Schiller's.—*Italian Translator's Note.*

inhabitants at a stroke into Florentines. But three things are lacking to Munich: imagination, distinction, grace. Beer makes the people obtuse; a beer-house stands close to Schwanthaler's "Bavaria," and this is characteristic.

Nevertheless, it will always remain a matter of surprise to see how much a gifted ruler has accomplished here. The arts truly flourish—Cornelius, Schwanthaler, Schnorr, Rottman, Klenze, Veit, Overbeck, Ohlmüller, Gärtner, etc. The collections in the Pinakothek and the Glyptothek would grace even Florence or Rome.

MUNICH, *September 10.*

Had midday dinner with Schack in company with Julius von Mohl, the Orientalist and translator of Firdausi into French. Professor Julius Braun, a talented archæologist and historian, was also present.

MUNICH, *September 12.*

My brother left to-day for Vienna *via* Salzburg. I am off to-morrow for Geneva by way of Lindau. Have finished my work at the library; have taken my bearings, and seen what is absolutely necessary to be done. I shall, I hope, return here next year. My sojourn in my native land has been too brief; another time am determined to live once more among my own people.

There is no hatred here against Prussia; annexation, however, would not be welcome. The year 1859, or off-hand politics, have alienated South Germany from Prussia. The nimbus of the Empire still surrounds Austria, and of this people are conscious here. Julius von Mohl said that the Rhine was an axiom in France; Napoleon will play his last card there. I too am afraid of this. Evil times are before us; but our national energy must come forth victorious.

GENEVA, *September 15.*

On the 13th came by Lindau and Romanshorn to Zürich, where I spent the night. On the 14th by Solothurn to Lausanne. Gibbon's house is now an hotel; the garden where he wrote his *History* is shown.

To-day, the 15th, to Geneva.

Splendid streets and shops, glorious situation on the Rhone and the lake. Delightful promenades. The old town less beautiful, but gloomy and severe in style. The Cathedral (S. Pierre) is a Gothic building, with leanings towards the Roman, as shown in the façade in the taste of the Renaissance. Within are Calvin's pulpit, or rather only his chair, the baldacchino of the period, and the tomb of the Duke de Rohan—otherwise no monuments.

Drove to Ferney: Voltaire's house is reached in half an hour. The castle stands in a park, surrounded by old trees, which Voltaire himself may have tended: a restored and modernised two-storied building in the Renaissance style. Voltaire's bedroom, with his bed, and a little salon containing some pictures—the rooms devoid of luxury and furnished in rococo style—are shown. The castle is now inhabited by rich cotton merchants who live in princely fashion.

A portrait (very bad) of Frederick the Great, apparently a gift, hangs there, and the life-size painting of Catherine of Russia—presented by herself, as an inscription announces. Two pictures, representing Endymion and Diana; another of a Court fête in which Voltaire himself figures. A relief and Voltaire's likeness. His contemporaries, Diderot, Delille, Washington, Franklin, etc. Near the castle (or rather country-house) the little church with the well-known inscription: *Deo Erexit Voltaire*.

Have consequently seen the two cradles of the French Revolution, Ferney and Rousseau's house in Geneva.

GENOA, Thursday, September 18.

Left Geneva on the 16th, and travelled through a part of France (Dept. de l'Ain).

The Victor Emmanuel Railway begins at Culôz, and is continued by Chambéry, S. Jean de Maurienne, on as far as S. Michel. We hurriedly traversed beautiful Savoy, and from S. Michel came by post across Mont Cenis to Susa, passing the entrance to the tunnel which is to be cut through the mountain. Was told that this gigantic enterprise will



be finished in seven years. Long iron tubes along the road convey air to the labourers.

The situation of the fortress of Exilles is magnificent; standing, as it does, on a red-coloured calcareous hill. The Isère foams at a giddy depth below, the carriage road running along its banks.

We next came to Loras le Bourg and reached the summit of the pass about midnight.

Arrived at Susa at two o'clock; at Turin at four on the 17th.

Turin is entirely modern, magnificent, and filled with regal-looking buildings. Its character, however, consists in being devoid of character. It recalls Berlin. Nevertheless the heights above the Po, where the Superga stands, are very picturesque. Visited the hall in the Carignano palace, where Parliament sits; it has been lately built, is destitute of luxury, and small.

In the royal palace, which leaves the same impression of insignificance, the halls were being prepared for the marriage of the Princess Pia with the King of Portugal. The public were, however, admitted.

Carlo Promis took me to the royal library and that of the University, where I made the acquaintance of the Vice-prefect, the Abbé Peyron. Found no material, however, for my *History of Rome*.

Since I have seen this beautiful, but cold and unhistoric, Turin, I recognise that Italy cannot be governed from here.

All the monuments of Turin are modern and belonging to the Piedmontese nation.

Promis told me that the opinion prevails in Turin that Garibaldi and the King were agreed with regard to the Calabrian expedition. The King does not show himself except at night, when he has no fear of being recognised. Promis appears to talk of him with reluctance. He has no hope for the unity of Italy.

Left by the express train for Genoa at five, and arrived at 11 P.M. Sail this evening for Spezzia in the steamer *Solferino*.

FONTANA, FLORENCE, *September 20.*

Elpis Melena (that is to say, Frau von Schwartz) was on board the steamer on her way to Varignano to look after her friend Garibaldi. Women gather round the disabled hero like flies round a wound.

Landed at Spezzia at three in the morning and looked up Lindemann and Mrs Salis-Schwabe,<sup>1</sup> who, as I had already learnt by the Turin papers, is nursing Garibaldi. She told me about his state, having passed the previous day with him. The wounded lion is lying at Fort Varignano; could see the windows of his room from the beach. Of the three lofty buildings side by side, set apart as a hospital and the governor's residence, his dwelling is that at the end. Galley-slaves are imprisoned in the ancient fortress at the end of the promontory, and in the hulk of a man-of-war. The hero of the people thus finds himself in the midst of convicts. A curious irony has willed that the man-of-war which is anchored in front of Varignano, should be called *Garibaldi*. Access to the hero is now more easily gained, but at first Ratazzi's orders were very strict. His two sons and some imprisoned officers are with him. Food is sent him from all parts of the country; but in the beginning he was kept without the barest necessities, and his first clean shirt was made him by Madame Schwabe.

Partridge, the surgeon, expresses himself very doubtfully regarding his wounds. Splinters of bone are coming away, and it is not known whether the ball is still there. If still remaining in the bone, amputation will be necessary. The patient maintains an almost unbroken silence, and never expresses any opinion on politics. He reads Tacitus, as Cola di Rienzo read Livy in prison.

Spezzia is empty. The sight of the house where Garibaldi is lying diffuses a melancholy atmosphere, like that of a hospital, which seems to penetrate everywhere and even reduces the men on the beach to silence.

<sup>1</sup> Madame Julie Salis-Schwabe, who afterwards testified to her love for Italy by founding, at Garibaldi's instigation, a beautiful and permanent monument in the institution for popular education in the Ex. Collegio Medico at Naples. See also pp. 53, 54.—*Editor's Note.*

The opinion prevails here also that at first Garibaldi had an understanding with the King, but was afterwards sacrificed. People are indignant that the King has shown no sign of sympathy for the man to whom he owes the crown of Italy. No one believes in an official trial.

Left Spezzia at eleven in a little carriage and drove by Sarzana, Luni (now the wretched Avenza), and Massa to the station Querceta, and thence came by Pisa and Lucca to Florence, where I arrived yesterday evening at ten o'clock.

FLORENCE, *October 20.*

Have been here for more than four weeks and am dwelling in Caroline Ungher's palace; have worked very hard, not only in the Magliabechiana, but also in the State Archives. A short time before my arrival Moritz Hartmann was a guest in the palace. Have read about fifty Lateran documents and copied several other deeds.

Lindemann came and brought me news of the serious illness of Dr Alertz at Lucerne; Reumont, who was on his way to Princess Rospigliosi, confirmed the tidings. Wrote to Lucerne, but have had no answer.

Have driven each Sunday with Michele Amari to Lastra and thence to the villa. Have also seen Villari frequently. Sabatier is still in France.

Thouvenel has sent in his resignation; Drouyn de Lhuys is to take his place. Garibaldi's amnesty has been received in silence, but Italian unity is assured.

Leave to-morrow by sea for Rome.

ROME, *October 25.*

Arrived here after a good passage on October 22, at three in the afternoon.

ROME, *November 20.*

Have been working diligently all this time, also in the Vaticana.

On October 27 the throne of Otho I. was overthrown in Greece. On September 16 my brother Gustaf died in New York; he was formerly a Philhellene, and had served in



the army under King Otho. Few have ever more valiantly struggled against adverse fate, against so many misfortunes and such suffering, as he.

ROME, November 30.

Buon-Compagni and the Garibaldians, even men of the right, violently attack Ratazzi's ministry. The grounds of complaint are: Aspromonte, brigandage, the incapacity to take Rome; the note of Drouyn de Lhuys, to which Durando is obliged to consent; the independence of France.

A few days ago von Canitz, the Prussian Ambassador here, suddenly went out of his mind. He appeared in the room where the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia and the Prince of Wales were seated at table, clad in the Turkish morning costume in which I have seen him so often. He was taken to the palace of Duke Gaetani, whose wife is his sister-in-law. Canitz was an honourable man, but, with the exception of his taste for Greek philology, of few intellectual interests.

Passaglia has persuaded several of the clergy to sign the address which exhorts the Pope to renounce the *dominium temporale*. A few years ago not even the most eloquent prophet would have been able to persuade a couple of priests to follow the banner of rebellion against a state of things sanctioned by the Church. The times advance. The seeds of a schism of a political nature are evident. Dogma, it is true, remains outside the question; the Italians are, as is our time on the whole, indifferent towards religion.

Have been with Don Vincenzo Colonna, who has placed the archives of his illustrious house at my disposal. He says that under Paul III. and Paul IV. these archives suffered many depredations; they are only complete in parts. Entire periods are lacking, more especially the earlier. Valesius wrote a history of the Colonna, of which the original is in the Capitol and a copy in the archives. The documents for this history which Valesius took to his house unfortunately disappeared at his death. Not until after the Sack of Rome is the series at all complete.

Shall look through these archives on Thursday.

Am working hard at vol. v. The material is enormous, and I am often about to despair of swimming through this ocean. But it must be done.

ROME, *December 14.*

The Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia left about ten days ago. They wanted to see me; went to the Palazzo Caffarelli, and was kindly received, and even invited to Berlin. The Crown Prince has an open and attractive manner; his wife is straightforward and simple, full of clear intelligence. The Crown Prince has incurred suspicion because he went to call on King Francis II.; but the act was kind and humane. On his farewell visit to the Pope, Pius returned to the old question of Cologne; the Crown Prince speaking to me about it, said that he had replied something so as "not to wrong the memory of his grandfather." He expressed the hope that the present crisis in Prussia would soon be tided over; and as he asked me my opinion on Roman affairs, I gave it frankly.

Gisela von Arnim and her husband Hermann Grimm are here. Bettina's daughter has something of her mother in her; something at least of the "child" in her character. Her casual manner annoyed me at first; I see now that she is of an amiable disposition.

The railway to Naples was opened on December 1; the Central Station has been removed to the Baths of Diocletian. A great event in the annals of the city!

Ratazzi's ministry has fallen. Farini has formed a new Cabinet, in which my friend Michele Amari is Minister of Education.

On Thursday the new French Ambassador, Latour d'Auvergne, arrived here; with him are Baron Baude and Count Chateaubriand, who form the *personnelle* of the Embassy.

ROME, *December 31.*

Spent Christmas evening very pleasantly at Lindemann's, where the Norwegian girls sang the national songs of their country.

The year has been a good one. My work knows no end.

1863

ROME, February 1.

THE year has begun unfavourably ; the weather, bad and rainy, made me ill, so that I was obliged to renounce work. Not until the day before yesterday was I able to begin again in earnest.

The present state of affairs here is as follows:—The Papacy has obtained a respite owing to Napoleon's policy. The best understanding prevails between Rome and Paris. When Pius received the French officers on New Year's Day, he gave warm expression to his gratitude for the protection of France. He compared the Church, or, in his vanity, himself, to the angel with whom Jacob wrestled until he recognised him in the dawn. Reforms are to be introduced throughout the rest of the States of the Church ; the representations of France, as contained in the *Yellow Book*, have induced the Pope to make these concessions, which will, however, only extend to those communes in which the election of municipal councillors will henceforward be freely conceded.

There is no end to the brigandage in Naples ; anarchy reigns in Sicily. A new sect, that of Pugnalatori, has been discovered in Palermo.

Willisen, brother of the General who is ill here, is coming as Prussian envoy to Rome. The clerical Theiner has again been warning Spithöver, the bookseller, against the sale of my *History of the City*. I greatly fear that it may be forbidden. Am still working in the Colonna archives.



ROME, *February 22.*

On February 1 Baron von Cotta died suddenly at Stuttgart in his sixty-seventh year, and a personal acquaintance whom I highly valued is thus lost to me. In Cotta also survived the great traditions of the literary period of the Fatherland, and this was of importance. Wrote to Stuttgart yesterday.

Willisen has arrived; he does not look like a military man, but has rather a bureaucratic and Hohenzollern air; he seems human and enlightened. Alertz has returned from Geneva, but is still ailing.

Last Sunday the Aliberto theatre was burnt to the ground; the sight from the Pincio was beautiful.

ROME, *March 8.*

The imprisonment of Cavaliere Fausti, Antonelli's confidant, an employé of the Dataria, a knight of the Legion of Honour, and the agent of France in ecclesiastical affairs, has caused a great sensation. The tribunal of the Consulta caused him to be suddenly arrested in the Corso, as he was coming from Mass, on the ground of letters which had been found among the papers of Venanzi, who was arrested last year, as one of the heads of the National Committee. Antonelli in consequence tendered his resignation; but the Pope wept, soothed him, and implored his little Richelieu not to desert him. Fausti still remains in S. Michele; and as a satisfaction to Antonelli, Monsignor Pisa, Minister of the Interior, is to be dismissed. This step of the Secretary of State has, however, been caused by other motives; for instance, Odo Russell's affair with regard to the Pope's demand as to whether he could find an asylum in England, an inquiry which the weak Pius denies having made, and finally the tension with Merode. The Curia is divided between the faction of the arrogant Belgian who is supported by the Jesuits (especially by Cardinal Altieri), and that of Antonelli, who has but few friends among the cardinals, but can reckon on all who hate Merode's influence.

Among the cardinals only Grasellini, Mertel, di Pietro, and Andrea are spoken of as liberal.

The Jesuits have made their first attack; I must be prepared for the consequences. The *Civiltà Cattolica* of February 21, 1863, p. 398, contains the following:—

*"Incredibili sono le tragedie che contra questa lettera di Stefano III. sono state mosse dai nemici della S. Chiesa, cominciando dai Centuratori di Magdeburgo, i quali primi la stampanno, infino a questi di che il protestante Gregorovius, degno alunno dei Centuratori, l'ha qualificata per un capolavoro di barbarie grottesca, e violenta, degna dei più tenebrosi tempi dell' umana società."*<sup>1</sup>

ROME (*Easter Sunday*), April 5.

The city is filled to overflowing with foreigners. Attended the Easter vespers with two Scotch ladies called Grant Duff, of whom I see a good deal.

Another new acquaintance is Princess Carolath Beuthen of Silesia, to whom I was introduced by Reumont.

Costa, a Corsican, called on me to thank me for my *Corsica*, and a Mr Rivinus from Philadelphia also came with the same object.

The Pope, in perfect health, has attended all the functions. Fausti is still in prison; the popular voice speaks of him as an actual traitor. There are probably many such in the Vatican.

About a fortnight ago Tristany's band fled from Neapolitan territory to seek refuge at Campo Morto in the Pontine Marshes, which since ancient times have afforded the right of sanctuary. The fugitives are perpetrating hideous cruelties there, and the papal Government has in consequence suspended the right of sanctuary, sent *gendarmes*, and arrested about forty brigands. The notorious Pilone of Vesuvius, and even a nephew of General Bosco, are among them; meanwhile the brigand leader Cipriano la Gala has been captured at Bracciano. These men are now lying imprisoned in the *Carcere nuove*, whence they will probably be allowed to escape with a favourable wind. The hiding-place of Tristany, the Spanish Don Quixote, remains unknown.

<sup>1</sup> *History of the City of Rome*, ii. 338-42.

The Church is fortunate ; at least it does not lack material for satirical witticisms. Cavour is dead, Garibaldi has become a romantic sentimentalist, who from Caprera sends forth fanatical letters to the world, and Farini, the head of the Italian ministry, has gone out of his mind. He was taken to the Convent of Novalesa, which he himself had previously suppressed. In other respects the conflict between the Church and the State continues ; several convents have been suppressed, and the decree of March 5 makes all the bulls and briefs of the spiritual authorities subject to the *Exequatur* of the Government.

Alexander Herzen's young daughters have come to Rome with Fräulein Meysenbug.

ROME, April 20.

Among the strangers who have called on me are Franz Löher from Munich, who is on his way to Sicily ; Ulrich von Hutten, of the ancient Hutten family, sent by Colonel Rüstow ; Arthur Russell, and the translator of *Corsica*, Russell Martineau. Martineau told me that Longmans had printed 3000 copies, of which 1500 were sold during the first year, while the remainder had perished in a fire.

On the 11th Frau Grunelius took the revised proofs of the *Figuren* back to Germany for the second edition. I am preparing for the press the second volume of the *Wanderjahre*, under which title the collective essays are to appear.

On the 12th there was a great demonstration in favour of the Pope ; the city was splendidly illuminated.

Pilone has been liberated and has resumed his career on Vesuvius.

The sudden embezzlement of all the minutes of the political trials (Venanzi and Fausti) has created a great sensation here ; the thief, paid by the Turin Government, has made away with the documents.

On the 18th Munch came from Christiania to take his family away. He remains for two months ; has grown younger, looks strong and flourishing, and is childlike in his vivacity.



ROME, *April 26.*

On the 20th went to Prima Porta, where the ruins of a villa of the Cæsars have been excavated and a fine statue of Augustus discovered. A glorious spring.

The ex-Queen Maria has returned and is living in the Palazzo Farnese.

ROME, *May 10.*

Antonelli has again sent in his resignation. The party of the Legitimists and Sanfedisti, headed by Merode, is not, however, powerful enough to oust the Cardinal, and the Pope insists on his remaining. He has forced his opponents to an official reconciliation.

The Pope wished to go to the Campagna and Marittima on the 6th. This project, which was opposed by Antonelli, is the work of de Merode. It is desired to make a papal triumphal procession through Latium; while at the same time the approach of the Holy Father to the Neapolitan frontier is intended to infuse new life into the reaction there.

The railway line from Rome to Monte Rotondo was temporarily opened, but only for three days.

As soon as the railway system is finished, Rome will be the true centre of Italy.

Yesterday the Scotch ladies returned from Naples.

ROME, *May 17.*

The Pope left on the 11th. He has visited Velletri, Norma, Sermoneta, Frosinone, Veroli, and is at Alatri to-day. He is going as far as Ceprano, but in his carriage, in order to avoid the Neapolitan frontier station. It is long since these gloomy Latin towns have seen a pope.

During the Middle Ages the popes lived there in exile.

Pius IX. will consecrate the new aqueduct in Anagni. The country people have everywhere received him with enthusiasm. It is perhaps the last journey which a pope, as a secular prince, will ever make in the beautiful domains of S. Peter.

Am once more very busy, immersed in Petrarch's Latin writings.

Munch has been taken suddenly ill, just as the family were on the point of departure. He seems to have had a sun-stroke; he came heated out of the Vatican, bathed his head in one of the fountains of S. Peter's, and fainted when he got home. All his limbs are aching.

ROME, *May 28.*

On the 25th Munch had sufficiently recovered to go for a drive. His departure for Norway was definitely fixed. In the evening went to Frau Lindemann's—found the house empty; the maid told me that the whole family had gone to Munch, who had again suddenly fainted. Hurried to his house and fetched Alertz. Munch was lying unconscious. Alertz prescribed for him and went away. Half an hour later Munch was worse, and I went for Alertz a second time. When we arrived Munch was already dead.

What a night in that house! The four daughters surrounded the distracted mother—everything ruined at a blow, after the joy of meeting and on the point of departure. Two dreadful days followed.

We buried Munch yesterday at five in the afternoon beside the Pyramid of Cestius. Dietrichson of Upsala delivered the funeral oration; then I spoke a few words, and in the name of German literature laid a laurel wreath on the coffin.

Norway will adopt Munch's children: a telegram came from the Government yesterday. Lindemann has telegraphed to the King of Sweden. The only son, an officer in his service, is coming.

Munch was fifty-two years old. His *History of Norway* remains unfinished. Between the years 1852–62 seven bulky volumes appeared, bringing it down to 1371. This gigantic torso secures his fame in his own country. He was a handsome and dignified man, vivacious, it might be said restless, always excited. His memory incredibly good; his learning uncommon. His character ingenuous almost to childishness.

ROME, *June 7.*

The Munches are resigned. The son is expected immediately. The King of Sweden has telegraphed to the widow. The grass is already beginning to grow over his grave. Have returned to my work in the Vatican.

ROME, *June 17.*

On the 13th Edward Munch, an officer in the Guards, was sent by the King of Sweden to fetch home the family. Julie was the only one in Rome, the others having gone to Frascati to stay with Consul Marstaller in the Villa Piccolomini. Drove with Lindemann to Frascati on the morning of the 14th, to announce the arrival of the brother, who came a few hours later. They leave on S. John's day.

Have finished my work at the libraries—it is growing hot. Am looking through all the material I have collected in order to gain a general summary.

A few days ago drove to Prima Porta to see the excavations. It is the site of the battle of Maxentius. On the hill above the river stands the Villa of Livia (ad Gallinas); and in the Middle Ages the place was called Lubra. The villa has only been partially excavated; a room, painted with landscapes on a blue ground, is in good preservation. The statue of Augustus had already been brought to Rome, where I found it in Tenerani's studio, the sculptor having been entrusted with its restoration. It is really beautiful; the reliefs on the armour of the finest workmanship. The head is splendid, but evidently added to the body, from which, moreover, it has been separated.

ROME, *S. John's Day.*

Have spent several hours with the Munches. Their brother's presence has given them strength; their grief is less violent; their thoughts are occupied with preparations for their departure.

This morning at six we all drove to the station for Civita Vecchia, and they left at seven. They are remarkable and original creatures; all innocent and childlike to the last



degree, as was their father himself. Their character is still elemental, as if they had not yet severed themselves from the primitive forces of nature.

Norway has handsomely provided for Munch's children. He could not have died better than here in Rome, at the height of his fame, beloved by his country, which he had only just left.

The Italian Government is proceeding energetically against the clergy. On June 11 Arnoldi, Archbishop of Spoleto, was imprisoned. Convents are suppressed every day.

On Saturday last obtained access to the secret archives of the Capitol. The secretary, Pompili Olivieri, is author of a *History of the Roman Senate in the Middle Ages*; and the archivist is Vitte, the lawyer. Looked through the Catalogue, but found little for my purpose. The greater number of documents date from the beginning of the sixteenth century. The Sack of Rome made a clean sweep of everything earlier.

ROME, July 7.

Leave to-morrow for Genoa in the steamer *Aunis*. In former years have quitted Rome at this season with great reluctance; this time leave with indifference. I hope to get rid of this musty smell in the Alps, and shall work for some weeks in Munich.

BRUNNEN, LAKE OF LUCERNE, July 14.

Left Rome on the morning of July 8 and took ship at Civita Vecchia. Found Princess Carolath on board, on her way from Naples. We landed together at Leghorn, where I called on the different families that I knew. The house of D., the clergyman, seems the refuge for romantic married pairs, on whom he bestows his blessing, like the smith of Gretna Green. Found there a young Hamburg girl, lately married to an adventurer from Schleswig Holstein who had taken part in Garibaldi's expedition in Sicily, and who had betrayed and deserted her.

From Genoa, where I remained from morning until

midday, went on to Turin, which I reached on the 10th. Went to look for Amari, but did not find him either in the Ministry of Public Instruction nor yet in the Parliament House. Attended a sitting of the Chamber, where Venosta and Minghetti sat alone on the ministerial benches. The taxation of movable property was under discussion, and the Minister of Finance made it a Cabinet question. The debate was devoid of animation.

On the morning of the 11th Amari came to my hotel; unfortunately had only time for a few minutes' conversation, as I was already on the point of getting into the omnibus.

By Novara to Arona on the Lago Maggiore, thence on to Mogadino.

Left Bellinzona at midnight; arrived at Airolo, the last Italian station, at the foot of the S. Gothard, the next day at twelve, then crossed the pass.

At Amsteg witnessed a proof of the education of the Swiss; a passenger and the postilion, seated in the carriage, thrashed one another with horrible and barbarous cries in the beautiful patois of the country.

On the morning of the 13th by steamer to Brunnen, where I took up my quarters at the Aigle d'Or. About fifty sat down to dinner at the long table, where we were packed close together. It seemed to me like a prison from which I could not find any exit. The view of the lake is beautiful, but limited; the mountains wild and devoid of outline; the company (several Berliners) unattractive. Yesterday, went to Schwyz; this rural spot, embedded in green, is beautifully situated at the foot of the Mythenstein.

Travelling parties of students with their tutors—one carrying the red flag of the Canton. We had one such party on board the steamer on the Lago Maggiore; it came from Granson, and was conducted by an old pedant with a thick Alpenstock, invariably lively and contented.

Look on everything with indifference, and only move because motion does me good. Besides, it is only nine months since I left Switzerland.

HOTEL WITRIG, DACHSEN, FALLS OF THE RHINE, *July 23.*

On the 16th, from Lucerne to Basle. From Olten onwards the railway stations were decorated with emblems and national flags on account of the shooting competition at Chauxdefonds. Also saw the German Imperial Eagle and the German colours at every station, in welcome of the German competitors. An inscription somewhere said:—

“Liberty to the people and their intercourse;  
No more despots or Custom-houses.”

Got to Basle in the evening. Went to the cathedral, which still retains some fragments of Romanesque. The museum preserves a few memorials of Erasmus, remains of Holbein's “Dance of Death,” frescoes from the former Franciscan Church. The Swiss have a peculiar taste for such gruesome subjects. In several of the country churches have seen the skeleton of the patron saint, clad in magnificent gold-embroidered vestments, seated above the altar.

There is nothing to be seen in this dull, monotonous town.

On the 17th by the new Baden railway past Waldshut to the Falls of the Rhine, near the castle of Lauffen.

Intended to go on to Constance, but the solitude of Dachsen attracted me. Shall remain here some days, at ten minutes' distance from the Falls, half an hour's from Schaffhausen, where I go as a rule in the morning. The place is very prettily situated on the Rhine, amid trees and vines. The statue of Johann von Müller stands above the promenade in a sort of park. The Munoth, a fortress of the sixteenth century, a round tower like—and, perhaps, built in imitation of—that of Cecilia Metella, is worth seeing.

Yesterday crossed the Rhine into Baden, and went to Rheinau, an old Benedictine monastery founded by the first Welf, and suppressed last year by the Government of Zürich. Only ten monks have been left, wretched specimens of a moribund civilisation.

In summer, Switzerland presents the spectacle of a perpetual festival; all the world is holiday-making. Hundreds come here daily to see the Falls; entire schools



are travelling; the day before yesterday a school of 380 boys and girls made holiday here. They do not sing, but rather jodell or bellow; do not eat, but devour. Yesterday the employés and workmen of the Zürich railway, to the number of 400, came here somewhat elated.

Ten trains rush past my window every day.

Have spent eight delightful, reposeful days here, of which eight lyrics are the result. The Rhine, the vineyards, the peaceful villages and their friendly inhabitants, combine to produce a poetic frame of mind.

CONSTANCE, *July 25.*

Yesterday to Constance. Alighted at Hohentwiel, to see the isolated mountain with its fortress. The bad architecture of this building dates probably from the time of Hutten, who lived here in exile. The hill, an ugly, shapeless cone of basalt, commands an extensive and beautiful view. The whole country is Catholic.

Proceeded in rain to Constance, where I arrived at four in the afternoon. The town lies beautifully on the lake, a huge and dreamlike expanse. Poplars and other trees around; old German architecture, frequently ugly, the houses looking as if built of cards. Saw the Hall of Council, where Martin V. was elected. The hall, entirely modern and built of wood, still displayed the preparations made for the opening of the Baden railway; the walls decorated with the arms of Baden and Swiss towns. The museum above preserves some memorials of Huss and of periods still earlier. Two childish wax figures represent Huss and Jerome of Prague. Ancient shields of Crusaders are worth seeing; some historical portraits, Roman antiquities, bronzes, coins, pagan idols of Constance's pre-historic past. Some old prints; the Missal of Martin V.; the chair occupied by the Emperor Sigismund at the Council.

A stone erected in 1862 at Brühl, outside the town, marks the resting-place of Huss. The monument is good and appropriate: below, a pile of stone, overgrown with

ivy; above, a colossal block, on which is inscribed simply—*Johannes Huss, died 6 (14) July 1415*; on the other side a similar tablet to Jerome of Prague.

MAX JOSEPH STRASSE, NO. 1, MUNICH, *August 7.*

On the 26th from Constance to Lindau; thence to Munich, where I arrived in the evening in torrents of rain. Owing to a shooting competition, it was hard to find accommodation. They took me in, however, at the Bayerischer Hof; on the 29th got private lodgings not far from the Propylæ.

Called on Giesebrecht, with whom I spent some very pleasant hours on my first arrival. He told me that the King wished to give me a post at Munich; but I explained that I would not accept any, nor in any case could occupy a post which I owed to individual favour. But since the King wished to see me, I informed his adjutant-general, Herr von Spruner, of my arrival.

On August 3, was invited to the Castle of Nymphenberg. The amiable King received me alone. He looks nervous and suffering, and somewhat timid. We conversed solely on literary subjects, and more particularly on Rome. He told me that he is coming there next winter, and on my departure said that he would like to become more intimately acquainted with me.

Have never been in the service of anyone; my nature would not endure it. I owe everything to myself, and am determined to remain free. This independence is my only possession.

Saw Schack, but only cursorily: he was going to Geneva; Giesebrecht to Reichenhall.

Work every day at the library from nine until twelve. Constantine Höfler from Prague called on me.

Went to see Döllinger. He is a cultivated, cold, dry man, who expresses himself with caution. He acknowledged the impartial tone of my *History of the City of Rome*.

Saw Donna Diana of Moreto at the theatre.

MUNICH, *August 17.*

Lonely days, nearly everyone being out of town ; even Döllinger, with whom I dined to meet the professional historians Höfler, Professor Ficker of Innsbruck, and Cornelius of Munich. Höfler indulged in invectives against Prussia, which he seems to hate. The invitation which the Emperor of Austria has issued to the Diet of Princes has roused the irritation even of Munich.

At Charles Bonner's met Julius Fröbel, whom I had never seen before. Fröbel, stirred to enthusiasm by the Royal Diet, went to the same Frankfort where he had preached the overthrow of crowned heads fifteen years before. He expressed himself as violently opposed to the national aspirations of the Poles and even of the Italians. Fröbel!—In opposition to his political views I gave vent to the hope that Italy might recover possession of Venice, which belonged to her. Fröbel has an official position in Austria. He is much liked there, although he is called the Imperial Royal Democrat of the Court. In Austria, he sincerely sees, as it would appear, the welfare and anchor of salvation of Germany. What a mistake in a mind otherwise so clear and so cultured by experience ! His appearance is manly and handsome.

On the 14th the Emperor Francis Joseph passed through Munich on his way to the Diet. The people received him with acclamations, though without enthusiasm.

Yesterday the King of Prussia came on his way to Baden-Baden. He was met with profoundest silence : he drove for some distance bare-headed. The proceedings of the squirearchy have made Prussia more than ever disliked ; she stands alone even in Germany.

REICHENHALL, *September 1.*

On August 30, finished my work in the Munich Library. Saw Gounod's *Faust* at the National Theatre. Fräulein Stehle, as Gretchen, was perfect and charming ; Kindermann, as Mephistopheles, no less excellent ; Faust moderately good. The opera, the music of which is not sympathetic, shows the effect an important subject can



achieve. The scenery, especially the garden scene by moonlight, was of magic beauty.

Have been with Cornelius, professor of History. The Munich professors seem still strongly papal in their sympathies; they will not hear of the fall of the *dominium temporale*.

Came to Reichenhall yesterday, and met Professor Ungher of Vienna accidentally in the train; we chatted all the way to Teisendorf, where we parted. Found Giesebrecht and his wife at home, and we walked together to the Thumsee. A magnificent thunder-storm in the evening, then torrents of rain.

SALZBURG, September 4.

On September 3 went to Berchtesgaden, which is charming, owing to its situation in a fertile and beautiful valley under the Watzmann. Dark mountains, deep, moist green, melancholy and stern colouring—all grand, serious, and heroic. Went to the Königsee and thence drove to S. Bartolomeo. Returned to Berchtesgaden at noon, and looked up Carl Hegel, son of the philosopher, a professor at Erlangen, and known as the author of an excellent work on the Constitution of the Cities of Italy. He is a man over fifty, already grey, cultivated and quiet, with a handsome and imposing head; he is said to be like his father.

Spent some lively hours with Hegel, as we had many topics of interest in common. He showed himself liberal both in German and Italian questions; condemned the colourlessness, bordering on illiberality, of Giesebrecht, who from the first has shown himself inclined to take the side of the Ultramontanes in Munich.

Yesterday drove here with Giesebrecht and his wife. Giesebrecht showed me the mythic pear-tree on the Walserfeld, under the Untersberge.

Salzburg is built so much in the Italian style, that I could almost believe myself in Spoleto. The Prince-bishops of ancient times were in constant intercourse with Rome; an Italian wave swept across here. The style is that of the Jesuits of the beginning of the seventeenth century. The

most celebrated architect in Salzburg was Solaro, an Italian. The situation of the town is incomparable. Have seen nothing more beautiful in Germany. It is the sole spot on German soil which has the ideal outlines of the South.

The castle of Leopoldskron, a quarter of an hour's distance, is now inhabited by King Louis and his dethroned son Otho of Greece.

Schwanthaler's statue of Mozart is simple and beautiful. Haydn is buried in the Franciscan Church, where there is also a memorial tablet to Neukomm; and the Church of S. Stephen contains the tomb of Paracelsus.

There is a garrison here of 400 Hungarian hussars and Croats. The town is full of the doings at Frankfort. People are enthusiastic over the "great deed" of the Emperor, who arrived at Vienna to-day and was received with a triumphal ovation.

MUNICH, *September 9.*

Returned here on September 5. The town was hung with flags, as the day before the King had had a triumphal reception on his return from Frankfort. Worked again at the library, where I finished my labours to-day.

Yesterday went to supper with Professor Cornelius, where was also Balzer from Breslau, whom I had known in Rome. Had already met Charles Bonner at lunch. Major von Wirsing returned from Gastein. To-morrow I go to Heiden in Switzerland. Leave the Fatherland reluctantly.

HEIDEN, *September 12.*

Came to Augsburg at ten in the morning.

Gisela von Arnim had spoken to me in Munich about a picture of Leonardo's at Augsburg, and I went in consequence to the Public Gallery. Eigner, the director, took me round—fine pictures, although greatly restored, of the early German school. The picture by Leonardo (?) the head of a woman, strangely uncanny, like a Medusa Rondanini—modelled like a piece of sculpture.

Spent the night at Lindau and came here yesterday,

where I was received with the usual cordiality. Gräfe is here also.

It was instructive to hear from the mouth of Thile, who is now Under-Secretary of State, many particulars concerning affairs in Prussia. Even he depicts the position as hopeless; he is by no means a blind adherent of Bismarck, whose aristocratic arrogance he blames, as also the mistakes of his Government. He is of opinion that the new Chamber will be entirely liberal. Reverence for the dynasty has vanished; the monarchic principle, as everywhere, is in danger; the differences between the King and the Crown Prince are undoubted; the letters written by the Prince to his father, which were indiscreetly published, are authentic, even although not entirely word for word. The Emperor of Austria actually took King William unawares at Gastein, and the King was very nearly going to Frankfort.

MILAN, *September 16.*

On the 14th to Chur. At the station of Sargau made the acquaintance of Berthold Auerbach, who was on his way to Ragatz with the Princess of Hohenzollern and a crowd of other people. Auerbach is a short, stout man, of strikingly Jewish aspect. His eyes are large and shrewd; his manner artificially natural. We talked together for about twenty-five minutes while he ate a large quantity of plums, which he took from his pocket.

Remained the night at Chur.

On the morning of the 15th came on by the Via Mala, and at night passed through Chiavenna to the Lago di Como.

At Colico, getting on board the steamer, overcome with sleep, I failed to see the bridge, and was on the point of falling straight into the water, where I might have met with Fiesco's death, had not a tall officer suddenly caught me by the arms. *Mille grazie! Niente, Signor!* I did not see my preserver again. It was all like a dream. Arrived at Milan at eight o'clock this morning. The busy life of this magnificent town, as also the sound of Italian and the noble beauty of the Italian race, impress me once again.

Hurried to the Ambrosiana, where I found Henzen



sitting over the inscriptions, and saw with delight the Gallery and the Brera, where there was an exhibition of pictures. Finished the day at S. Ambrosio.

BOLOGNA, *September 20.*

On the 17th went to Parma to see the picture gallery again; Parma leaves an impression of utter decay. Oderisi was not at the library, having now taken Angelo Pezzano's place.

In the afternoon came on to Bologna; found letters from Amari at the Post Office, introducing me to Count Carlo Pepoli, Syndic of Bologna and cousin of the present Ambassador at S. Petersburg. I presented myself to him at the Municipio and met with a friendly reception. The Count sent for Frati, the librarian of the *Arciginnasio*, who took me to the *Archivio pubblico* in the Palazzo del Podestà, where King Enzo was once imprisoned. Aldini is Curator. Was given entire freedom, and have been working there since the day before yesterday. A huge pile of documents, not arranged, and abandoned to dust, is heaped up in one of the large halls. On the other hand the notarial acts of later periods, as everywhere in Italy, are excellently kept. Under the rule of the popes I should never have been granted permission; now everything is accessible to the inquirer.

The arrangements of the *Arciginnasio*, where the public library of the town is kept in beautiful rooms, are excellent. This institution is being enlarged, and is destined to contain the archives and museum. The wealth of Bologna is shown in her ancient buildings and churches; Rome has no palaces of early centuries to compare with those here. The houses of the Bolognese nobles were literally fortresses—for instance, the Palazzo Pepoli, a gigantic structure; and many are still crenellated. A serious, grand, genuine aspect reigns over everything; the manly spirit of the citizen class, ennobled by knowledge, the true basis of *Libertas*!

The Pope has no prospect of recovering this pearl of his dominion. Bologna is strongly fortified. As junction of three main railway lines, the town has a future before her.

Monteremolo is Prefect here, and Cialdini commandant of the division.

Have made the acquaintance of Michelangelo Gualandi, a celebrated antiquary. To-day I dine with Count Gozzadini at his villa at Sasso.

BOLOGNA, *September 21.*

On the way to Sasso met Count Gamba, who was also going to Gozzadini's. Our host received us at the station and we drove with him to his country-house. Spent two delightful hours with this distinguished man, a member of the celebrated Bolognese family. The Countess looks intellectual, talks a great deal and with animation. We spoke of Perez, and all the love which I bore my lost friend was reawakened.

Am working in the archives—many of the parchments, wretchedly kept, have fallen a prey to moths. Never have I rummaged in such dust; was covered by it like a mason. I was disgusted. The Muse in me rebelled. "Confounded, musty hole!"

The people here are filled with contempt for the former clerical rule. The priests hold together like a chain, and intrigue whenever they can. Several primary schools are being built. The conscription is going on better.

*September 22.*

Have found several memorable facts in the archives. While thinking in these rooms of King Enzo, it almost seemed as if his ghost stood before me and looked at me with sad irony. What must have been his feelings in prison when the news reached him in succession of the death of his father and Conrad IV., of the fall of Manfred and the ruin of Conradin!

The way in which this valuable material has been abandoned to the moths is incredible. Am writing about it to the Minister at Turin.

Was visited to-day by Herr Vital, a wealthy Swiss, who is settled here, and who came to thank me for *Corsica*, which he did very warmly.

He told me a great deal concerning ecclesiastical matters here. The Swiss in Bologna, Reggio, and Modena have founded a Protestant congregation, the centre of which is Bologna. They assemble for divine service in the Palazzo Bentivoglio; they support their pastor, and dismiss him if he offends them, as they do in Switzerland. The Waldensians, whose chief seat is in Turin, tried to acquire supremacy over the reformed church in Italy, and even sent their foremost preacher to Bologna, who was introduced here by Detroit of Leghorn. Behind the Waldensians stands the English Evangelical Mission, which gives Bibles and money. The Swiss in Bologna, Modena, and Reggio wish to sever themselves from the Waldensians, in order to prevent an arch-episcopate arising in Turin. There is besides an old Catholic congregation here, formed of Italian Nationalists; they call themselves Evangelical, and are a belated continuation of the heretical churches of Italy, such as existed in the twelfth century. The Waldensians here also belong to the middle class. No one of the upper class has joined them, and they make converts solely among the *bourgeoisie*. They are estimated at 300-400, but are more numerous in Leghorn and Florence. The poor are attracted by the Gospel, which is new to them; and freedom from Confession, from domiciliary visitations, and from tribute of every kind is also an attraction. Others are driven into the reformed camp by hatred of the priests; nevertheless, Protestantism will not make many converts here.

September 24.

Dined yesterday with Herr Vital at his country-house outside the Porta S. Isaia. He spoke favourably of the Italian character. He took me to the Campo Santo, a magnificent cemetery which does honour to the town.

Took leave of Count Pepoli to-day at the palace of the Senate. He told me of his imprisonment in Venice; of his exile in London, where he made the acquaintance of Bunsen; and of his exertions for the welfare of the town. He is full of hope, and it is, moreover, a pleasure to see how



everyone strives as far as he can for the improvement of Bologna.

Have experienced great kindness here, and leave the celebrated city with the warmest wishes. On its walls stands the finest word of antiquity: *Libertas! Libertas!*

SPADA D'ORO, RAVENNA, *September 25-26.*

Little modern houses; lifeless streets—churches on every side, outwardly unimposing, but within rich in monuments of Gothic and Byzantine times. There are marvellous treasures here in history and art.

Count Peppli gave me an introduction to Count Alessandro Cappi, director of the museum, and librarian of the city. The handsome, elderly gentleman took me to the archives of the archbishopric. There is much to be gained here later on. Everything is open to me.<sup>1</sup>

FONTANA, FLORENCE, *September 29.*

Spent the night of the 27th in Bologna, and yesterday came on to Vergato, as far as which the railway is finished. Six hours in the diligence to Pistoja; a gentle ascent along the Reno; the summit of the pass, whence there is a beautiful view over Tuscany, is called Collina.

Arrived at Florence at four o'clock yesterday. The Sabatiers are here; through them have made the acquaintance of Tommaso Gar, the friend of Manin, who is going to Naples as librarian. Have been only once to the villa, when I stayed from Monday till Tuesday. Have seen all my acquaintances, even poor Bonaini, who, it is hoped, may recover in the asylum at Perugia.

ALBERGO DELLA SCALA, SIENA, *October 4.*

Came here from Florence on September 30. The following day set to work on the archives in the Prefecture. Amari sent me an introduction from Turin. Great wealth of material. Polidoro is archivist, and under

<sup>1</sup> A circumstantial account of the impressions and results of this visit to Ravenna is contained in the first chapter of vol. iv, of the *Wanderjahre in Italien*,—*Editor's Note.*

him Banchi. Work from nine till three. The evenings are long, the town lifeless and devoid of culture.

Have seen the splendid Sodomas in S. Domenico and in the Municipio, where are also beautiful frescoes of Taddeo da Bartolo and Simone Martini. To-day, in the cathedral, the frescoes of Pinturicchio depicting the history of Pius II.

Am disillusioned with regard to Siena; had expected to find the town beautiful, but instead it is confined and gloomy like Bologna. It has no vitality. All the provincial towns in Italy are falling to decay; the railway creates great centres, but destroys the smaller towns.

Shall soon have led this desultory and expensive vagrant life for three entire months, and I long for quiet.

SIENA, *October 7.*

Have found great mass of material here. Have spent some pleasant hours with Filippo Polidori, a man belonging to Perticari and Monti's school. Otherwise a dreary void of life. To-morrow I go on to Orvieto.

ORVIETO, *October 9.*

Came yesterday by Chiusi to Ficulle; thence by diligence in four hours to Orvieto, where I arrived at six in the evening. Gaetano Milanese of Florence had written to introduce me to Leandro Mazzochi, a nobleman living here. He called on me to-day and took me to the Syndic of the place, Signor Razza, whose evasive answers, however, showed me that the archives would remain closed. Have therefore renounced them, and leave this evening for Rome, if I can get a place.

Orvieto has at present only 9000 inhabitants. Mazzochi took me to the theatre which is in process of building. This is the only sign of present vitality in the town. Forty shareholders have each given 1000 scudi, the Municipium 10,000. The theatre is to be opened in 1865.

Orvieto is full of buildings of the early Middle Ages. Have seen some beside S. Domenico, which must be at

least from six to seven hundred years old. All are built of small reddish square blocks of limestone; all are falling to ruin—churches, palaces, towers, more especially the old palace of the Podesta.

People here no longer care to know anything about the Pope. A tablet, however, on the ancient tower of the prison commemorates the first amnesty of Pius IX. of the year 1846.

Beyond the celebrated white wine, Orvieto produces nothing, has no industry, and seems very poor.

How I regret that I did not get letters from Turin! An order from the Minister of the Interior would have roused the Signor Sindaco.

ORVIETO, October 10.

To-day the Syndic opened the archives of the Municipio to me. They are in a state of such indescribable confusion that he had been ashamed to show them before. I have never seen such chaos. The most valuable materials—*regesta* of the time of Albornotz, Bulls, hundreds of parchments—are rotting to pieces; likewise *libri condemnationum et absolutionum* of several podestas of the thirteenth century. Only a series of Bulls, and happily the numerous volumes of the *Deliberationes consilii* (from 1295 until the sixteenth century) were arranged about twenty years ago by the Marchese Gualterio.

Have copied some (two letters of King Ladislaus and of Queen Joanna II.). When I had finished I thanked the Syndic warmly and implored him to rescue these archives, and he promised to do it.

Have sent a strong letter to Amari, the Minister at Turin, concerning the neglect of the municipal archives at Bologna and the ruin of Theodoric's tomb at Ravenna. It may perhaps bear fruit.

Must return here; the unbounded confusion does not allow me to do more than dip into the material at random.

Came across a Roman woman to-day who had escaped from de Merode's police two months ago, and had come here on foot. She had sheltered a Liberal in her house.



ROME, October 14.

On the 11th drove in a little carriage from Orvieto by Montefiascone to Viterbo, where I spent the night at the Aquila Nera. On the 12th came on by Vetralla and Monte Romano to Civita Vecchia. Torrents of rain like a deluge. Were not able to cross the Mignone, which had overflowed its banks, consequently turned and went to Corneto, getting there at five o'clock. Accident thus brought me to a town which I had always longed to visit. Alighted at the great palace of Cardinal Vitelleschi, in which a *locanda* has now been established. Found a great number of French soldiers there. Went in search of Count Falzacappa, the friend of Ballanti and Serny, and found him at the chemist's, which, as in *Hermann and Dorothea*, seems the rendezvous of the society of the place. He promised to give me the codex of *Margherita of Corneto* to copy, as soon as he came to Rome. May thus achieve a great result and bless the accident that led me to Corneto.

On the morning of the 13th, left for Civita Vecchia; the carriages of the King of Bavaria—having been driven ashore by the storm at sea—had just reached Corneto. The river had subsided, and we arrived at Civita Vecchia at nine. The cannon from the fortress thundered a salute to the King as he landed. Accident willed that I should travel to Rome by the same train. In passing the Pyramid of Cestius I thought of Munch—only a few months have passed since I stood there beside his coffin. His family have already settled down in Norway, and I myself rushed past him in the train.

The King was received by the Bourbons on his arrival. He hurried forward to the unfortunate Queen Maria; she looks pale and handsome, but coughs as if in consumption. He gave her his arm and led her to her carriage. I watched him from a distance. Only a few weeks ago I had seen him at the castle of Nymphenburg, and later with the Emperor of Austria at Munich, when Francis Joseph returned from the Royal Diet.

Got to Rome yesterday at 12.30. Have now got every-

thing into order again. My MSS., which were among the archives at the Embassy and had got quite damp, have been spread out to dry in the room above, and to-morrow I begin my eternal toil in the Eternal City.

ROME, *November 1.*

Have resumed my work among the Capitoline archives and have made a grand discovery. Olivieri Pampilio informed me of the existence of an ancient Codex of the Statutes of the Roman Merchants, and with Ballanti's help I succeeded in finding it. Giovanni Rigacci, secretary of the archives of the Guild, placed this treasure at my disposal. This, the only ancient statute of the Roman Guilds which has been preserved, begins with 1319 and comes down to 1717. Work with the utmost zeal at Rigacci's house in the morning.

To-morrow shall begin to write the fifth volume.

A great many foreigners are here already, among them Herr von Fahrenheid and Herr von Salpius.

All the power is now in the hands of the fanatic de Merode. Antonelli only retains diplomatic affairs. The French Ambassador, Latour d'Auvergne, is leaving Rome; his place is to be taken by Sartiges, formerly Minister in Turin.

Miracle-working pictures of the Virgin, which move the eyes, have been discovered; one at Vicovaro, and another in Rome itself at S. Maria in Monticelli. They do not, however, venture to exhibit the miracle here; perhaps ashamed to do so before the King of Bavaria, whose presence in other respects may be salutary. The King is ill and lives in utter seclusion.

ROME, *November 22.*

Have worked hard and successfully at vol. v.; have written almost two chapters. The days are fine and sunny. Yesterday Madame Grunelius arrived. Was at a party at the Ambassador's on Wednesday, where I made the acquaintance of General von der Tann.

Napoleon's invitation to the Congress has excited great

displeasure at the Vatican. People will not send representatives to a Congress, which Napoleon ushers in with the declaration that the treaties of 1815 have ceased to exist. When just now a spurious telegram brought the news that he had offered the presidency to the Pope, the *Osservatore Romano* demonstrated that the Pope has been appointed by God as arbitrator over kings and nations, and that every misfortune which has fallen on the world is due solely to the fact that his tribunal has been disallowed.

To-day from the Iron Bridge I saw taken out of the river the remains of the carriages (ten in number) which had fallen into it a little while ago. The navigation of the river is still interrupted. Also visited the new tobacco factory in the Trastevere. There are three courtyards with double porticoes—diameter of 480 feet. The Pope has money in plenty.

ROME, December 20.

Have finished the fourth chapter of vol. v. The Schleswig-Holstein excitement has also laid hold on me, though I look with little hope on the distracted Fatherland. Now would be the most favourable moment for Germany to rise to power. Should the opportunity pass we shall long remain practically dead. King Max was summoned by his country to return home, and left Rome forthwith a fortnight ago. A short time before his departure I dined with him at the Villa Malta. Reumont was there also, and Wendtland from Paris. The King said several nice things to me concerning my *History of Rome*. He regretted being obliged to leave Rome, where he had taken up his quarters for the whole winter.

The Pope has accepted the invitation to the Congress. His letter is extolled as a masterpiece by the clerical press. The Church therein recalls the fact that she was formerly the supreme tribunal and arbitress over discordant peoples. She would like once more to be the centre of gravity, but her time has passed away.

From these antiquated conditions the world will only be able to emancipate herself by a war.



There is a scheme for building a new city in the Vatican Field of Nero. It has been set on foot by the Neapolitan emigrants, the Count of Trani, and the Prince della Rocca, an adventurer. Mediæval Rome is vanishing more and more. S. Lorenzo is being restored from the foundations.

ROME, December 31.

A few days ago the French followed twenty-four papal carabineers, Belgians, from Albano to Castel Gandolfo, on account of some excesses that they had committed, shot two dead and wounded seven. The colonel praised the captain for this conduct. Merode went to Castel Gandolfo to attend the obsequies of these unfortunate men, as if they had fallen on the field of honour. Merode is still powerful—he rules the centre of the Legitimists and causes money to flow to Rome. He thereby possesses the two keys to Pius IX.'s heart. The true friends of the Papacy have implored Antonelli not to send in his resignation, else everything will go topsy-turvy.

The Pope has filled five episcopal chairs, in the former provinces of the States of the Church, among them Bologna, to which he appointed Guidi, general of the Dominicans—all *in partibus infidelium* or *rebellantium*.

Herr Plattnauer, a refugee from London, called on me with two sons of Lord Downshire. To-day at the close of the year I have reached *anno* 1243 in the *History*.

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ROME, January 24.

THE new year began with a violent torrent of rain: this was followed by a clear frost, the thermometer sometimes falling to four degrees below zero. The fountain of the Tritone has been veiled in ice and has presented a fantastic spectacle.

Am well advanced in vol. v. Prince Don Baldassare Boncompagni now provides me with material from his private library. I was surprised to discover it—a splendid hall in the Palazzo Simonetti, filled with mathematical and historical works. No one reading or working there.

Two evenings in the week there are English readings at Madame Lindemann's. Count Alexis Tolstoi from S. Petersburg has arrived.

Everything is quiet in Rome. Public prayers are still held against Renan's book, *La vie de Jésus*. Did the Church make as much fuss over Luther's writings? did it tremble before them to such a degree?

ROME, February 27.

Rome has recently been thrown into a panic by a robbery and murder; two agents who were conveying 10,000 scudi from a bank were stabbed in a hired carriage in the Piazza S. Lorenzo in Lucina. Sixty arrests have been made. Other cases of the kind and the frequent throwing of bombs have spread terror among the foreigners. Yesterday Prince Suwarow, grandson of the celebrated

general, whom he does not resemble in looks, called on me—a stout man, gentle, friendly, and musical.

Italy is arming herself. Brigandage is decreasing in Naples; hopes are entertained of seizing Venice in the spring. These are chimerical; the Mazzini-Garibaldi party of action is set aside.

Have made good progress in the fifth volume; have already got to Conradin's entry into Rome. This continuous work and the act of mastering such a mass of material fatigues me. My nights are for the most part sleepless.

Dupanloup of Orleans is preaching every day at the Gesù—he is said to be a twaddler.

There is a new Prussian secretary of Legation, Kurd von Schlözer, an intelligent, lively man.

ROME (*Easter Sunday*), March 27.

On the 10th King Max of Bavaria died, and I have felt his death greatly. A man who showed me an unsought and genuine friendship has passed away.

Have just finished chapter iv. of Book x. Three more chapters of vol. v. are still to write.

Have often been with Count Alexis Tolstoi, who has made a reputation as poet. His *Ivan the Terrible* is a remarkable work. Have also made the acquaintance of Baron von Meyendorf, the Russian secretary of Legation, whose wife is a daughter of General Gorczakow.

The Pope is ill, and did not give the benediction in *Cæna Domini*. The Easter festivals lacked their attractions owing to his absence—people talk of his approaching death. Otherwise perfect quiet reigns in the city, where the excesses have ceased.

Garibaldi has gone to England, where he will be deluged with a flood of solemn speeches, and will then be placed alongside Kossuth. Had the ball at Aspromonte struck his heart instead of his leg, he would have been immortalised as a tragic sacrifice to patriotism.

The Pope is going to restore the Aqua Marcia and build



a new bridge between the Ponte Sisto and the Suspension Bridge. The ascent to the Quirinal is almost finished.

Went with Tolstoi to the Imperial palaces. Pietro Rosa has furnished the excavations there with pompous inscriptions after the French fashion. Noticed one in the *Tablinum*, which asserted that Heraclius of Byzantium was crowned on the spot—an utterly unhistoric assertion. Suggested its removal, and the Intendant promised it.

Was present at the reception of Sartiges, the French envoy, at the Palazzo Colonna. A great crowd in the splendid rooms, a great many diamonds on empty heads. Cardinal Antonelli came there to amuse himself with Madame von Kiellmannsegge. The upper part of his face is clear-cut and almost handsome, the lower ends in the animal. Fräulein von S. maintains that this contrast is found in almost everyone—from the mouth downwards the outline is merely animal.

A few days ago Liszt gave his great concert (*Academia Sacra*) for Peter's Pence in the new barracks on the Prætorian camp. Several Legitimists and inquisitive foreigners gathered there. Four cardinals spoke, Liszt played, the papal choir sang; and finally Monsignor Nardi returned thanks for the lavish sympathy on behalf *del più generoso e del più povero monarca dell' Europa*. Tremendous applause in the Prætorian camp. Liszt shows himself fanatically Catholic.

The Emperor of Mexico is expected. Austria sacrificed a daughter to the first French Empire; to the second she sacrifices a son. Thus is Moloch fed!

The aged and respected Hase, member of the Consistory from Jena, is back here.

ROME, April 18.

Jean Jacques Ampère died at Pau on March 28, at the age of sixty-four. He was a man of rare culture, of almost encyclopædic knowledge and incredible alacrity of mind, was endowed with the most lovable nature and an inoffensiveness the source of which was his inexhaustible *joie de vivre*—a man of independence of character

towards the Napoleonic rule. As a memorial of his goodwill, he left me the beautiful introduction which he wrote to Sabatier's translation of the *Grabmäler der Päpste*. Guizot and Villemain delivered the funeral orations.

It makes me sad to think that he has been snatched away before he had finished his *Histoire Romaine à Rome*, while I work on untroubled. To-morrow begin the sixth chapter of Book x.

On April 12 Rome was illuminated till it looked like fairyland, to celebrate the anniversary of the Pope's return from Gaeta and his escape at S. Agnese. The Navona and the Forum were indescribably beautiful—all the obelisks were columns of fire, over every fountain stood a Gothic temple streaming in radiance. A bomb was, however, thrown and fifteen people were wounded. The same day I had been to Ostia with Tolstoi, Lady Cooper (Palmerston's step-daughter), and Count Pahlen. Visconti acted as our guide. Many new excavations have been made; especially remarkable is a little chapel to Mithras with a mosaic inscription on the pavement. What a miserable cult in ancient Rome! and yet how entirely like present times!

To-day the Pope consecrated the new Confession in S. Maria Maggiore, when the Holy Manger was exposed. In the face of this, can we laugh at the service of Mithras?

Have just returned from the caves of Cervara, where I drove with the Tolstois. The countess is thoroughly versed in literature, and is eager for knowledge. Although looking like a Mongolian, she attracts all who come near her. Her intellect is not original, but she has a beautiful mind, and her face is always lighted up from within.

At Madame Grunelius's made the acquaintance of Bluntschli, from Heidelberg, and Eisenlohr, from Carlsruhe. Bluntschli is a thorough Swiss both in looks and speech. His vigorous expression reveals a strong intelligence.

Schack, from Munich, has lately arrived on his way to Spain. He gave me Hebbel's *Nibelungen*. Was amazed at the commonplace character of the conception, representation, and language of the last work of the poet

who has just passed away. There is no genuine tragic feeling; the men are bloodless; there are no heroes, no striking features; everything is flattened into commonplaceness in spite of the introduction of Edda fantasy. Is it owing to the air and light of Rome that these things fall so flat? Have they any more significance in their native atmosphere? It is only in the masterly grasp of an *Æschylus* that anything could be made out of the *Nibelungen* material.

ROME, *April 24.*

On the 18th, the day on which the Döppler trenches were taken, the new Emperor of Mexico arrived here. He remained only a day and a half, and made his quarters at Palazzo Mariscotti, which belongs to Gutierrez d'Estrada, one of his ministers and the head of the monarchical party in Mexico. The Pope never blessed any prince with such emotion, nor dismissed one with such fervent good wishes. The Romans made an ominous epigram, which they gave Maximilian on his way.

On Thursday night drove with Tolstoi, Trubetskoi, Count Bobrinski, and the Countess Pahlen to the Colosseum and the Pyramid of Cestius. Tried, but unsuccessfully, to find Munch's resting-place. An open grave had just been dug and was filled with bright moonlight—an excellent funeral oration.

The Shakespeare festival was to have been celebrated by the English under the presidency of Lord Fielding at the Villa Albani yesterday. The committee invited me in the name of Germany to take part in the speeches. But the entire celebration fell through, owing to dissensions among the English.

After having been led like a show lion through drawing-rooms by a string of roses, Garibaldi was to leave England yesterday.

ROME, *May 29.*

Have been working so hard this month that I have not been able to write in these pages. All my friends of the winter have now gone away (Tolstoi by Ravenna); only



Fräulein Meysenbug and Herzen's daughters still remain. His only son, Schiff's assistant in Florence, came here. He has made an interesting journey to Iceland.

The Pope has recovered. I have lost the Conclave.

Have begun fresh work in the archives of the Duke of Sermoneta, and in those of the Conti-Ruspoli. The house of Conti, which became extinct in 1808, is represented by the Cesarini and the Ruspoli, the latter of which has inherited the archives. Among the Gaetani documents I find valuable and hitherto unused material.

ROME, June 5.

The day before yesterday drove with Herzen's children and Fräulein von Meysenbug to the flower festival at Genzano. The carpet of flowers was perfectly beautiful; the outlines had been drawn with chalk on the pavement of the streets and been filled in by great and small with the petals of flowers. The festival had not been held for nineteen years, but the tradition had remained. Emblems and coats-of-arms were depicted in Alexandrine mosaic with quite admirable dexterity. The people looked with lively enjoyment on this ingenious performance. Nowhere but in Italy is such a graceful diversion possible.

ROME, June 19.

Amari sent me the order of SS. Maurizio and Lazzaro. Declined it, because I want to remain independent. Am writing the *History of the City* not on behalf of any side other than that of truth. Also believe that among my many faults and weaknesses, vanity does not hold the foremost place.

The day before yesterday went with Schlözer to S. Angelo. The view of Rome and the meadows of Nero is enchanting. Someone ought to write their history. Perhaps I may do it by-and-by.

Was told yesterday that de Andrea, the liberal-minded cardinal, who has long been at variance with the Pope, had suddenly gone by Ceperano to Naples. He has often

requested permission to visit the Baths of Ischia, and the Pope has refused it. He has now gone *ex propriis* from Naples. Great sensation in Rome!

ROME, July 11.

Leave this evening at five with the post for Perugia to examine the Umbrian archives.

TODI, Sunday, July 17.

My journey here was stifling, and there was an oppressive scirocco. The moon shone sadly over the fields, and a damp malarial atmosphere was abroad. Civita Castellana looked beautiful, lighted up by the flames of a charcoal kiln. Reached Ponte Felice and the first Italian sentinels about daybreak. Then came on by Otricoli to Narni, where I arrived about seven in the morning. My eyes were inflamed, my head heavy; the heat, the reflection of the sun, pained me. Had some trouble in finding the Marchese Erolì, the antiquary of the place.

On the 13th drove in the post through charming scenery to Todi.

The following morning looked up the Syndic; the ministerial letter from Turin and a document from the Prefect had arrived. Signor Angelini Angelo, archivist of S. Fortunato, was summoned, and we set briskly to work.

The archives are kept in the sacristy of the church of S. Fortunato, a little room with cupboards; everything in shameful disorder—parchments, Bulls, for the most part beginning with the thirteenth century, lie heaped up in the cupboards. Piles of books mouldering to decay.

ALBERGO DEL TRASIMENO, PERUGIA, July 23.

Remained working very successfully at Todi until July 18, when I drove alone in my little carriage with the post to Perugia. It was a moonlight night, damp and warm. I was half asleep. Except Deruta, we did not pass any village. Arrived here about six in the morning.

Was obliged to remain in bed the whole day owing to fatigue. Not until the 20th did I call on the Prefect,

Marchese Tanari, a Bolognese, who received me cordially. He complained of the amount of work and of the insufficiency of his staff: 28,000 documents passed through his hands in a year. The new conditions present great difficulties, but the conscription now proceeds without hindrance. Concerning Rome he was doubtful, as long as Pius IX. lived. The frankness with which a Prefect expressed himself to a stranger seemed to me naïve; this naïveté, however, is thoroughly Italian. The Italians have nothing of German bureaucracy in them.

Tanari referred me to the Syndic and his secretary, who are brothers, Counts Ansidei.

On the 21st began my work on the Decemviral archives, but speedily discovered that I should find less here than at Todi. The documents of the city regarding its relation to the Roman Republic are no longer forthcoming. The *Registrum Vetus* offers very little; the same may be said with respect to the history of the Empire. I shall have finished here in a few days.

Professor Adamo Rossi took me to the Bibliotheca Communale, where there are some remarkable manuscripts.

Called on Count Connestabile to-day. He is an archæologist and professor at the university; the wealthiest man in Perugia. He spent four years in travelling, and has been in Germany. He could not reconcile himself to the new Government, but has acquiesced in it like so many another aristocrat. Had made his acquaintance some years ago in Florence.

PERUGIA, July 26.

Have worked for some time very diligently. The heat is great. Luigi Belforti, Maestro di Casa, whose father Giuseppe has done good service in arranging the parchments, has helped me in the archives.

ASSISI, July 28.

Yesterday visited the Tombs of the Volumni, and in the evening reached Assisi in oppressive heat. Was conducted to a small *locanda* where the people are very courteous,



The town has remained stationary in the Middle Ages—houses built of red limestone, lifeless streets, everything dead. The communal palaces in the market-place are devoid of grandeur. A massive tower of the fourteenth century stands beside the beautiful remains of an ancient temple to Minerva. Never have I seen before the character of the two periods thus side by side—a mediæval tower and a pagan temple!

S. Francesco with its two churches, one standing above the other, a work of Lapo, is magnificent. The upper church, with its paintings by Cimabue and Giotto, all light and colour; the lower, with its innumerable sombre frescoes, all darkness and gloom. Below lies the hero of poverty in a vaulted chapel, radiant in gold and marble. Giotto's frescoes over the high altar depicting Poverty, Obedience, Chastity, finally the glory of S. Francis, greatly impressed me—more especially the betrothal by Christ of the saint to Poverty. Chastity is seated, like Danae, in a tower. Obedience, Christ with his finger on his lips, imposes the yoke on a kneeling monk. Poverty, an attenuated Sibylline woman in tatters (the tenth Muse, according to Herder). A man in purple throws stones after her; another in a blue garment holds a switch of thorns behind her; a dog barks at her. Christ lays her hand in that of S. Francis. All is naïve and grand. Here I first learned to understand Giotto. There is profound innocence in the master, and everything reveals the nobility of a lofty and unerring nature.

The women here are still the true models of Umbrian painting, which has derived its ideal from the popular type.

Went to-day by good fortune to the palace of the Municipio, introduced myself to the secretary, and asked permission to see the remains of the archives. Read several Bulls, and copied a Privilegium of Philip of Swabia of 1205. Shall not easily forget the kindness of these gentlemen towards an utter stranger, who did not even bring a letter of introduction.

From the ancient citadel on Monte Subasio there is a

magnificent view over the Umbrian valley of the Tiber; S. Maria degli Angeli stands out beautifully; to the right is Perugia, to the left the mountains above Spoleto. This is a fascinating country, a garden of peace and happiness. Even the monastery of S. Francis falls under the law for the suppression of convents. The monks, however, are allowed to remain until their number is reduced to three; there are at present fifty-three. Their property is sequestered by the *Cassa ecclesiastica*, and yields a revenue of 6000 scudi.

Just now an Indulgence or *Perdono* is being held, which still attracts about 18,000 people. To-day discovered old acquaintances—*Ciocciari* from Sora. But if the monastery is suppressed, the poor town will lose even this source of revenue.

ALLE TRE COLONNE, TERNI, *July 30.*

Early yesterday drove in a little carriage from Assisi to Foligno, a delightful journey along the edge of the Spoleto valley. Took the post at Foligno and, after an hour and a half, arrived at Spoleto, which looked quite new, the town being in process of restoration. Fresh life in the ancient residence of the Lombard dukes Faroald and Grimoald. Terni in the afternoon. Delivered Count Ansidei's letter, and to-day was given access to the municipal archives, which are in great confusion. Copied diplomas of Frederick I., Otto IV., and a letter of Henry VII., to me a highly valuable document, in which Brancalone figures. Was confidently left alone.

Italian cavalry are stationed here. The people are full of courage and energy. Visited a newly-founded school.

A fortress, bearing the beautiful name of Miranda, which was known to me by documents, stands on a marble hill in the neighbourhood of the town.

To-morrow go to Aspra, a dreadful, inaccessible place, the last stage in my quest for archives.

ASPRA, *August 1.*

Left Terni at four yesterday morning in a little carriage. Beautiful mountainous scenery—little villages or farms.

Rested an hour at Vaggone. Proceeded onwards past Torri, the ancient dwelling of the Crescentii. Magnificent view of Soracte and the plain, and over the slopes of the Sabines, where stand Aspra, Cantalupo, Rocca Antica, Monopoli, and Poggio Mirteto. Reached Aspra, driving through a deep valley, about midday. The place, like all in the Sabines, is a mass of houses surrounded by a wall. Narrow, horrible streets; no inn, no lodging. In the evening, however, found a clean room in the spacious house of the Perroni family.

Looked through the few archives, but found little of importance.

ROME, *August 3.*

Yesterday left Aspra on horseback at 4 A.M. and came past Cantalupo to Correse. Beautiful mountain scenery full of oak woods through the Sabines. Reached the Tiber at Montorso, where they are making the railway. Farther on came in sight of the abbey of Farfa, and longed to go there; but the visit must be deferred. Rode over the bridge of the Farfa River. The sun very hot but the air pure. About ten reached Correse, the frontier station between the shreds of the States of the Church and the kingdom of free Italy. They asked for my passport at the bureau of the Italian frontier, and looked at me sullenly; I heard them whisper "Spagnuolo." I was taken for a Spaniard, going to papal territory to take service there! Removed the suspicions of these singular officials. The railway is finished as far as Correse and will soon be opened. Left at 4 P.M. and arrived in Rome about 7.30. A beautiful and productive tour of three weeks lies behind me. But I feel very tired with work and the heat.

HOTEL WASHINGTON, NAPLES, *August 15.*

On August 7, left with Lindemann by train for Naples in oppressive scirocco. The arrival at Naples, where I had not been for eleven years, was very trying—a bustle as of a swarm of ants, and appalling noise.

The next day looked up Gar, who is now librarian of the



university. He has done a great deal for the extension of the library—has collected 3000 German volumes, established a reading room, where twenty-one German periodicals are found. He introduced me to some of the professors: saw Volpicella, an elderly man of ceremonious manners, deeply versed in Neapolitan history, particularly in the families of the country; Giuseppe de Blasiis, still young, professor of History—while a political exile he took service in Turkey in 1854, was taken prisoner by the Russians in Armenia, afterwards returned to Naples, during Garibaldi's dictatorship commanded the expedition to Benevento, and is now writing a history of Lombard Naples.

Trinchera, the director, gave me a friendly welcome at the State Archives. This splendid institution is established in the suppressed Benedictine monastery of S. Severino, the vast halls of which are not sufficient for the purpose. It has been the apple of the Bourbon Government's eye, and is excellently and comfortably arranged; provision has even been made for a school of Palæography. The *regesta* of the House of Anjou are kept on the upper floor, and there I work from ten o'clock every day: a young man, Federico Morgotti, giving me a helping hand.

Have made the acquaintance of del Giudice, editor of the *Codex Diplomaticus* of the House of Anjou. He bitterly lamented the lack of support on the part of the Government.

The study of German is eagerly pursued in Naples, mainly for the sake of the philosophers. Cherubini, a young man from the Abruzzi, was introduced to me, who shows, for his age, a marvellous acquaintance with German literature; speaks German fluently, and has learned all literary languages, even the Oriental. Gar considers him a great genius.

A few days ago went with Fiorelli, director of the excavations, to Pompeii. They are working with success on an improved system there. Many fresh excavations have been made—a two-storied house has been restored. The four figures—cast in plaster—of Pompeian fugitives, who

were turned to stone while in the very act of flight, make an indescribable impression; life incarnate in its most awful tragedy. More especially is this the case with the young girl, who, in despair, has lain down to sleep the sleep of death; the figure as graceful as that of a slumbering Hermaphrodite. Wandered a long time about Pompeii, went to the house of Diomede, and reflected on my own career, especially on the time when I wrote the poem of *Euphorion*. Even this too is covered, as it were, with ashes; the sensations I then experienced have passed away—the house of Diomede and the sight of the ancient candelabra in the museum scarcely reawaking the faintest echo.

Drove yesterday to Capodimonte with Gar, de Blasiis, and the Baroness Prohaska. Beautiful rooms in the castle; several modern pictures. A magnificent park, laid out in the German style; charming views over the sea, the country, and the city.

The most important change that I have found in Naples is liberty itself. The effects would be incalculable had liberty become a realised fact. But the character of the people cannot be changed in an instant. Generations are necessary to bestow a moral and political education on the Neapolitans. Everything here is unstable and the affair of the moment. The people would heap flowers on Francis II.'s grave to-morrow, and on that of Victor Emmanuel the day after. Meanwhile the Camorra is extirpated, and that says a great deal. Of brigandage we hear nothing; the photographs of the banditti leaders are exhibited in the shop windows. The streets are safe; but murder and robbery continue at Benevento and Sora, in Molise and the Basilicata. The nobility are in Rome with the Bourbons or in Paris; those who remain here count for nothing. The clergy continue agitating; under their leadership Bourbon committees exist in secret. All that is reactionary assembles under the shield of the institute of *Beneficenza*. Yesterday I saw two young monks in grey cowls, white cords round their bodies—to me a new sight—and, on inquiry, found that they belonged to a newly founded charitable order. These orders alone have the privilege of

survival. The institution of S. Vincent de Paul, the Paolotti, as they are called, takes strong root, and, in its skilful organisation, seems to take the place of the Jesuits. It has penetrated from France into Italy and among every class of people: princes and artisans are included within its ranks. In Tuscany the Paolotti are in full vigour. People blame the Government for having courage sufficient to seize the cardinals but not enough to condemn them. It is said here that Victor Emmanuel, equipped with the power of an Apostolic Legate, might, as King of the two Sicilies, appoint his own clergy throughout the entire kingdom. The removal of the images of the saints from the streets has been accomplished without provoking any outbreak. But the people remain steeped in profoundest superstition. In the Church of the Carmine in the *Mercato* is a figure of the Saviour, distinguished by the attribute of having hair and beard that grow. For years past the magistrate has been accustomed, on a certain day, *ex officio* to attend the ceremony of cutting the beard (*far la barba di Gesù*). He even went this year; but the freethinkers received him with such shouts and catcalls, that he declared he would no longer attend the function.

On the other hand Voltairianism prevails among the educated classes, and in general among the students, who outwardly entertain a furious hatred of the Catholic Church. So Cherubini gave me to understand.

Have made the acquaintance of Settembrini. He was condemned to death in 1848, but the sentence, along with that of many others, was commuted to transportation. The captain, who was won over to the side of the prisoners, set them ashore at Cork in Ireland, where they lived some years. Settembrini was a lawyer; is a robust man, somewhat rough in appearance; has made an excellent translation of Lucian.

NAPLES, August 21.

On the 16th was taken suddenly ill. Depression and fatigue overpowered me and brought on fever. Spent



two days in bed and was attended by Dr Obenaus. Am better to-day, but have been obliged to give up work in the State Archives. To-morrow go with Lindemann to recover at Sorrento.

SORRENTO, *August 31.*

We took up our abode in the Hotel de Rome. After long search found a dwelling in the principal street. Have recovered my energies in the quiet here. At first felt disillusioned with regard to Sorrento; walls on every hand, narrow streets, thick dust. Have now grown accustomed to it, and the walk to Massa makes amends. Get up at six, breakfast, walk, and in this profound silence read either Dante or the books which were given me by Don Bartolomeo Capasso, a scholar deeply versed in Neapolitan history, who lives here and to whom I was introduced by de Blasiis.

There are about twenty people at table d'hôte, the greater number Russians; two Greeks, however, from Corfu, a Frenchman, and a German. Several are suffering from chest complaints. Everything quiet and dreamlike.

We have had some beautiful walks. Yesterday rode with the artist Lehmann and his wife to Massa. Capri, so close that it seemed one might almost have laid hold of it, rose like a phantom from the sea. A vessel passed by with white sails, and some music (the performers were concealed in a garden) sounded as if coming from the vessel itself—*dal legno che cantando varca*. It was a magic salute from the sea, as from spirits rowing to the shores of the blessed.

Eleven years ago I spent a month at Capri. Within this interval how much there is enclosed, and how far removed is the present constellation of my life! And yet I wander virtually along the same shores, now, however, with a fixed goal before my eyes, calm and free—*fuor sono delle erte vie, fuor sono dell' arte*.

SORRENTO, *September 15.*

Have recovered again in this balmy air. I am not writing; am reading only a few books, but have gone twice

through Dante. We make frequent expeditions in the afternoon on horseback, or driving to Camaldoli, Massa, and S. Agata. Have also been alone to Massa, whence the view of Capri is enchanting. Sea and land are those of the Odyssey. To-day at the Deserto, an old and ruinous monastery, the sight of Cape Licosa reawoke a longing for Sicily. People write from Germany of constant rain and cold. I am happy in being able to steep sense and sight in this glorious ether. Were I rich, I would buy a house and orange grove at Massa—for instance, the Villa Sersale with the glorious pineta—and would inscribe over the door, *Parva domus, magna quies*.

Have seen few people, and no one of importance. Have been a good deal with Capasso, who is a learned man.

We have constant festivals with illuminations here—little lamps fastened to hanging wreaths of myrtle.

A votive tablet hangs in S. Antonio representing two steamers in collision—one in the act of sinking; below, the names *Hermus* and *Aventine*. An hotel-keeper in Sorrento, formerly a cook, who was on the *Aventine* when the disaster took place, having erected the ex-voto: a singular coincidence. Have already set up my votive tablet.

Dwell here happily and peacefully in a beautiful abode. My hostess claims to be collaterally descended from Tasso. She belongs to the decayed family of Spasian; Tasso's sister first married a noble of Sorrento called Sersale, afterwards the Cavaliere Spasian.

Cardinal Andrea is here, living in the Albergo Tasso, where he intends to remain the winter. Met him one evening at Willisen's in the spring.

Thile writes to me to-day that nothing is decided concerning his successor at the Embassy.

I think of going to Naples to-morrow. It will be hard to leave these Elysian shores.

HOTEL WASHINGTON, NAPLES, *September 24.*

Drove on the 16th, with the two young Greeks from Corfu, from Sorrento to Castellamare; remained there some

hours, going to see the beautiful castle of Quisisana, and reached Naples in the evening.

Found Gar and Baroness Prohaska ill. Resumed work on the 17th, and have laboured at the *regesta* of the House of Anjou with more success. Naples has grown cooler; it has rained several times, and the noise no longer seems so deafening.

Have made the acquaintance of Dell' Ongaro, a celebrated poet, who has infused life into the lost comedy of *Fasma* by Menander, a work which was hitherto known only in outline. Dell' Ongaro is a vigorous man in the early fifties, and was formerly a monk, like Emiliano Giudici.

Professor Lignana has arrived; a Piedmontese and an Orientalist; very intelligent and rich; he speaks German well; is careless in appearance, and is lame of one foot. He is accompanying the Italian Embassy to Persia.

To my great joy have seen Don Luigi Tosti of Monte Casino; was told at the State Archives that he was attending the meeting of the Archæological Academy in the palace below, where I immediately went in search of him. He has not aged; is still handsome and full of humour. Kalefati died a short time ago.

Last Sunday went alone to Pompeii; wandered about undisturbed, and sat for a long time on the terrace of Diomede's house, where Euphorion and Iona reappeared, already shadowy figures, but endeared to me by that past from which I struggled upwards to the light of the ideal.

To-day went again to Pompeii, this time with Fiorelli, Gar, Prohaska, Lindemann, and a German. Found Max Monnier of Geneva there. He has written excellent works on the condition of Naples since 1859, more especially on the Camorra. Fiorelli explained many things to us and told us his plans. He is a man of sympathetic aspect, and has already rendered untold services with regard to Pompeii. In four years he has excavated a third of the town. They are now digging horizontally, not vertically. We had a meal at Torre dell' Annunziata, and returned in the rain about five o'clock.

On September 15 the Convention between Italy and



Napoleon was concluded. Its contents are not yet known, but the consequence will be the removal of the capital to Florence.<sup>1</sup> A feverish excitement has laid hold of Italy. Lignana prophesies the renunciation of Rome. The majority, however, hope that Florence will be the last halting-place before Rome. I do not believe in a reconciliation with the Papacy, which will never renounce its provinces. The crisis is a great one. Italy is playing *va banque*. Either Cavour's programme will triumph, or the country will fall into anarchy. Victor Emmanuel has risked a desperate stroke in uprooting the monarchy from Piedmont, its native soil. It is still in the air, for the kingdom of Italy is as yet an unrealised idea. Turin is moving convulsively; riots took place on the 20th and 21st; the troops fired, and much blood was shed.

If Italy actually rises superior to this sacrifice, she is saved for ever. The crisis is exciting. I firmly hope and believe in the onward progress of history.

Naples is quiet; but the Press maliciously hurls the reproach of municipalism back on Turin.

NAPLES, September 28.

A popular meeting took place to-day in the Winter Garden under the presidency of General Poppuli, head of the National Guard; the object of which was to declare that the Neapolitan people adhered to the principle of unity, that they would never renounce Rome as capital, neither give up Venice, and that every regard for municipal interests was criminal. The speakers were Count Ricciardi, Settembrini, Nicotera, Dell' Ongaro; Mazaro, a monk of Prato belonging to the *Società Emancipatrice*, a man of the people. The programme was received with rejoicings. The attitude was exemplary. Naples shows great quiet and dignity these days.

<sup>1</sup> The Convention required the evacuation of Rome by the French in December 1866, the surrender of Turin as the capital of Italy, and Victor Emmanuel's solemn promise to refrain from attacking the remains of the States of the Church.—*Editor's Note*.

All are filled with excitement. Even my friends are divided into two parties—the hopeful and the despairing; the latter are in the minority, but among them is the intelligent Lignana.

Lamarmora is forming the new ministry.

Finished my work in the archives the day before yesterday, and was obliged at once to take to bed. The old malady had returned.

To-morrow I go to Rome at last. What will Rome be in the midst of this great crisis?

ROME, October 16.

On September 29 left Naples with my friend Lindemann at 10 A.M. The day was glorious. Filled with delight at the thought of returning to old Rome, we enjoyed it thoroughly. The scenery increased in beauty from S. Germano onwards. The view from Velletri over the Marittima, the sea, the Cape of Circe in the evening light impressed us, and, old Romans as we are, we said to one another that the charm of Naples was thrown into the shade by the severe and heroic beauty of Latium.

The aspect of the city is unaltered; the impression of the September Convention is imperceptible. The Pope and Antonelli will not increase the army, which would be *implicite* the acceptance of the Convention. They live here from hand to mouth; the Vatican is distracted. An official declaration of the Curia, or answer to the September Convention, has not been issued; it is scarcely likely that it will be before the opening of Parliament at Turin—the probably stormy debates, that will take place there, will first be awaited.

As historian of the city I look with astonishment on this ever-continued striving of the Italian national and political power towards Rome, round which, as round the Empyrean or the *cælum immobile*, history always revolves. The Pope does not believe that the French will go away. The *Civiltà Cattolica* comforts the dismayed priests with the words that Rome is in the highest degree fatal (*Roma è stranamente fatale*), as ancient and modern history teach.

Cavour died within six months of the time that he had proclaimed Rome the capital; Garibaldi was wounded at Aspromonte with the cry *Roma o morte* on his lips, and scarcely had the Convention been announced when it was answered by the carnage at Turin. *Christus, Christus regnat et imperat—egli è il formidabile occupatore di Roma*—say these Jesuits.

In laying the foundations of a new building in the Palazzo Pio, now Righetti, on the ruin of the theatre of Pompey, a colossal bronze figure was discovered representing an emperor (apparently Domitian) in the form of Hercules. I watched the statue rise from its grave, whence it was drawn by ropes, screws, and windlass; populace and workmen around, all taking part in solemn earnest—a genuine Roman scene. As there are but few bronzes in Rome, the find is valuable enough.

Have set to work again. The materials collected on my travels are already incorporated in vol. v. My winter will be an easy one.

A few days ago my old and esteemed friend Alertz returned. Foreigners for so far have not disturbed me.

ROME, November 13.

The Turin Parliament has been sitting since November 4. The debates concerning the September Convention go on briskly. The Government is sure of a majority. There is an exchange of notes between France and Turin, and strained relations regarding the different interpretations of the Convention: the Italian Government interprets it in Cavour's sense; the French wishes to appease Rome—it is quite a comedy, since both the contracting parties are agreed that the reconciliation with the Pope, that is to say his deposition from sovereign power, is not to be effected by force, but by a moral process. Under this moral process people here rightly understand revolution, which will not fail to break out as soon as the last Frenchman has left Rome.

The Vatican policy is: to do nothing, to abstain from forming an army and thus oblige the French to maintain a garrison. This attitude is at least truthful, since the



clericals adhere to a principle ; while their adversaries veil themselves in diplomatic masks, and in their ambiguous professions of adherence to the tenor of the Convention allow themselves the *Reservatio mentalis*. The fall here will not be devoid of grandeur, or the glory of martyrdom. The Papacy will remain true to itself to the last moment.

Count Montebello and Sartiges beseech the Curia to raise 15,000 troops, a number specified as sufficient. They furthermore demand reforms in the State, especially such as concern the administration of justice. Herr von Meyendorf told me to-day that Merode had answered, that to apply reforms to the States of the Church would be equivalent to advising the Pacha of Egypt to clean the Pyramid of Cheops with a tooth-brush. The situation here is so tragic as to be humorous.

A great crisis has arrived—it is a strange time ;—the debates in Turin ; Florence (which is inundated) preparing to receive the kingdom of Italy, in order through the newly united power to exercise irresistible pressure on Rome. Rome is wrapped in ominous silence, and the clergy wear the sardonic smile of the dying. These days remind me of the history of the Middle Ages. Victor Emmanuel is merely the last consequence of Astolf, Desiderius, the Ottos, the Henries, the Hohenstaufens, who all directed, and directed in vain, their despairing energies to the overthrow of the temporal Papacy.

My idea has always been to make Rome a republic—to leave the Pope the city and its district, but to give the Romans Italian citizenship. The cosmopolitan character of Rome would thus be preserved. Should it be extinguished, a void will be created in the social system of Europe.

The clergy do not believe in the withdrawal of the French ; Sartiges and Montebello, however, express themselves strongly against this opinion—Schlözer, who had heard it from themselves, told me so to-day. However the Convention may be interpreted, it has introduced one practical advance into the Roman question, that of removing it from the province of Catholic universal affairs and degrading it into the subject of an international treaty between

France and Italy; finally, that of having extended the principle of non-intervention to Rome. With these principles, which the Papacy will never recognise, its sentence is pronounced—the rest is only a question of time.

Have written the last chapter of vol. v. within the last few weeks.

Calm, sad, thoughtful days.

ROME, *December 11.*

Have been lately occupied in copying the first part of vol. v., and the MS. will be ready to go to press in the middle of January.

Ehlert, a Königsberg compatriot, has arrived—an excellent composer, it is said; he is delicate, and is going to remain the winter in the South. Also Ernst Boresius, another countryman, collaborator in the *National Zeitung*, a man of great culture. Find by experience that my long sojourn in Rome, and the still longer life in a neutral atmosphere of historic study that does not touch the actual interests of the day (at least as regards Prussia), make me appear foreign and inaccessible to these my compatriots. They themselves seem like strangers in this cosmopolitan world of Rome, to which they cannot become acclimatised, because hemmed in by a narrow domestic horizon, the provincial tendencies of which they carry with them. They cannot understand that here we do not take a lively interest in their daily debates in Prussia.

Madame Grunelius presented me to the Princess Hohenlohe, half-sister to the Queen of England and mother-in-law to the Duke of Augustenburg. She is a woman of serious German character. Had already met her attendant, von Klumpp, the Councillor of Legation at Stuttgart, at a dinner at Meyendorf's.

The bronze "Hercules" is now lying in a simply decorated room in the Palazzo Pio. The statue reclines on a red-covered pedestal, and as the gilding has come out well and beautifully, is entirely golden—a dead god on a state bed. People can look at him comfortably from a balustrade erected for the purpose. The sculptor Achtermann, who

was present, spoilt the sight for me by his intolerable chatter about the faults in the modelling of the statue. It is said that the Pope has bought it for 70,000 scudi—and it remains in Rome. I wish that it might be erected in some public place—the Pincio, for instance, where it would catch the sunlight beautifully. But the bronze is too soft and easily injured.

This rare find has stirred the imagination of the Romans, and the ancient myth of hidden treasures is once more current. A short time ago a certain Testa appeared at the office of the Minister of the Interior, and asserted that he had found a document which accurately described the spot where treasure was buried in the Colosseum, and begged for permission to excavate there. Permission was given, and for the past ten days people have actually been digging for the treasure under the last arch of entrance on the side of the Lateran. An opening of about twenty feet has been made. A heap of black mud lies piled beside it; a steam-engine pumps up the water, which already flows in a turbid stream southwards round the Colosseum. Soldiers, with shouldered arms, stand near, spectators around, the workmen grubbing in a pit; but this public proceeding, which in Berlin would have attracted an innumerable crowd, fails to do so here. The Romans, a people devoid of curiosity, are accustomed to such excavations in search of treasure, especially in the Colosseum. Was told that this is the third within the century, and that each time the work had to be abandoned because they could not stem the water. Have been twice to the place, the first time on a Friday, when the Confraternity of the Via Crucis were holding the procession round the Colosseum. While the Capuchin monk, surrounded by old women and pious listeners, preached from the wooden pulpit of the treasure beyond the grave, a few paces off men were digging, by the wishes of the Pope, for a vast amount of earthly mammon—extremes, which represent the essence of the Papacy in a genuinely Roman picture. Should the Pope find the treasure, it will arrive very opportunely in the midst of his financial distress; and believers will proclaim that a miracle has been wrought,



the black caverns of the Colosseum themselves opening to contribute to Peter's Pence. Testa is convinced that all the places indicated in the parchment—position of the stones, vaults, etc.—have so far been verified, and, therefore, continues digging. Signor Cavinci solemnly assured me that this treasure had been buried by the Frangipani; others smile, but in the main all Rome believes in this subterranean treasure. The myth appears in the ancient *Curiosum*, where in Region XII. we are told: *Herculem sub terram medium cubantem, sub quem plurimum aurum positum est.*

A fortnight ago the beatification of Petrus Canisius took place, and the Jesuits celebrated their day of glory. Canisius of Nymeguen was the first German who entered the Order of Jesus, into which he was received in Rome in 1547 by Ignatius Loyola himself. The learned professor of Ingolstadt, a contemporary of Luther and Melanchthon, with whom he disputed at Worms, also of Calvin, was twice present at the Council of Trent as theologian of Cardinal Truchsess of Augsburg, and was the instrument of the Catholic reaction against the Reformation in Germany. He remained some time there, especially in Bavaria and Austria. The Lutherans never called him anything but the *Canis Austriacus*. He worked even in Poland; his catechism was his deadly weapon against the Reformation. In an inscription at the entrance to S. Peter's the new saint is extolled as the "subjugator of Melanchthon and other godless heretic leaders." The Pope came to the cathedral in the afternoon. I never saw him so frail; he is lame on one side and is altogether broken. Antonelli was holding a lively conversation with those around him with, it seemed to me, intentional cheerfulness. Among the spectators I noticed Bach, the Austrian Ambassador, and would gladly have whispered to him, *Propter te fabula canisii narratur*. The clerical Bach has brought nothing back with him from Austria to Rome but worthless compliments; the advice to come to as good an understanding with France as possible, and apparently disquieting suggestions

as to the instability of the Concordat. In the same Austria where the *Canis Austriacus* deprived the reformers of their civil rights, they have now, in spite of the Concordat, acquired equality in the State.

On November 17, the removal of the capital and the acceptance of the Convention were decided by a great majority at Turin, 317 votes against 71—a victory for the Government. The attitude of Parliament was moderate and patriotic; the country shows itself ripe and ready for the sacrifice. The people are imbued with the thought of unity; the principle of the State of the Church is dead; and the Roman question will be left to the operation of history to decide, since to this it has sunk. A fossilised martyrdom is all that remains to it here. The Press alone now and then raises a shriek of despair—for instance, over Vacca's projected law for the suppression of all remaining religious corporations. And this at a time when a Russian Ukase has suppressed the convents in Poland.

The day before yesterday paid a visit to Prince Santa Croce. The Roman magnates inhabit Renaissance palaces, dwelling in cold and antiquated luxury. Some cardinal of the family is, as a rule, the mythical founder of the house; in this case Prospero Santa Croce, who lived at the time of the massacre of S. Bartholomew. The prince showed me over the palace. There is nothing of importance for my purpose among his archives, since the family only dates from the fifteenth century, though in this case also the Roman mania for fabulous descent traces it back to Publicola. Santa Croce is a vigorous man, jovial and good-natured; he begged me to come again, and I shall do so.

Am now reading Fichte's Life in the evening. The time when Königsberg stood at the pinnacle of German intellect, a lighthouse in that barbarous East, passes before my mind.

Pauline has lately sent me a picture on parchment of the castle of Neidenburg, in the form of a screen. The venerable castle has been an important factor in the history of my unimportant life, and in this way bears some relation to S. Angelo in Rome. Without the Neidenburg towers of

the days of chivalry, I should probably never have written the *History of Rome in the Middle Ages*.

ROME, December 31.

On December 8 the Pope published an Encyclical and a Syllabus, in which he collects and condemns all the political and philosophical heresies of the time. The Syllabus consists of eighty theses, among which is the principle of non-intervention; the conclusion, under No. 80, condemns the opinion that "The Roman Pope can and should form a treaty of reconciliation with progress, liberalism, and modern civilisation." In this manifesto the clericals see an act of world-wide importance; all reasonable people, however, only a declaration of the incapacity of the Papacy to develop with the time, and its letter of farewell to humane culture. The assumption in the year 1864 that it—the Papacy—is the only source of all power and all law, yea, of civilisation itself, the antiquated language of Innocent III. and Boniface VIII. in the mouth of a feeble visionary, is utterly ludicrous. The codified imbecility merely shows the childish decrepitude of the institution. Was at a ball at Meyendorf's last night, when my host introduced me to Cardinal Silvestri and spoke with contempt of the Syllabus; true, the cardinal did not hear him. Also made the acquaintance of old Prince Massimo, to the archives of whose house I had hoped to gain access. Massimo, however, seemed to evade the subject, and it may possibly be that nothing of these archives remains.

The new Prussian Minister, Baron von Arnim, came with Schlözer; a still young and handsome man. According to our first conversation, it would appear that he had arrived in Rome with friendly instructions to the Pope, and that he considers the present crisis in Rome a bagatelle.

Sir John Acton, grandson of Dalberg—an English Catholic and a pupil of Döllinger, well versed in all branches of literature—was there.

Once a week a musical evening at Lindemann's, where there are French performers; also Berta, a pupil of Liszt's.



The day before yesterday Madame Salis-Schwabe came here to look after her invalid son.

My oldest acquaintance among the Romans, Enrico Serny, with whom I came to Rome on October 2, 1852, died a little time ago. Dr Steinheim has celebrated his golden wedding.

The year 1864 is dying. For me it has been one of arduous work ; vol. v. has been finished, the first part made ready for the press. The summer was beautiful and productive owing to my Umbrian journey ; afterwards the year was less fortunate—nevertheless encouraging, owing to its more prosperous close.

1865

ROME, January 15.

HAVE been with Princess Hohenlohe, who talked about Bismarck's policy in Schleswig-Holstein, while she mildly lamented her son-in-law or his doubtful position. Monsignor Hohenlohe, the Pope's favourite, is her nephew.

Professor Thomas of Munich, celebrated by his Venetian researches, has arrived—an amiable and lively man; also Levin Schücking, whom I greatly liked, refined and intellectual in looks and conversation; and the talented Englishman, Bryce, author of *The Holy Roman Empire*.

ROME, February 1.

On Sunday the 22nd the first part of vol. v. set forth for the printers with the courier of the French Embassy, *via* Paris.

The second part up to chap. vi. is finished. Am spending a very easy winter, and in consequence allow myself a much greater amount of social distraction. Met Mr Pentland and Lord Grey, formerly minister, at Sermoneta's; drove with Princess Hohenlohe to the tomb of Nero; have been several times to Meyendorf's, who still remains the representative of Russia; frequently also at Madame Schwabe's. There are not many people of note in Rome, which is but little frequented this year.

Brockhaus announces a new edition of *Siciliana*. Lindemann is making first-rate drawings for *Capri*,

Have been shocked at Gutzkow's tragic fate.<sup>1</sup> How much morbid material there is in the literature, the feeling, the thought of this intellectual age! Gutzkow, whose presence in Rome failed to give me any pleasure, has no humanity in him; he has fallen a victim to his own ego.

People here are delighted at the submission of the French Episcopacy to the Encyclical and Syllabus; even Montalembert, de Falloux, Broglie, and Dupanloup do homage to this mediæval delusion. This is the famous movement of free thought in France—devotees and pious legitimists: it is a disgrace.

Pacheco, the new Spanish ambassador, had a reception yesterday. Innumerable guests, dense throng.

Another procession: the bronze "Hercules" has been conveyed from the Palazzo Pio to the Vatican. It is said that the papal Government is going to throw open the Pantheon. Should it do so, I shall forgive it the Syllabus.

ROME, February 27.

Cotta tells me of the safe arrival of the first part of vol. v., which went *via* Paris. Up till now have been making the second part ready for the press, and have revised the second edition of the *Siciliana*. Have been living in a stream of social pleasures.

On February 8 a great ball of 1200 people at the Austrian Embassy; magnificent illumination, splendour, and hospitality; Princess Corsini did the honours of the occasion. Several evening parties at Meyendorf's. Frequent drives with Princess Hohenlohe. Have only now heard that her daughter, married to the Duke of Augustenburg, previously refused an offer of marriage from Napoleon. An expedition one night with some Scotch and English people to the Colosseum, which we ascended by torchlight; the moon was overcast, and the night bitterly cold. Madame S. had taken punch, and made the round of the party carrying a big bottle; and this, by accident, beside the cross in the middle of the Colosseum; torches and

<sup>1</sup> Gutzkow had attempted to commit suicide in January 1865.—*Editor's Note.*



French sentinels around. The view from the top of the Colosseum is wonderful at night.

George Samarine from Russia, sent by the Grand-Duchess, came to see me, with Miliutin, the ostensible re-organiser of Polish rural affairs. He talked of the creation of a Polish nationality, at which I laughed. Tchicherine, one of the suite of the heir to the Russian throne, also called; he has since been made professor of Political Law at Moscow, and is already a man of scientific fame. Lenz, the privy councillor, with whom I had just been at Meyendorfs, has had a sudden stroke of apoplexy. Dr Kunde died of consumption yesterday. We buried him to-day. When asked before his death whether he wished for anything, he said quietly, "Death!" and then passed away.

Carnival—this time attended by the Romans—dull and lifeless. Did not go near it once.

ROME, *March 11.*

The proofs of vol. v. have arrived. Have given the right of bringing out a new Italian edition of the *History of the City of Rome* to Antonelli, the Venetian publisher. The translation is to be begun immediately.

Have been working since yesterday in the library of Count Casimir Falzacappa of Corneto, an elderly man, who has collected numerous MSS. on the history of Corneto.

A week ago Count Sartiges went to see the Pope, and pointed out that Napoleon uprightly adhered to the September Convention, and would consequently withdraw his troops from Rome. The news occasioned profound dismay in the Vatican. The case grows serious.

Victor Emmanuel has again left Florence; has become reconciled with Turin; will, however, return to Florence, where the royal residence will undoubtedly be established.

ROME (*Palm Sunday*), *April 9.*

The crowd of foreigners is very great; am disturbed every day. Among the new arrivals, one that is welcome is the daughter of Prokesch-Osten, who is married to the

Baron von Reyer, Austrian plenipotentiary in Darmstadt, a woman of intellect and vivacity.

Made acquaintance with two Rhenish poets at the Villa Albani, Wolfgang Müller of Königswinter and Matzerath.

Pauline writes from Florence that Ludmilla Assing proposes publishing the correspondence of her uncle, which will throw a light on the character of Wilhelm von Humboldt and lay bare the moral morass. Pauline is quite indignant about it, as an outrage on the belief in the greatness of the few characters whose memories are held sacred by the nation. Shall consult Brockhaus how to prevent the publication of this fresh scandal.

Everything is quiet in Rome. Persigny was to arrive yesterday, it is said, on a mission from Napoleon. The Emperor's first volume of *Cæsar's Life*, an *oratio pro scelere commissso*, is making some sensation, and has found an excellent satire in Rogeard's *Labienus*.

ROME, April 30.

On April 19 Rome was illuminated till it looked like fairyland. The Tiber at the Ponte S. Angelo, where illuminated vessels were lying, and the Borgo, were enchanting. Drove through the city with the Princess Hohenlohe and Herr von Klumpp. Liszt gave his farewell concert in the Palazzo Barberini on the 21st. Amateurs played and sang: he played the *Aufforderung zum Tanz* and the *Erlkönig*—a curious farewell to the world. No one suspected that he had the abbé's stockings already in his pocket. The following Sunday he received the tonsure in S. Peter's, and first consecration at the hands of Monsignor Hohenlohe. He now wears the abbé's frock, lives in the Vatican, and, as Schlözer told me yesterday, looks well and contented. This is the end of the gifted virtuoso, a truly sovereign personality. Am glad that I heard him play again; he and the instrument seem to be one, as it were, a piano-centaur.

This day week went to Ostia: a mixed company. Eleven Prussians found themselves together there.

Vegezzi, Italian Minister of Finance in 1860, now agent of Victor Emmanuel, has been here a fortnight. The Pope has written to the King to exhort him to put an end to the confusion that prevails in the States of the Church, and Vegezzi has been sent in consequence. The Italian Government allows the oath of the bishops to be set aside—a great concession; it is even said that the law for the suppression of the spiritual corporations has been withdrawn.

Have received the seventeenth set of proofs of vol. v. Madame Cornelius took the last MS. away with her some days ago. Have been in the muniment room of S. Croce, but the contents are unimportant.

ROME, *May 7.*

To-day a farewell lunch at the Osteria of Titus with Schücking and our lady friends Meysenbug and Herzen. Afterwards a large coffee party at the Villa Wolkonski.

On May 2, an expedition to the Val di Nerone.

Was with the Princess the day before yesterday; she told me a great deal about her aunt, the widow of the Grand-Duke Constantine, who spent several years in the Villa Boissière, the same that Herzen has now rented, and which his daughters are just leaving.

There is a constant weaving and severing of Penelope's web in Rome. The life is full, but it exhausts the feelings with which it must be paid.

Yesterday saw Liszt, clad as an abbé; he was getting out of a hackney carriage, his black silk cassock fluttering ironically behind him—Mephistopheles disguised as an abbé. Such is the end of Lovelace!

Work but little. Enthusiasm has given way in me to philosophic calm. The work of creation is a slow decline from the first impulse with which we set forth, and in which lay something of bliss.

ROME, *May 14.*

On Wednesday 10, drove to Albano to take leave of Princess Hohenlohe. The day was sultry and oppressive.



We drove through the galleries to Ariccia. Everywhere scenes of the past rose before my eyes. To me all these places are filled with phantoms.

Have now returned to the silence of Rome, which should make for seriousness and feed thought.

Victor Emmanuel transferred his residence to Florence on May 12. Vegezzi went off to receive instructions. The negotiations are, however, entirely restricted to ecclesiastical affairs. The party of action cries treason.

ROME, June 4.

Quiet days. Have resumed my rambles in Rome with Schlözer, a lively man of still youthful temperament. Work in the libraries in the morning. The corrections in vol. v. are nearing an end.

ROME, June 11.

Dined with the Duke of Sermoneta and met Count Gotze. Prince Santa Croce and his daughters arrived afterwards.

Yesterday was at Meyendorfs; Baron Hübner, Austrian ambassador in Paris in 1859, and celebrated owing to Napoleon's declaration of war on New Year's day, was also there. He has not any post at present, and is here looking up materials for a life of Sixtus V. A refined man, astute and witty, and, it would appear, independent. He told us a great deal about the French Court, and called Morny *un Fra Diavolo de la bonne compagnie*.

Schlözer leaves for Sicily the day after to-morrow.

Am working at the Minerva, collecting the material for vol. vi., and copying Roman coats-of-arms at the Chigi palace. Prince Campagnano has allowed me free access to the archives. Yesterday returned the fortieth set of proofs of vol. v. The printing is finished.

Vegezzi has arrived here again. The drift of the negotiations remains in darkness.

ROME, June 18.

Was with Sermoneta yesterday. The news that negotiations with the Italian Government have been broken off

is confirmed. These are based on three demands: oath of the bishops, exequatur, and reduction of the episcopal sees in Italy. To these the Vatican will not consent. The effort at reconciliation has thus been shattered: the Jesuits and the Mazzinians will rejoice. People stand here again on the *confusio omnium rerum et providentia dei*, as in the ancient Roman Empire.

Baron Hübner also comes to the Chigi Archives; he is, however, soon leaving Rome. Have sent off the last proofs of vol. v.

The town is growing empty. Meet no one but Russell, Meyendorf, Sermoneta, Gotze, and Lindemann.

ROME, June 24.

Pauline's illness has become so serious that I have resolved on going to Florence; wanted to set off to-day, but Madame Sabatier telegraphed to me yesterday not to come. Have telegraphed back that I will not start to-day, but shall to-morrow. The thought that my noble-hearted and faithful friend may die without my bidding her good-bye, is intolerable. Intend going to-morrow, whether she wishes it or not.

Rome is quiet and beautiful. Yesterday took leave of Odo Russell, who is at Ariccia with Lobo, the Portuguese.

FLORENCE, July 16.

Left for Florence by Civita Vecchia early on Sunday, June 25; arrived at midnight. The following morning went to Sabatier's. Pauline is very ill. She has contracted a fever in the damp, cold house. My presence cheers her; she gets up twice a day.

Am living here in the palace. Sabatier is in France. Amari comes to the house every day. Have made the acquaintance of the Pulsky family. Pulsky, at first an adherent of Kossuth, spent ten years in exile in London; has since been here for two years; has now gone over to the moderate party (as has also Klapka), and will gladly return to Hungary. Have also seen Dr Schiff, professor of

Physics here, and, like Moleschott, one of the celebrities. Several correspondents of French newspapers come to the house; otherwise the town is empty. The heat is dreadful. Florence a disused stage, with fascinating side-scenes. The transference of the capital is not yet perceptible. The great elements, from which a capital is formed, are lacking in this city of the Graces.

Am working in the municipal archives. Have copied several documents of the time of the return from Avignon.

Have signed the Venetian contract respecting the translation which I have authorised of the *History of the City*; curiously enough, signed the contract with Cotta in this very palace eight years ago.

KUFSTEIN AM INN, July 29.

Left Florence on the 22nd; Pauline's condition had improved. The household was breaking up. Pulsky and Amari had already gone to the baths of Lerici. The heat was intolerable.

Came on to Milan. Had time to go and see the Cathedral in the morning, then continued my journey. Two hours' rest in Verona. Arrived at Botzen, where the railway ends, on the evening of the 23rd.

On the 24th came on by Brixen. Got to Innsbruck at 7 A.M. on the 25th; remained there the day. It rained, and I froze.

Left on the morning of the 26th. Had intended to go to Reichenhall, but while waiting at Kufstein was so charmed with the situation of the place that I decided to remain.

Dark mountains enclose a green valley, through which rushes the boisterous Inn. Beautiful walks through the wood, the home of pious legend. Flowers and verdure on every side.

Went into the wood to-day and came upon the most charming tableau—A huge tree; affixed to it the mutilated figure of a white angel carved in wood; a young girl, with long fair hair and blue eyes, standing before it, was engaged



in decorating it with flowers from a pile which stood beside her.

KUFSTEIN, *July 30.*

The day before yesterday saw the Volkspiel of *Faust* (Klingemann's version) in the hall of an inn. Faust represented as a painter, with father, wife, and children. The scene was laid at Spessart. Four mortal sins: twofold murder of his wife with her unborn child; murder of the father; and number four, compact with the devil. Descent to hell!

Yesterday the Passion-play at Thiersee. The peasants act every ten years as at Oberammergau. The theatre is a wooden building with several rows of seats. The performance takes place in the morning, from eight o'clock till one, when the Passion up to the Crucifixion is represented, then an interval for rest. The play begins again at two o'clock, and continues till five, when the Resurrection is depicted, and it closes with the Ascension. The whole is represented with mechanical accuracy—here and there Pyramus and Thisbe are detected, and occasionally it resembles a dramatic embodiment of the pictures of Wolgemut and Holbein. Dull verses in the manner of Hans Sachs. A peasant girl made an exquisite Magdalene; the other women, Mary, Veronica, the wife of Pilate; two angel figures invariably appeared singing at the right moment, like an ancient chorus, connecting earth and heaven. An ancient tradition here becomes actuality; just as if the sources of poetry, art, morality, religion, and the whole spiritual process of Christian society were laid bare. That people can play this noble myth for eight hours without falling into caricature, that the figure of the great genius of the human race can be depicted by a peasant, and that the deepest problems of life can be artistically grasped by these country-folk, testifies more convincingly than aught else could do to the genuine human nature of Christianity in its original aspect. It has made me sincerely happy to have come for once face to face with this primitive German character.

"GASTHAUS ZUR POST," REICHENHALL, *August 16.*

On July 31, drove from Kufstein to Hopfgarten, where I spent the night. On August 1, climbed up Salve in the early morning, when a glorious panorama of nearly 200 mountain peaks was the reward of my trifling exertion.

The same day returned to Kufstein, where I remained until August 5. It rained a great deal. Wrote an account of the Thiersee Passion-play for the *National Zeitung*.

On the 5th, came by rail to Teisendorf. It poured in torrents. Took post to Reichenhall. The carriage could not proceed, and I and my travelling companions were obliged to walk part of the way in the rain.

Arrived at Reichenhall in the afternoon.

Have since remained twelve days, of which six were fine and sunny; have associated with no one but Giesebrecht and Professor Sanio from Königsberg. We have made several excursions—Paddinger Alp, Thumsee, Schloss Staufeneck (which greatly reminded me of Neidenburg). On the 10th to Salzburg; the day before yesterday to Berchtesgaden, where it rained heavily. Met Paul Heyse accidentally, and made an expedition with Tutschek, the singer, and Professor Werther.

Have not been in the mood to write even the smallest thing, scarcely even to read anything.

The fifth vol. of the *History of the City of Rome* has arrived; one log of life is thus thrown into the fire after another until the whole trunk is burnt.

Giesebrecht asked me whether I was inclined to accept a professorship in Germany, as people had questioned him: Leo at Halle had wanted to know, and so had the Saxon Minister, who wished to beguile me to Leipzig. Explained that I was not suited for such a post, but only regarded myself as an author who pursued historical studies without uniting with them any practical vocation for teaching, as many English historians do. My one desire is freedom and independence, or an adequate assurance of them, for the remainder of my life.

STATION OF LAMBACH. (*5 miles from Linz.*)  
*Saturday, August 19.*

Back on August 16 to Salzburg. Shooting competition on the 17th. Preparations were being made for the arrival of the Emperor, who is to meet the King of Prussia there on the 19th, to conclude the Gastein negotiations with regard to Schleswig-Holstein.

On the 18th to Lambach, where there is a Benedictine monastery. A pupil from the gymnasium at Klagenfurt told me on the way that he was going to claim the hospitality of the monks: he looked very ragged, but was nevertheless making a holiday tour. On going to the convent, noticed over one of the doors the inscription in gold letters: "For the poor and travellers"; entered an inhospitable-looking room and found my schoolboy seated, eating from an earthenware plate. He had been given nothing but black watery gruel without any bread. I presented him with money to buy some. The Benedictines at Subiaco and Monte Cassino would not have fed their guests thus meagrely; and—gilt letters for watery gruel!

"IM GRÜNEN ENGEL," PASSAU, *Monday, August 21.*

The next day came from Lambach on to Linz. The Grand-Duke of Hesse, a strong-looking man in Austrian uniform, stiff and stern as a corporal, had arrived at the station a short time before on his way to Salzburg. The landlord had excluded his other guests from the public room and rearranged it; he stood there with his napkin under his arm, making awkward bows: the exalted traveller, however, did not bestow a single glance upon him, but stepped into his carriage.

Linz is built in the Italian rococo style, especially the large and beautiful market, the best part of the town.

On the 20th, came up the river by steamer to Passau. Wooded banks on each side, here and there leaving a strand, on which there are villages. Now and then a castle on a height, such as Rana, the Tailor Castle, and Fichtenstein, which towers above a dark forest. Rafts of wood,



steered from fore and aft, come floating down, a stall made of boards standing in the middle. Salt-boats also pass along, laden with casks conveying the wealth of the Salzkammergut from the Inn to Vienna. The steam boat traffic between Linz and Passau is limited to two vessels. Mine carried barely six passengers, and even this number was reduced on the way, for the steamer stopped four times at different villages, which, with their churches crowned with cupolas, and white houses, stood solitary along the shore amid idyllic river scenery.

"GOLDENES KREUZ," RATISBON, *August 22.*

Arrived at Ratisbon at three o'clock in the afternoon. Visited the Rathaus, which is devoid of historical character, the cathedral and the other sights, the castle of Thurn and Taxis with its beautiful park, the stone bridge over the Danube, which here looks desolate and unimportant, and wandered here and there through the streets. To-morrow go on to Munich.

"IN DER BLAUEN TRAUBE," MUNICH, *August 28.*

Arrived here on the 23rd. The town is empty; all my acquaintances are away; the library is closed. Tedious days in glorious weather. Have been twice to the theatre, heard the *Huguenots*, and yesterday saw the *Verschwender* by the eccentric Raimund.

Have received but few letters.

On the 28th, Goethe's birthday, saw *Clavigo* in the Residenz-theater, in an almost empty house. The piece is harrowing.

On the 29th, took my leave with the representation of Dingelstedt's version of the *Wintermärchen*.

HOTEL BRUN, BOLOGNA, *September 4.*

Left Munich on August 31. Spent the night at Innsbruck, and arrived at Botzen on September 2. Visited Streiter, the Bürgermeister, guardian of the German frontier

in this Tyrolean country, the divided condition of which, owing to its mixed population, reminds me of Posen. Fallermayer has often been here as a visitor, and has praised the "Attic nights" of Botzen.

To-day visited Professor Frati in the Archigymnasium; Giordani at the Pinacoteca, who has given me a letter to the prior of the Spanish College.

ROME, *September 14.*

Found nothing suitable for my purpose at the Albornatiana, consequently left for Florence as early as the 5th, where I called on Pauline's sister, and found the condition of the invalid unchanged. The Sabatiers are still at Carlsbad, Amari away, Pulsky at the baths of Lucca. Took leave of my noble-minded friend.

Went to Pisa on the 7th, where I stayed the night, and again saw the house where Ludwig died.

On the 8th to Rome. On reaching the frontier station of Montalto, was carried off into quarantine, because I had travelled with one other passenger from Bologna. The quarantine station had been established in an empty house of two rooms. A bench formed the line of demarcation; and it was forbidden to go out to get a breath of fresh air.

Were released on the 9th, to enter Italian territory at Orbetello, which we did forthwith. Orbetello lies on a bay behind Cap Argentaro. Eight grey towers stand drearily on the marsh, through which an embankment leads to the desolate headland—a sea view of impressive melancholy.

The inn *Alle chiave d'oro* was good; my bed was even draped with silk. We got excellent food and good wine. Was overtaken by a poetic mood, and wrote verses on "Quarantine in Orbetello,"<sup>1</sup> the only productive work of my entire wanderings. Entertained the thought of spending four days at the place, when, on the evening of the 10th, came the news that the Consul at Civita Vecchia had procured my release, and I left on the 11th. Was received at Montalto by an official of the post: all was in order. I

<sup>1</sup> Printed in the posthumous collection of *Gedichte*,—*Editor's Note*,

journeyed on to Civita Vecchia in the company of two fair Romans and their husbands, and arrived in Rome early on the morning of September 12.

The Pope returned from Castle Gandolfo yesterday. The cannon thundered.

ROME, *October 8.*

On September 22, began the writing of vol. vi. The first chapter is finished. Make rapid progress at this quiet time of year, when there are no foreigners in Rome. Beautiful, peaceful days. The French will evacuate the States of the Church, and this has been explained to the Pope. They are to be concentrated on Rome, Civita Vecchia, and Viterbo. The eleventh hour is striking at the Vatican.

Have lately witnessed a beautiful spectacle. The palms from S. Francesco a Ripa have been transplanted to the Pincio; fourteen oxen from the Campagna drew them on a high two-wheeled cart in a gigantic wooden vase; they towered on high like a triumphator as the procession wound its way round the obelisk on the Piazza del Popolo.

We buried the artist Johann Frey of Basle beside the Pyramid of Cestius. He was one of my oldest friends in Rome, an experienced traveller, had formerly been in Egypt with Lepsius, and was a man of honour. The Consul Marstaller has died in Frankfort. Duke Torlonia has also passed away.

Vol. v. is announced.

ROME, *October 22.*

The day before yesterday the Pope sent de Merode his dismissal as Minister of War. Rome is full of the event; everyone rejoices. With Merode the Jesuit-legitimist faction is suppressed, and the national party under Antonelli has returned to the helm. It cost a great effort to set aside the fanatic. It was represented to the Pope that, owing to Merode's action, the Maritima and Campagna would be lost, like Umbria and the Marches. This took effect. The fall of the favourite was also demanded by France. They are convinced at the Vatican that Austria



cannot go to war. The recognition of Italy by Spain has also excited great consternation.

The elections for the new Chamber in Italy begin to-day. Scarcely a foreigner is to be seen. Palleske sent two lady artists from Weimar to see me.

Am working hard ; began chap. iii. of vol. vi. yesterday.

ROME, *November 12.*

Have finished the fourth chapter. The French, 3000 men strong, have actually withdrawn to Civita Vecchia, whence they are to embark ; things grow serious. The Central Committee issues instructions which forbid any rising taking place without a sign from Florence.

A revolution in Rome is feared.

In consequence of the withdrawal of the French, General Kanzler, the new Minister of War and Merode's successor, has sent troops to Latium ; they are under the command of Colonel Azzanesi, and occupy the chief places as far as Ceprano. Major Charette goes with six companies of Zouaves to Velletri.

Rome is depressed—a gloomy frame of mind prevails ; losses owing to the absence of foreigners ; fear of cholera ; in Naples eighty people die on an average every day.

Quiet, beautiful, laborious days.

To-morrow shall go to the Vatican, and there see how people regard me.

ROME, *November 26.*

Worked at the Vatican ; finished the fifth chapter yesterday. Am reading Petrarch's works with enjoyment. He marks the period when barbarism is on the wane ; is a Columbus of the Renaissance.

Have called on Baron von Hübner, the new Austrian Minister. He has six beautifully bound volumes of materials for the history of Sixtus V. lying on his table. He is intelligent. The poet Andreas Munch of Christiania, a cousin of the late historian, less distinguished than he and more conventional, has arrived. He told me that he had taken the legend of Veronica from my *History of the City*,

and had worked it into a novel which had met with great approval. The Hereditary Prince of Weimar has come, accompanied by Kuno Fischer

Found Liszt as an abbé at Fräulein von Stein's. It is said that he already regrets his metamorphosis.

Bavaria and Saxony have recognised Italy, and this has made a great impression in Rome. No less perceptible is the effect of Victor Emmanuel's speech from the throne. Four thousand French have embarked. They have been withdrawn from Velletri, but still occupy Frascati and Albano. The papal soldiers have taken their places in the Campagna, from which despatches arrive daily telling of conflicts with the brigands. A band has attacked S. Lorenzo, near Frosinone, has surrounded it, and demands capitulation. The officer in command has therefore telegraphed to Rome. Abject terror reigns in the Campagna, where no well-to-do citizen leaves Alatri, Anagni, or Frosinone unless under an escort. The demand to be allowed to form a civic militia has been refused by the Roman Government, in dread of placing arms in the hands of the country.

ROME, *December 17.*

Have made the acquaintance of the Hereditary Grand-Duke of Weimar, from whose attitude I perceive that my refusal (years have passed since) was as much appreciated at his Court as I had expected. The Hereditary Grand-Duke is a young man of twenty, simple and kindly. I went with him and his suite to Tusculum. Among them is Kuno Fischer, the only German in Rome who appears to me in any way above the common. He has been professor at Jena for nine years, and describes the pettiness of university life there as something frightful; he considers me fortunate in having preserved my freedom. Even Strauss, he thinks, was unable to bear the constraint of office. He talked a great deal of the drawbacks of Weimar and the nullity of D., whose highest aim is to acquire the key of a gentleman of the bedchamber; calls Schopenhauer a blend of Kant and Buddha.

Have reached the middle of chap. vii. in Book xi. and am two chapters in advance this year.

The papal Government issued a Draconian Edict on December 7; a military tribunal without appeal; 500-1000 scudi reward for the capture of brigands. Skirmishes take place every day.

The financial crisis grows more threatening. It is said that France will take over the debt that weighs on the annexed provinces and will then be repaid by Italy.

The Roman Mint coins sixty thousand scudi in *papetti* pieces, worth twenty baiocchi each, every month.

Torlonia has bought the Villa Albani from Castelbarco for three million francs.

An operation has been performed on the Duke of Sermoneta; he will apparently remain blind. Have been several times to see him. He suffers a great deal.

Schlözer is leaving with despatches for Berlin.

Bad news from Florence.

Have lately been trying to establish the site of the house of Cola di Rienzo, and have decided in favour of No. 1 in the Via della Regola. Nothing is more enjoyable than expeditions of this kind, and I shall resume them in the new year.

Forcella intends to print his collection of inscriptions at the cost of Don Baldassare Buoncompagni. He came to me about it. It is high time to save the mediæval inscriptions before they entirely disappear.

ROME, *December 31.*

Finished chap. vii. on December 22. This was my Christmas gift.

The days have passed quietly—few foreigners of any importance.

Two days after Christmas met Kuno Fischer in the Lateran; he was full of the impression which the Church and its ceremonial, as an historic organism, made on him. Rome is a world problem, which does not allow itself to be



solved by Protestant criticism. It is well in the main that philosophers do not come here too often.

Have been once to dinner at Herr von Hübner's: the Duke of Maddaloni Caraffa came in afterwards; a handsome man of eccentric character, a genuine Neapolitan, in opposition to everything; at first anti-papal, now papal: he has written a good deal, even dramas.

To-day went to S. Martino ai Monti, where I saw the wonderful crypt church.

Ricasoli has been here, also Boggio.

A new tariff for bread and meat gives relief to the people.

The year 1865 has reached its end. It has been a good year; at first perplexing, barren in the middle, but towards the end productive in solid work. Circumstances have favoured me; the appearance of vol. v., the second edition of the *Siciliana*, the contract for translation with Venice, the completion of the first half of vol. vi., and my visit home, flying though it was. All disillusiones have been removed.

1866

January 7.

ENCHANTING winter days. Few foreigners. Rome has never been so quiet or so empty.

The poet Andreas Munch came to see me to-day. We talked a great deal of his dead cousin and of the latter's *History of Norway*.

In the afternoon drove with Alertz and Lindemann to the Villa Lante. This magnificent property belongs to the Duchesse Fleury, who has bought it from the nuns.

Last Wednesday Liszt conducted a cantata in *Ara Coeli*, the *Stabat Mater Speciosa* of Fra Jacopone, set to a composition of his own. It was rather tame; leaning over towards me, he whispered, "Church music! Church music!"

ROME, January 21.

Finished the first chap. of Book xii. on the 18th.

On the 17th, a great reception at the Austrian ambassador's. Princess Aldobrandini, a Hungarian and a member of the Hunyady family, did the honours. An innumerable crowd streamed through the rooms; a brilliant exhibition of vanity.

Meyendorf had a scene with the Pope on New Year's Day. He is reported to have told him that Catholicism is the revolution; on which the Pope sent him away. All the papers are full of it. Met Meyendorf on the Pincio, when he told me the reports were exaggerated: he had merely told the Pope that the Catholic clergy formed the element that stirred the people to revolution in Poland.

For a New Year's greeting even this was pretty strong. Meyendorf will leave his post.

The Pope has formed a treaty with France. Napoleon leaves him two thousand men as mercenaries. They are to wear papal uniforms. Things are quiet in the Vatican. The September treaty will be carried out. Rome will not be the capital of Italy; the present State of the Church will continue.

See Kuno Fischer frequently. Yesterday we walked to S. Pietro in Montorio. A manly, clear, and decided thinker, capable of regarding the history of Rome from the loftiest standpoint, and free from party limitations. Am reading his History of the new philosophy, the best and clearest work of the kind that we possess. Fischer finds himself restricted in his out-of-the-way corner at Jena, of whose professorial narrowness he draws the darkest picture. He longs for a larger sphere of activity; for instance, in Berlin. Of Rosenkrantz he speaks with the most unjust depreciation: nevertheless Rosenkrantz has done a great service in popularising philosophy, and a still greater on behalf of intellectual life in East Prussia. Fischer is full of himself; he is very critical of others. What he most admires here is the unpretending aspect of Rome, which he calls the character of this cosmopolitan city.

Melancholy news from Florence. Pauline seems to be quite crippled. Her terrible condition saddens my days.

ROME, *February 4.*

Finished chap. ii. of Book xii. on January 31. Days of rest. Schlözer returned from Berlin, where he had taken my business in hand, and has shown himself a true friend.

Count Tolstoi has come back—a splendid man, genuine, sincere, and full of intellect, whose society I shall cultivate.

Called on Mrs Robinson from America, known in Germany as Frau Talvj, translator of the Servian *Volkslieder*, which she has introduced into our literature—an elderly lady with a refined expression. As she showed



some desire that I should escort her about Rome, I have not gone near her again.

The Pope is looking about in search of a loan, 50 millions, 60 for 100, but has not succeeded in getting it; the financial difficulty is great; bankruptcy stands before his door. The history of the city of Rome has become a financial question.

Gibson, the celebrated sculptor, has died, and been buried beside the Pyramid of Cestius. As he had been a Knight of the Legion of Honour, General Montebello sent a detachment of French soldiers to the cemetery to fire a last salute. The custom of firing guns over a grave is utterly absurd and barbarous. Gibson probably never fired even a pistol in his life, and would have protested against such honours. An English lady fled before the firing to the neighbourhood of Shelley's grave, sat down there, and burst into tears. Gibson was seventy-eight, and for six years had been a pupil of Canova's. His greatest work is "Phaeton." He was a master of the severe style, possessed of the loftiest sense of beauty, but of no great originality, and was almost academical in his tendencies. He arrived in Rome poor, and left behind property amounting to two million francs. He lived unmarried, and with the greatest parsimony: was to be found in the Café Greco every morning.

Dined yesterday with the Hereditary Prince of Weimar, when Visconti and Pietro Rosa were also present. Visconti is a clever courtier, sophist, and improvisatore; is learned, however, and endowed with an enviable presence of mind.

ROME, *February 15.*

Finished chap. iii. of Book xii. yesterday.

The carnival has disturbed me. Been with Liszt to dinner with the Prince of Weimar. Liszt was very amiable; wished to make approaches to me, and said on going away that he hoped I would become more intimate with him. This, however, will be difficult, since we have no interests in common. He has aged greatly,

his face is quite shrunken ; but his vivacity is always most attractive. Countess Tolstoi told me yesterday that an American lady, living here, had caused the covering of a chair, on which Liszt had sat, to be framed and hung on the wall ; she had told the story to Liszt, who at first feigned annoyance, and then asked whether it was true. If a man such as he does not hold mankind in contempt, the fact must be reckoned to his honour.

On Tuesday evening, the 12th, went with Kuno Fischer to dinner at Tolstoi's, where Meyendorf was likewise. The evening was pleasant. Fischer's is one of the clearest and most accurate minds I have ever met : he represents an epoch in philosophical science which aims at historical finality. Above all, he appears to be the literary historian of German philosophy : he left with the Prince for Naples and Sicily on Ash Wednesday.

Meyendorf is triumphant ; the Emperor has expressed his approval ; the Russian Embassy is withdrawn ; the coat-of-arms still remains ; everyone is indignant with Antonelli, who has not had yet the courage to send Meyendorf his passport. Great financial distress. The debates on the address in the Paris Senate are awaited with anxiety ; they are the result of the determination that Florence shall remain the capital, while Rome, with the last shred of the States of the Church, is to be left to the Pope.

The winter is unnaturally fine : no rain ; constant bright sunshine. No one remembers such a season in Rome.

Rückert has died ; a great artist ; his poetry a garden of art. He contemplates his feelings and makes them the subject of art ; sets them as if they were diamonds ; reflects himself in them, and thus produces coldness and artificiality.

ROME, *March 11.*

Have been very busy ; have finished chap. iv. of Book xii., and written the Italian preface for the Venice edition.

Have been out a great deal, for which Tolstoi is to

blame: much in Russian society, which, strangely enough, is that I most frequent—in Rome!

Liszt gave his Dante symphony in the Galleria Dante, and as abbé reaped an Indian summer of homage. The ladies of the gallery overwhelmed him with flowers from above—Frau. L. almost slaying him with a wreath of laurel. The music is criticised as wanting in form, almost as austere, by the Romans. There is a good deal in it but not enough. Liszt has gone to Paris. The day before his departure I lunched in his company in Tolstoi's garden; he played for an hour, willingly allowing himself to be persuaded by a young Princess S., a lady of strikingly colossal proportions, but of equally striking intelligence.

At Meyendorf's, the day before yesterday, met Constantine Tischendorf, who is here studying a Bible codex in the Vatican; a Leipzig professor who might be mistaken for a Jew. He talked of nothing but himself and his achievements.

From the 10th until the 12th, heads of banking houses have been brought one after another to Rome, without any business having been transacted. Even the papal debt has not been arranged. The French foreign legion is being formed at Antibes, and will be quartered in S. Angelo as a bodyguard of the Pope. A few days ago a whale was washed ashore at Civita Vecchia, and until it proved itself a fish, was regarded as a sort of Trojan horse, in whose belly the Piedmontese were supposed to be concealed. Others said that Garibaldi had sent it from Caprera to swallow the Pope, like Jonah. Jonah is, however, *par excellence* the fable of the Papacy—swallowed to-day, ejected again to-morrow. This is the meaning of the entire history of the *dominium temporale*, as I have tried to show in the *History of Rome*.

Better news from Florence of Pauline.

Beautiful spring days. Everything in bloom.

ROME, March 18.

Yesterday drove with Cartwright to S. Paul's, to call on the former abbot of Monte Cassino, who is living there



in exile. We saw the bronze doors, which were not, as is supposed, wholly destroyed in the fire of 1823, but which, although in fragments, remain almost entire. They are lying in two huge wooden chests in a storeroom, and were shown to the Pope, pieced together on the floor; the monks begged for their restoration, which was estimated at a cost of ten thousand scudi, but Antonelli decided to have new doors made and the old placed in a museum. The metal *in niello* has been removed; all the faces are missing, as, in short, is all that was of value; merely the outlines remain, that is to say, the engraving in the iron plates. The inscriptions are quite legible; the whole could be easily restored. The abbot begged me to raise a protest against the neglect shown to this treasure by writing an article for a German or English newspaper: and I shall do it.

To-day took farewell of Meyendorf, who leaves this evening for S. Petersburg. The Russian Embassy is closed; the chapel is to be suppressed, the armorial bearings removed; I have long frequented the house, and have made the acquaintance of many notable people there.

A bankrupt year. Great excitement, and expectation of a catastrophe.

ROME, *April 8.*

At seven in the evening of April 3 the noble-minded Pauline died, after long suffering, in Florence.

A good genius has left me. She was a true friend; lofty in thought and feeling, exempt from most of women's faults, devoid of vanity and selfishness, and endowed with a clearness of intellect that may be called rare. She shared my intellectual career, and this to her was compensation for the loss of all the hopes of her life, after B. had faithlessly deserted her. Hers was the most high-hearted soul that I have ever encountered; even her disillusion had not embittered her, only made her nobler and almost entirely selfless.

Yesterday Schlözer brought me a letter from Thile, who informed me that the Government in Berlin has determined

to reduce the subsidy of 400 thalers a year, which I have been receiving since 1860, to 200 thalers for two years. Have declined the offer.

Many foreigners, for whom I am not in the mood. Am more than ever engrossed in my work.

On March 22 finished chap. vi. in vol. vi., but have now lost for ever the encouraging sympathy of the noble-minded friend who is no more.

ROME, April 21.

Have worked uninterruptedly in the libraries. Drove one day with Tolstoi, Bobrinsky, and Prince Sanguczko to Galera, a town of the Middle Ages, shrouded in ivy.

One evening the Prince of Weimar had the Vatican galleries lighted by torches; Visconti was our guide, and explained things. The gilt Hercules does not look well, dwarfing the noble company of statues, with which it does not harmonise. I cannot stand the Hercules type—it is brutal, muscular strength; and yet the moral aspect of the myth is noble; that of a man who conquers the world through labour, is deified, burnt like a phoenix, and receives in reward Hebe, everlasting youth. An imaginative lady called Hercules the Greek Christ; rather than Hercules, however, and in a higher sense, Prometheus represents the character. He overthrows the ancient gods and brings a new salvation to the human race.

The Pope has promoted the *Civiltà Cattolica* to be a literary institution in the Church; its editors, as *Collegium Scriptorum*, are furnished with all the privileges of a moral society, and have a permanent dwelling assigned them in the Borgo. The journal is to be a lasting power in the organism of the Church.

Tischendorf has been honoured with a flattering brief. The Pope therein says that he hopes that he (Tischendorf) will soon carry his researches so far that he will be able to open his arms to him, no longer as to a foreigner, but as to a beloved son.

Pauline's sister leaves Florence in May, to return to her home. Pauline herself made the arrangements for the

funeral; forbade any speech-making at her grave, would not even have any stone placed on it, "only the green grass over which the wind blows." Her sufferings were indescribable; for months she could not even move a limb. I made her last years in the world which had betrayed her somewhat less hard to bear, and the consciousness comforts me. Even though at a distance, I was thus able to be a friend until her death.

ROME, *May 6.*

The Italo-Austrian and also the Prussian war seem unavoidable. The Italian nation carries the Government along with it. The parliament has given the King authority to issue laws concerning the finances; a loan of 250 millions has been decreed by the National Bank, and Italy is deluged with paper. The Government must conquer or go under. The entire storm has arisen very suddenly. The terrible war will decide the fate of Italy, the Papacy, and also that of Germany. France stands watching with impatience on the Rhine: she will be arbitrator, and demand her reward.

It was said yesterday that 25,000 Italians were to pass by Rome, in order to be sent on by train to Ancona. Frenchmen are to land once more at Civita Vecchia.

Pauline's nephew has arrived from Florence; am just going with him to Albano.

ROME, *June 10.*

A severe chill, which I caught at Albano, left me good for nothing for a fortnight, although during the time I managed to look through the MS. of vol. vi.

Am anxious to save this work from the ruin that we are about to encounter. Have begun to write chap. vii.

The Italians will have to stand their trial. They are now a free people, that demand their rights from the world. I hope for their victory; the triumph of Austria would simply mean a return of the Middle Ages. We are standing on the threshold of incalculable events which will change the world's history.



With Venice the fate of the Papacy will be decided. Should the Italians enter, the *dominium temporale* of the Pope comes to an end. The Bourbon party dream of a restoration. Preparations are being made for a march on Naples; should the Italians suffer a defeat, an armed rising will be attempted in Calabria. The hatred of the clergy is plotting monstrous things. The temper in Rome is gloomy. High prices, financial crisis; the disappearance of silver; only depreciated paper is in circulation. The brigands are already before the gates, even at Frascati itself. All the roads are insecure. In such circumstances I must remain in Rome during the heats of summer.

The Pope has created five Cardinals: Hohenlohe, Matteucci, Archbishop Cullen of Dublin, Monsignor Consolini, and Felice Billio, a Barnabite, only thirty-seven years of age, and an Ultramontane of the purest water. It is said that he will also bestow the hat on Monsignor Bonaparte.

Antonelli has been ill—an attack of gout in the stomach, due, it is reported, to mortification at the loss of 300,000 scudi through the failure of an English bank.

The Pope sent for Alertz to question him as to the Cardinal's condition.

Liszt has come from Paris, and as Hohenlohe has left the Vatican, returns to Monte Mario. Have been often with his friend, the Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein. Her character repels me, though she bubbles over with wit.

All Russians are omnivorous with regard to the culture of the West. Being themselves unproductive, they have a canine hunger for appropriation. An intellectual woman said to me that nothing would ever come out of Russia—the people lacked all initiative of will; Peter the Great recognised the incapacity of his people for national development, and therefore drew the European mantle over the country.

Harms, Consul for Würtemberg at Lübeck, came to see me, also Mr Brooks from Rhode Island, the translator of Jean Paul and other German authors.

The first volume of the *History* has, it is true, been printed at Venice, but its publication has since been withheld on account of the war.

ROME, June 27.

Great events, which will transform Europe, have taken place in Germany.

Yesterday came the appalling news that the Italians had been defeated at Custoza and Valeggio and been driven back over the Mincio; the impossibility of passing the quadrilateral has thus been demonstrated. Read the despatch at six o'clock yesterday evening in the bureau of the *Osservatore Romano*, beside the Palazzo Poli, where I go daily at that hour: the people almost stormed the house in their feverish impatience. The whole period is profoundly contradictory: at whose victory should we rejoice, whose defeat should we bewail? Everything is turned topsyturvy by guilt, selfishness, and error. Austria has the technical right; she has been incessantly challenged in scorn and arrogance from the side of Italy and Prussia: the higher right she does not possess.

The Italians are dismayed and disillusioned. Before his departure for Fano, the Abbé Lanci, the celebrated Orientalist, said to me: "We have settled everything in four battles"—and now?

Italy has no military capacity. Since the fall of the Roman Empire the country has only suffered the invasion of foreigners, and has invariably merely stood on the defensive. At no period has she appeared as conqueror.

Have finished vol. vi. of the *History of the City of Rome* to-day. As originally planned, the work was to consist of six volumes.

My labours accompany the historical movement of Rome, which, owing to the Italian revolution and the decline of the Papacy, has become the most important movement in Europe. Owing, however, to the approaching international war, Rome will soon be driven into the background. So too will my work be finished, and I stand facing a moral boundary.

The cosmopolitan movement of present times will form such a boundary for all intellectual life. It divides two generations: that on the further side will become antiquated; on this side genius will follow new paths.

I think we shall see an epoch such as that of 1813. It is an international struggle, from which the soul of nations will come forth rejuvenated; a process of separation, in which the decayed authorities of the ancient civilisation will go under. Rome still retains their formula, she has given expression to it in the *Syllabus*. This Roman knot will be violently loosed by a revolution in the last and most important third of the nineteenth century.

The Emperor Franz Josef has required a declaration from the Pope that the cause of Austria is that of justice. The Pope has declined. The Mephistophelian glance of the man on the Seine, with his letter to Drouyn de Lhuys, causes Pius IX.'s hand to drop when he wants to raise it in blessing on Austria.

The papal Government has introduced a new system of coinage, lire or francs—the people are bewildered with it; copper has fallen in value; the prices of provisions have greatly gone up.

ROME, July 8.

My excellent brother Rudolf died suddenly at Königsberg, apparently from apoplexy, on June 23. His death is a great loss to us all. He was a noble-minded man, a fiery spirit, of persuasive eloquence. Religious doubts had lately brought on melancholy, and he was afraid of becoming blind. A week ago he was buried at Schlippenbeil. So wrote my brother Julius, who is now collecting the fragments that are left of the family home.

These are sad times—a gloomy but productive year.

On July 3 Prussia gained a decisive victory at Königgrätz; the Austrian army is annihilated.

The news arrived here at five in the evening. At six in the morning the *Osservatore Romano* published the despatch



with the announcement of the cession of Venice to the French Emperor. The impression made was indescribable; readers in every street; nowhere a sign of joy. The patriots are humiliated by the thought that Italy is to receive Venice as an alms from the hand of Napoleon, instead of having acquired it by a great national effort.

The entire Prussian campaign has no parallel in the history of the world. Its rapidity, magnificent as a thunder-storm, excites universal admiration. A caricature here depicts Benedek riding a tortoise, and Prince Friedrich Karl a winged horse. The ghosts of Luther and old Fritz, those of 1813, and of our great thinkers, have all passed before our battalions. Who could have believed that Austria was so old and outworn? The Vatican trembles before the blows of the Prussians.

There is no longer time to reflect; facts outstrip all reflection. The spectacle is that of a stream of historic events breaking loose after long, indolent stagnation in Germany. I feel as in a dream—cannot grasp things yet. The pulse of cosmopolitan history beats quicker now by means of telegrams, railways, discoveries, knowledge, and political maturity. Deeds that took Frederick the Great seven years to accomplish, his grandson achieves in seven days. Moreover the events of the present are merely the result of processes of long intervals of time—everything is ripe. Hence these electric shocks.

Here terrible heat and distressing financial crisis; scarcely a coin is any longer to be seen; nothing but inconvertible paper.

The Tolstois left on July 4. I accompanied them to the station.

ROME, *July 14.*

The battle of Sadowa turns out to be one of the most terrible in history, and will probably prove also one of the most important. Benedek has evacuated Bohemia, and will only hold the defensive on the line of the Danube. Germany now takes leave of Italy for ever, after a tragic history of fourteen centuries! How glorious might have been her farewell if, after the battle which she won at

Custozza, Austria had magnanimously surrendered Venice to the Italians! Franz Josef was not, however, capable of an act of self-conquest and wisdom such as this,—perhaps no monarch would have been. Austria has not, however, succeeded in her cunning intention. True that to Germany's misfortune Napoleon has been involved in her aims, but the sympathies of the German allies have thereby been shattered: this form of the cession is the moral abdication by Austria of the German Imperium. The truce offered by Napoleon has been accepted neither by Prussia nor Italy, and it therefore behoved Austria to rally her forces once more and send her troops from Venice to the North. The Prussians have already penetrated far into Moravia and are advancing on Vienna.

For three weeks I have been dreading a civil war in Germany; now it is a European revolution. Aroused Germany, the greatest intellectual power in the world, will revolutionise Europe as effectually as she formerly did by the Reformation. The consequences of the battle of Sadowa are at least as follows: the unification of Germany through Prussia, the consummation of Italian independence, the fall of the *dominium temporale*, the deposition of France from the dominion which she has usurped over Europe. Napoleon III. has reached his zenith.

On July 9 the law for the suppression of all convents was announced by the Prince of Carignano, representative of Victor Emmanuel.

My brother has written about Rudolf's funeral. Why could not he, whose mind was so keenly interested in history, have survived this period? My thoughts are much occupied with him and Pauline; but the excitement of the time banishes all personal concerns and makes sorrow easier to bear.

ROME, July 29.

The Italians lost the naval battle at Lissa on July 20. The fleet returns to Ancona; the country is in a state of indescribable agitation. The Italians have shown themselves

very weak ; their campaign was deplorable. In spite of circumstances which were in their favour, they have not shown the tenth part of the power that little Greece displayed in fighting Turkey, not to speak of the Netherlands. Tall talk without outward action, extravagant chimeras, dishonesty towards themselves, and the lack of civic virtue. A revolution at home is necessary.

Prussia has terminated her glorious career with calm heroism ; she stands before Vienna. Outworn Austria is defenceless ; she has recognised herself as conquered, and accepted the armistice on July 25, the chief condition of which is separation from Germany.

ROME, *August 17.*

A general truce. Negotiations for peace. Profound depression on the part of the Italians. Rejection of Napoleon's claims on the Rhine.

Am incapable of work.

CASERTA, *September 1.*

On August 19 left Rome to go to Naples, being obliged to look through the State archives there before finishing vol. vi. Took up my abode again at the Hotel Washington, where I found old Commeter, who has hitherto been my companion. Have seen Gar, Lignana, Trinchera and made the acquaintance of Minceri Riccio, director of the library of S. Giacomo. Have been once to Pompeii and Castellamare ; once to Capodimonte ; several evenings to the Villa. Began to suffer from the heat, and was obliged to leave Naples. Cholera was on the increase, and the Roman Government had proclaimed a fortnight's quarantine. Got my passport therefore with Commeter on August 25, and yesterday came to Caserta, in the hope of getting through the term of quarantine here. We have excellent accommodation in an entirely new hotel and have installed ourselves for nine or ten days. Instead of Capua, Caserta is now the capital of the Terra di Lavoro. The celebrated palace stands empty.

My worthy step-mother died on August 12. Received



the news of her death in Naples. What a gloomy, death-laden year!

SORA IN CAMPANIA, *September 8.*

An outbreak of cholera compelled us to a hurried departure, in order that we might not forfeit the days of quarantine we had already put in. We left on September 3, in company with the Marquis Waddington and his wife from Perugia, who were in the same case as ourselves. Took the post at Rocca Secca and drove along the Liris to Sora, which I visited seven years ago.

Have been dwelling since the 3rd in a new hotel on the Liris. True that the brigands are encamped on the mountains of Balsorano, in the neighbourhood of the town; nevertheless the country is not exactly unsafe. We are only prevented from driving to the Lago di Fucino or Avezzano, which is within six hours' distance. A German engineer, living at Isola, told us hideous tales of the time before the fall of Capua, when (in 1861) 10,000 Neapolitan marauders under Klitsche occupied Isola and Sora, and soon after the banditti warfare began. Chiavone himself belonged to Sora, and adjacent Casamari formed the headquarters of the brigands. They advanced so close to the town that the Piedmontese fired on them from the bridge of the Liris.

Mastricola, a Roman, on whom I have called, is sub-prefect here.

We drove to-day to the fair of the Madonna dell' Elce, a chapel situated under oaks in the most beautiful mountain scenery; on the doors of the building are inscribed the words, *Columba mea in foraminibus petræ*. The natives of Sora, in their tasteful costumes, were there in throngs, and tents and booths had been erected. The sight of these people, handsome, well-built men and graceful women, against the mountain background, was charming, and vividly recalled to me the time at Genazzano, when I had looked with admiration on the procession of pilgrims from Sora on this very day (Sept. 8).

A telegram to the Syndic from Ceprano gives us permission to cross the frontier.

VELLETRI, *September 22.*

We left Sora on September 9, were fumigated at Ceprano, and so, as non-infected subjects, were forwarded to Rome. Remained at Ceprano until September 14, then went to Velletri, where I spent some pleasant days with Lindemann.

To-day return to Rome, diligently to resume my work.

ROME, *September 30.*

The French legion of Antibes arrived, filled the Romans with curiosity for some days, and then went to Viterbo. It is 1100 men strong, and under the command of Colonel d'Argy. Many of the soldiers wore the Crimean and Lombardy medals. The Pope blessed the troops in the Prætorian camp and distributed effigies of the Madonna among them.

The Empress Charlotte of Mexico is here at present, staying at the Hotel de Rome on the Corso. Her guard of honour consists of sixty Frenchmen with a banner. She called on the Pope immediately on her arrival, and he returned the visit yesterday, amid an innumerable crowd of inquisitive spectators.

On September 16 a band of brigands, under Bantivogna, attacked Palermo and seized the town, of which they remained masters for six days. On the 22nd it was recovered by the Italian troops, when it lay partially in ruins, having been fired upon by eight men-of-war for three days. A generation will not suffice to raise South Italy to a civilised condition.

Have received the news of the sudden death of Pulsky's gifted wife and beautiful daughter, of whom I saw so much last year at Florence.

ROME, *October 17.*

The current topic of conversation is the unfortunate Empress of Mexico. She is insane—has dismissed her suite, consisting almost entirely of Mexicans, and sent them to the Hotel Minerva. She implores the Pope to grant her accommodation in the Vatican. Last Tuesday she would not leave his room, but remained with him from

ten to twelve, returned in the afternoon, and stayed until Ave Maria. The Pope was greatly embarrassed. She asked him repeatedly whether he used antidotes against poison. He replied: "Yes, the rosary and prayer." She inquired whether the goblet standing on the table was his, and whether she might take it; she carried it off, and afterwards took water in it from the fountain of Trevi, walked round the column of Marcus Aurelius, and drank a glass of lemonade from the *limonaro* there; drove back about nine to the Vatican, where she wanted to sleep. The servants were obliged to prepare a room for her, but she did not go to bed. The Pope is greatly annoyed, and when he returns from a drive, asks anxiously whether the Empress is there. He says: "*Tutto ci viene a noi; ci mancava ancora, che una donna s'impazzisse al Vaticano.*" Once the Empress sent to summon Cardinal Antonelli at eleven at night, but the cardinal sent excuses. It appears that the cold reception given her by the Emperor Napoleon quite shattered her. The despicable creature allowed his victim Maximilian to perish. She gives vent to her horror of everything French, leaving the church of S. Maria Maggiore one day when she saw that French *gendarmes* were entering. The Duke of Brabant is expected to fetch away his sister. Such is the miserable end of the Mexican adventure!

On October 3 peace was made at Vienna between Austria and Italy.

ROME, October 21.

How strange is the Pope's silence and his long, mysterious life!

At the beginning of his reign he was the magic power that set new Europe in motion; he was seized by a whirlwind and compelled to speak a magic word, which electrified and plunged Italy and half of Europe into revolution: to-day a mummy, ten times reported dead, and yet reviving again, probably to outlive Napoleon himself; beside him, Antonelli, become a fossil, his ruler. Rome threatens to fall upon both; they do not move and keep silence. The clergy in France are consequently already bestirring



themselves. Dupanloup says in his pastoral: "I must speak out, our enemies possess the art of lulling us into security; we remain standing with folded arms and closed lips; we do not venture even to raise an honourable protest. True that such protests would be impotent, but they would be at least an act of revenge. For the insult to honour and conscience is ineradicable, the guilty always bear the ineffaceable mark on their forehead. But no, as if everything were to pass in silence, men look on, hold their peace, expecting, as if thunderstruck, the inevitable catastrophe."

On October 19 the Italians entered Venice, and Alemann, the Austrian general, left by steamer for Trieste. There lies a strong current of necessity in the fact that Italy and Germany must achieve their unity through one another.

Princess Wittgenstein said to-day, when speaking of the second part of *Faust*: "I remember how one evening Humboldt described the mouth of the Orinoco: A great river that flows into the infinite, the ocean, leaves a delta, and forms several little disconnected islands. Such is the second part of *Faust*."

ROME, November 4.

The September Convention has been carried out. At the end of October the French had already sold their belongings in S. Angelo. The scene was like a fair, for the whole Ghetto had flocked thither. The legion of Antibes, which has been in garrison at Viterbo, seems to be breaking up. Numerous desertions are taking place. The Government is determined to bring it and all the foreign corps (the Zouaves) to Rome; on the other hand, the Italian regiments are to go to the country districts. A bloody catastrophe is consequently feared. The papal Government will perish of atrophy. It is said that the Pope will go to Malta. But what is the Pope outside Rome? He, with his cardinals and prelates, at Malta would only form a sort of convict colony.

Gladstone is here. He has seen all the cardinals, monsignori, abbots, and influential clergy, in order to become

acquainted with opinions and facts. He advised the Pope to make a virtue of necessity. "Is it I," asked the Pope, "who refuses reconciliation? I am an Italian: why do they not send me my good old Vegezzi?" Nevertheless he soon afterwards delivered the most violent allocution.

Arthur Stanley, Dean of Westminster, called on me, an elderly and fragile-looking man, who, besides English, speaks only French, and that badly. He made many inquiries concerning the ceremonial system of the Church, and expressed himself cautiously with regard to the condition of Rome. Many other English are expected; indiscreet guests, who want to gaze from the windows of their hotels on the fall of Troy and Priam.

Alertz is dying: he cannot take any nourishment, having scarcely swallowed a cup of *bouillon* in a fortnight. The Pope sent him his blessing. Merode read mass in his room to-day, and gave him the Sacrament. What a dreadful year! and it is not ended yet. The death of Alertz will leave a blank in my Roman life.

ROME, November 18.

At 10 A.M. on the 10th Alertz died, in his sixty-sixth year. I went to his house at seven, but did not see him; the last agony had already begun, and for the first time since night he complained. I heard the death struggle, and came away; he went to sleep free from pain. When the Pope heard the news, he said: "*i buoni se ne vanno, i cattivi restano.*"

His obsequies were solemnised at S. Giacomo in Augusta, on the Corso, on the morning of the 12th. The Vatican was represented by de Merode. The Legations of Prussia and Holland (Count Duchatel) were present. The arrangements were most shabby, as befitted a sage whose own individual worth had given him widespread influence on the world at large, but who himself died in poverty. The funeral ceremony, according to Catholic custom, was prolonged for nearly two hours. A major-domo delivered a high-flown oration. The German confraternity, bearing torches, surrounded the coffin of white wood, which was not

even opened to identify the body. Thus has passed away one of the best of my Roman friends, one with whom I was in almost daily intercourse, and who was associated a hundredfold with my *History of the City*. It was from his library that I first borrowed books on the subject. He was himself possessed of unusual knowledge of the Papacy, especially of that of modern times. He had long explored behind the scenes of the Vatican, and had endless acquaintances among the greatest prelates of the Catholic world.

The Roman Church stands fast in the same situation. It is, however, undoubted that Napoleon will carry out the September Convention. The Romans fear the departure of the Pope. If he goes, he will plunge Italy into civil war, and will finally involve foreign countries in the strife. The Papalini should recall the consequences of the exile of Avignon.

Called yesterday on Herr von Hübner. Politics were not mentioned.

Adolf Stahr and Fanny Lewald have arrived here. Stahr is ill. He made a better impression on me than I had received in Berlin, or, moreover, than I had expected.

ROME, December 2.

During the latter part of November a pamphlet was published, *Il Senato di Roma e il Papa di Roma*, under the name of Stefano Porcaro, and with the address of *ex ædibus Maximis* as the printing place: ghosts are abroad in Rome, and ancient ideas reawake, like the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus.<sup>1</sup> The pamphlet summons the Romans to restore the Senate and the municipal authority on the Capitol on the departure of the French. A few days afterwards Ricasoli's circular to the prefects appeared. I often look from my room at night across to the dark Vatican, where only one solitary light burns, ghostlike. Is it the light by which the careworn Pope sits and watches? It is reported

<sup>1</sup> About the middle of the fifteenth century Stefano Porcaro played a conspicuous part as head of the Roman Republicans. See *History of the City of Rome in the Middle Ages*, vol. vii. pp. 102-136.—*Editor's Note.*



that arms are stored in the convents, that brigands enter secretly, to be let loose when the time comes. Rome is quiet; the aspect of the city is unchanged.

To-morrow the 85th Regiment of the line goes to Civita Vecchia to embark there. The French are beginning to withdraw.

Book xi. of my MS. went by way of Paris to Cotta on November 20.

Gervinus has arrived, but I have not seen him yet.

ROME, December 7.

The report has been current that the Pope was to go to Civita Vecchia on December 4, in order to inspect the new harbour buildings, or, as it was supposed, to see whether he could take up his abode there under the protection of his troops. A caricature represents him as a voyager on the shore of a harbour; all the chaplains of the vessels sent thither by foreign powers hasten to him, each with outstretched hand, like cabmen, crying *Vengo?* Vegezzi has declined to undertake the negotiations; and Tonello and Maurizio are to come to Rome in his stead.

On Saturday the printers of the *Stamperia camerale* in the Vatican were placed under arrest. They had printed no one knew what; it was said documents concerning the tyrannical dealings of Russia with the clergy in Poland, instructions to the bishops, manifestoes to Europe, correspondence which would reveal Napoleon's treachery to the Sacred Chair.

Early this morning the 71st Regiment left for Civita Vecchia.

General Montebello, with all the officers in the Vatican, took his leave yesterday.

To-day the French surrendered the last remaining posts in Rome to the papal party, S. Angelo excepted, which is to be given up on the 12th. Roman sentinels occupy all the gates, the Capitol, and the former mainguard on the Piazza Colonna.

Have just been there, and could not trust my own eyes. The Romans, who for seventeen years have been

accustomed to the sight of these French soldiers, each of whom looked like a knight, now gaze on the papal toy soldiers, who have taken their place. Have just visited the Roman guards at the Porta del Popolo—a strange spectacle in the dark night. At 1 A.M. by Roman time the French tattoo has hitherto been sounded through the Corso, and by day the streets have re-echoed to the warlike march of the battalions: now all is still as death.

The report is afloat that disturbances will take place on the 20th. People warn one another to keep houses and shops closed. Twenty thousand men are stationed along the Italian frontier, heavy cavalry as far as Narni. The officers there secretly order quarters in Rome, as if their entrance were a settled thing.

Saw the Pope at SS. Apostoli to-day, at the end of the Novena of the Immaculate Conception. The piazza was densely crowded. Not only the clerical party, but in great part the Romans themselves had come to look at the unfortunate old man. As he drove away in the magnificent pageantry, so characteristic of Rome, he was greeted by all with uncovered heads and with acclamations. He did not show himself at the carriage window—was probably prevented by emotion; for it is perhaps the last time that Pius IX. has heard the solemn festal voice of Rome.

Was yesterday evening at the Duke of Sermoneta's, where I met Count and Countess Rzewuski from Cracow. Had previously gone with Schlözer to the Villa Massimi, which was built by Sixtus V., and then to the Prætorian camp.

It is fortunate that in this crisis of affairs I have the will and opportunity to observe Rome, for in four days the last part of vol. vi. will be ready for the press. Had I been obliged to write it now, how would it have been possible amid such excitement?

ROME, *December 10.*

The September Convention expires to-morrow.

Went to S. Angelo early this morning, to see whether the French guards were still there. They were; and no

one could tell me when the surrender would take place. Yesterday Montebello took down the French flag from the Palazzo Ruspoli, where he is living. The garrison was also withdrawn. The Banca Romana remains without a guard to-night.

To-morrow the French will have vanished with the exception of the remains of the Commissariat department and a few batteries. The hussars also are still here, but all the infantry have gone.

Have been awakened each morning the last four days between four and five o'clock by the departure of troops, partly French, partly papal, who march through the city with their bands playing, and who are withdrawing to the country districts.

This has been a historic day, for the departure of the French from Rome marks an epoch in the life of the Papacy, whose secular form is dying; Europe withdraws her protection, and consequently dooms it to death, or to a reform in keeping with the conditions of modern society. Mexico, Prussia, Rome are the lines of retreat of the power of Napoleon, who has now fulfilled his task, and whose star is on the wane. Great times are approaching, which will centre round the new German power and Catholic reform.

Yesterday watched a transport of Zouaves enter through the Porta S. Lorenzo. To-morrow an entire regiment is to arrive, three companies of which, ordered to Viterbo, will, with the papal chasseurs, relieve the regiment of Antibes. The Zouaves will occupy the Borgo and the fortress; the Antibes regiment the Region Monti and the Piazza Barberini. The entire garrison of Rome will consist of 7000 men. The city is perfectly quiet, and it is believed will remain so. But a revolt is expected in Viterbo.

It has been arranged that the Swiss guard is to be ready to leave with the Pope at any moment.

The rumour is once more afloat that the Empress Eugenie is coming to Rome.

These are wondrous days—a sunny winter, fresh and bracing.



The work on which the Papal printers have been engaged in the Vatican has now been discovered : documents concerning the conduct of Russia towards the clergy in Poland. These documents have been collected in a volume, which is to be distributed among the embassies.

The Pope is in possession of a vast correspondence with Napoleon III. from 1849 onwards. Could one but know the contents of these letters ! The Pope wanted to have them printed and circulated throughout the world, but, owing to threats from Paris, he desisted.

ROME, *December 11.*

At nine this morning Cartwright told me that he had just come from S. Angelo, which had been surrendered an hour before. I was surprised, for yesterday evening Cesare Tommasi, of the Ministry of War, told me that the surrender had already been made at five in the afternoon. I have thus missed this event. Went nevertheless to S. Angelo, where the papal banner fluttered aloft beside the bronze archangel.

The Zouaves have all arrived. At three o'clock to-day the Antibes regiment also entered. I saw four Zouaves arrested by the papal chasseurs and conducted to S. Angelo.

ROME, *December 16.*

On the 14th the last French troops embarked at Civita Vecchia, so that, in fact, no foreign banner any longer waves throughout the whole of Italy. Victor Emmanuel cites this fact in yesterday's speech from the throne.

Tonello has been received by the Pope. His mission refers solely to spiritual affairs, namely, to the appointment of the Italian bishops. Since the 7th hands have been laid in the Romagna on the Church property, which is to fall to the Treasury. Loreto alone is valued at five million francs.

The bishops hitherto in exile in Rome have left ; Riario Sforza, Archbishop of Naples, has already issued his pastoral from there.

Have had a conversation with Gervinus concerning affairs in Germany. He is hostile to everything that has taken place through Prussia, and prophesies disaster from the union of Germany by means of this power. His ideal is the United States, and, according to his opinion, Germany ought to be a federal state. He has already given vent to these ideas in his introduction to the *History of the Nineteenth Century*, at the close of which, with regard to Germany's future, he predicts that, having attained to power, her task will be to force the neighbouring states to break up into federal bodies. I also hold the federal system of government as the form justified by history in Germany. But how are France, Russia, Italy to surrender the unity they have acquired and to split up into provinces? Remarked to Gervinus that what might have been possible decades since, was so no longer, since history, which had formerly operated on a small capital, now deals with a large. This is the consequence of railways and telegraphs, which shrivel up kingdoms, and consequently must necessarily annihilate political differences in nations. A time will come when Europe herself will be a federal republic, formed of a few nations, the families of this continent.

The day before yesterday talked with him about the Papacy. He is of opinion that the world is already sufficiently advanced to do away with the Pope. I pointed to the still unbroken mechanism of the Catholic Church, which cannot allow the Pope, the great pivot round which it revolves, to fall without falling to pieces itself. Pointed to the clergy in France, and to Italy, incapable of a thought of reform, to Spain, etc., and reminded him of a dictum of Macaulay's: "The Papacy will continue to exist even when a traveller from New Zealand stands on the broken arch of London Bridge surveying the ruin of St. Paul's." Gervinus carries theories from his writing-table into practical life, as do the majority of German scholars. He ventures to judge the Italian mind by some casual invectives against the Pope, overheard from the mouth of isolated individuals on his journey. He thus attributes importance to the fact that a few women in

Rome told him that they would not mind if the Pope went away, never to return. He also lays weight on Garibaldi's open hostility to Catholicism. I told him that this was nothing new, that the Pope and the priesthood had at all times been subjects of satire in Italy, and nevertheless had always ruled Italy. Reminded him of Boccaccio's anecdote of the Jew who had been converted in Rome, and told him that if the Romans drove the Pope out by one gate, they would inevitably invite him back by another.

Gervinus is a dignified man of imposing aspect, but of professorial pedantry of character.

He told me that the edition of his *History of the Nineteenth Century* consisted of 8000 copies. He is occupying himself here in writing a treatise on music.

ROME, December 31.

On December 31 Book xii. travelled with a Prussian courier to Germany. The MS. has thus been despatched. The completion of vol. vii. is the only real gain that I have experienced in this year of sorrow. The year 1866, great and beneficent to mankind, destructive and ruinous to so many individuals, is passing away, and its last hours seem to me like the last drops from a cup of bitterness.



1867

ROME, February 10.

NO acknowledgment of the arrival of my MS., sent off in November, has been received from Stuttgart. In answer to a telegram, I heard on January 16 that the first MS. had arrived, but the second had not. Soon after, the publishers wrote saying that they had been mistaken: that the second had arrived, but the first was missing. Schlözer telegraphed to Gasparini in Paris, when Gasparini wrote that the MS. was still lying in the office of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, awaiting the first official opportunity to be forwarded to Stuttgart. On February 4 Cotta telegraphed that it had arrived. Meanwhile I spent anxious days.

During the three weeks that Grant Duff was here, he showed himself the true friend of the German nation, whose rights he has already defended in the English parliament at the time of the Schleswig-Holstein war. Maltzahn, who has acquired European fame by his audacious entry into Mecca, has also been here. He is still young, fair and Northern-looking, with a feeble rather than a vigorous air. Gervinus, Stahr, and Liszt were present at the dinner where I made his acquaintance.

At the beginning of January wrote the treatise *The Empire, Rome and Germany*, a development of the imperial idea, evoked by Bryce's excellent book *The Holy Roman Empire*, and sent the essay to the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, for which I had not written anything for several years.

Rome is quiet. There are two parties here, the National Committee, which hangs on the orders of the Florence Government, and the Mazzinians, who are anxious to bring about a violent collapse. At twelve last night petards were thrown in various places throughout the city. Had gone to sleep, when I was awakened by these loud reports. Struck a light and opened the window. Rome was bathed in magic splendour. The shots were repeated. This morning asked the sentries on the Pincio the reason of the firing; it was the *fiesta* of the Roman Republic (February 10, 1849), which the people had determined to celebrate.

In hotels or cafés, or wherever they show themselves, the Zouaves are avoided. In January one was murdered in Trastevere. The National Committee has forbidden people to attend the theatres, and even the Carnival.

Cardinals Villecourt and Canziano de Azevedo have died.

A short time ago the Seventh Station of the Cohort of Guards was discovered at S. Crisogono in Trastevere. A mosaic floor in good preservation and numerous remains of walls with *graffiti* inscriptions were found at a depth of more than twenty feet. These remains are of importance with regard to the period of Alexander Severus, and from them his birthday is proved to have been October 1.

ROME, *March 10.*

The first proofs of vol. vi. arrived on February 22, and the *Allgemeine Zeitung* has published my essay, *The Empire, Rome and Germany*.

Am collecting material for vol. vii. The approaching end of my work fills me with dismay. One night dreamt that I was obliged to leave Rome, and in my reluctance clung hard to a telegraph pole: below lay a hideous world steeped in fog.

Dined with Kolb; a dinner given in honour of the Duke of Würtemberg and his wife, a princess of Monaco. This duodecimo little country has even a representative to the Sacred Chair—Signor Saldini.

The Carnival was a Zouave festival, the saddest of all I have ever witnessed.

Hübner is said to be greatly excited, and so it seemed to me the last time I was with him. Even the most insignificant prelates at the Vatican turn up their noses when the Austrian envoy appears; he, who in former times was received with the deepest obeisances, as *alter ego* and Patricius of the powerful emperor.

The Italian Chamber has been dissolved, because it rejected Scialoja's project. Ricasoli remains Minister. The new elections take place to-day.

The brigands have been showing themselves in the neighbourhood of Rome. Three thieves were shot in a vineyard near S. Lorenzo. The dead men were publicly placed on chairs and photographed, with the approval of the people.

Princess Wittgenstein has written a description of the Sistine Chapel for the *Revue du Monde Catholique*; a brilliant article, genuine fireworks, like her conversation. It opens with a description of the "Last Judgment" by Michael Angelo, in which she exhausts herself at the very beginning, and the remainder is in consequence an entire falling away. The "Last Judgment" leaves me cold; it is a piece of painted dogmatics, and at the same time a show-piece of anatomy, where bodies are treated as Rubens has treated them in his "Fall of Horses." What a different effect is produced by Michael Angelo's poetic paintings in the Sistine: "the Creation of Man," "the Sibyls," and "the Prophets"!

ROME, April 7.

The Duchess of Sermoneta took me to see her sister, Miss Knight, who has not been able to leave her bed for twenty years, in consequence of a fall. She bears her illness with heroic fortitude, and reminds me of Pauline.

Reumont is leaving. The first volume of his History of the city has appeared, with the announcement that this work is based on studies from the fountain head. This is, however, *spalle proprie, roba altrui*. Had Reumont exe-



cuted the task proposed to him by King Max—that of writing a compendium of the entire History of the city in two volumes, and in a pleasant manner—he would have accomplished a meritorious work. A book of the kind is wanted by the traveller in Rome. Reumont has a good apprehension of facts; he treasures up what he reads. The higher artistic sense, and the power for putting his knowledge into shape, he does not possess; thoughts fail him. His memory and readiness are admirable.

Gozzadini and Aleardi write that the Italian Ministry of Education has ordered them to support Antonelli, the publisher, in continuing the translation of my *History*. As the book trade in Italy is entirely paralysed, Antonelli does not venture to go on printing. This translation has already cost me more correspondence than the whole of my literary transactions in Germany.

Yesterday a pamphlet was in circulation with the signature *Il Centro dell' Insurrezione di Roma*, April 1, 1867. This new committee calls on the Romans to rise and throw off the yoke of the priests. Garibaldi is mentioned as the head of the insurrection. He has accepted the mandate. A letter from Garibaldi to the "Centre of the Insurrection" is printed contemporaneously, dated S. Fiorano, March 22, in which he declares himself ready to obey the summons.

An edict was issued in March by the delegate Paricoli in Frosinone. The brigands are outlawed; a reward of 6000 francs is offered to anyone who shoots the leader. If one of the robbers denounces or kills another, he is to receive a reward and exemption from punishment. A like edict was issued for the last time under Pius VII. The brigands will not hold out long against mistrust. In fact General Kanzler said yesterday, that the bands were carrying on negotiations with the Government, and were ready to lay down their arms under security for their freedom. They were offered life and imprisonment, or transportation. Glorious conditions!

The restored hall in the Palazzo Caffarelli was opened on

King William's birthday. Prussia is assuming larger dimensions even on the Capitol.

ROME, *Maundy Thursday.*

The illumination on April 12 was less brilliant than in former years. The horse-tamers on the Quirinal were, however, magnificent, standing out like alabaster against a dark sky.

The people took but little part in the festival, in fear of the threats which had been spread by Mazzini's party. The troops were ordered to hold themselves in readiness. On the 9th the National Committee even issued a proclamation, in which it exhorted the Romans not to allow themselves to be led into folly. The Vatican survives solely on the impotence of Italy. Were Italy but strong, Victor Emmanuel could conquer Rome with a mere note.

Dark war-clouds on the horizon on account of Luxembourg.

The Liberals here desire war, hoping for the fall of Napoleon. War will in any case involve the fall of the Papacy.

Gervinus gave a dinner at the Ponte Molle. He is more accessible now ; but still remains the determined enemy of Prussia, and hostile to the violent transformation in Germany. Drove one day with him and his wife to the tomb of Nero, from which we went on through the valley to the Acqua Traversa.

The Easter ceremonies began yesterday. Went to S. Peter's in the evening. Zouaves were standing in crowds round the Confession, so as to be as near as possible to the Holy of Holies, especially to the relics, in case they were exhibited from the loggia of S. Veronica. On the faces of many of these dullards the crass expression of fanatic stupidity was clearly legible. The sight of the priests in their white soutanes, exhibiting the relics on the loggia above, when bells were rung, their movements to and fro with the glittering reliquaries, the crowd of fanatics kneeling below, left the impression of some solemn act of

sorcery. Sorcery is, on the whole, a constituent part of the Catholic religion, and indeed a very essential part.

On the occasion of a sermon in the Colosseum yesterday, the Zouaves wanted to tear in pieces a Spaniard who mimicked the cardinal in the pulpit. Monsignor La Bastide rescued the offender: the scene must have been fearful, like *ante bestias*. Cartwright witnessed it, and also recognised the Spaniard, Don José Herrera, who had been brought up in Guizot's house. Guizot must have educated him badly. It is said that the booby has been taken to prison.

In Paris the riddle is being asked: "Who deserves the largest Exhibition Medal?" "Napoleon—*parcequ'il a exposé la France*." "Who is Napoleon?" "*Une incapacité méconnue*."

Thiers is reported to have said of the Luxembourg business: "When a sportsman is ashamed of returning from the chase with an empty bag, he goes to a dealer in game, buys a rabbit from him and puts it in his bag, letting its ears hang out. *Voilà le Luxembourg*." In Paris people no longer ask, "Have we Luxembourg?" but "*Avons-nous le lapin?*"

Cornelius is dead. His funeral service was celebrated in the Anima.

ROME, April 28.

Have been to S. Peter's every afternoon in Easter week, and also seen the procession on Sunday. A contadina stood beside me, and when she saw the bishops approach wearing their lofty mitres, she asked in the naivest way: "*Sono tutti Papi?*—Are they all Popes?" Pius IX.'s voice, sonorous as ever, resounded over the piazza. Although he talks a great deal about his approaching end, he may still hold out for some years.

The departure of the foreigners from Rome, the great Hegira, has begun. More than a week ago Gervinus and his wife left for Heidelberg. They quitted Rome unwillingly. The day before their departure, we had a large luncheon party in the Vigna, opposite S. Agnese, where we were very merry. Gervinus declared that he could not



understand the admiration evoked by Ranke's method of writing history. I had had a similar conversation before with Acton. Ranke sees in history no factor but diplomacy; he does not recognise "the people." He has the finest gifts of combination and logical acuteness, but no power of putting his knowledge into shape. His men and things display their interior mechanism, but only, as it were, on an anatomical theatre. Ranke goes through history as he would go through a picture gallery, writing acute notes. As an historian he is, to my mind, what Alfieri is as a poet. The evening the news arrived of the threatened war, Gervinus waxed warm, advanced the gloomiest views, even suggesting the apostasy of South Germany to France, as in the days of the Confederation of the Rhine. He is of opinion that the gulf between the South and the Prussian character cannot be bridged over. In addition to his theory of the federal state is his moral antagonism to Bismarck's policy, which further confirms him in his judgment; his legal sense is profoundly stirred. We energetically disputed his fears. My hopes are fixed on the strength of the national consciousness which has now become general.

Gervinus's character is serious and sterling, his intellect great in its width of range; prose in its noblest and strongest sense. He lives in unassuming retirement in Rome, greatly occupied with his musical studies; is enthusiastic about Handel, whose music his wife chiefly sings. Her voice is not strong, but is well cultivated.

Professor Justi from Marburg has arrived, the author of a book on the life of Winkelmann, the first volume of which has appeared. He is, as it would seem, a distinguished scholar.

The possible war fills me with dismay. The omens and excitement bear the same character as those of this time last year. Officially no one is making preparations, yet everyone is doing so.

Sooner or later a decision must be made by arms. Germany is now morally stronger than France; in addition to the still unfulfilled national mission, she has moreover a higher intellectual aim, and is consequently secure of victory.

Count Rzewuski has left.

Have made the acquaintance of Hebert, Director of the French Academy, a friend of Sabatier's. He has a handsome, melancholy head.

Was yesterday with Donna Ersilia,<sup>1</sup> Countess Ugarte, and Cartwright, at the Villa Patrizi, where I had never been before; scirocco—everything dark and gloomy in spite of the spring, which has unfolded its green pinions in every villa.

People talk of an alliance between Italy and France. This is the explanation of Ratazzi's ministry. Such an alliance would be a pitiable witness to her misery at home, and cause Italy to resemble a band of mercenaries, ready to be bought by the highest bidder. The alliance with Prussia would bring two great advantages to Italy—Venice, and the possibility of release from Napoleon's protection.

ROME, July 8.

Am working hard in the libraries, with good results; also in the Barberina.

Have revised the first two volumes of the *History of the City*, which are the foundations of my work. With the third volume the building itself stands erect. The year 1859 tore a veil from my eyes, enabling me more clearly to recognise the fundamental thought of the Middle Ages, and above all the relation of the Papacy to Rome. The work grew under my hands; its first rough sketch was a seed, whose power of development I was unable to recognise.

June brought the Mecca pilgrims. The centenary of S. Peter collected about 490 prelates and bishops, all the patriarchs of the East, and about 14,000 priests. Spaniards found accommodation in my very house, the Archbishop of Barcelona and that of Palenza with their retinues. The house reeked of oil from morning till evening. The railroad incessantly disgorged black bands into Rome. The Italian press spoke in derision of the flight of crows—*il passaggio delle cornacchie*. Rome became quite dark. All

<sup>1</sup> Sister of the Duke of Sermoneta.—*Editor's Note*.

the hotels, cafés, dwelling-houses were filled during this invasion of priests. In the course of fifty paces about fifty priests of different nations were to be met in every street.

Frenchmen, the most civilised in aspect; little lithe figures, filled with self-consciousness, as belonging to the "great nation," and aware that their country possesses the spirit of the Catholic Church.

Spaniards, with Don Bartolo hats, resolute and quiet, the bishops elegant and dignified.

Italians, especially Romans, clerics of classic race and pattern, of the most independent and natural deportment, conscious of being the veritable old guard of the Church, while all the others appear like clerical militia.

Germans, mainly country clergy from the Tyrol, Bavaria, and Austria; square-built men, wearing high, cylinder hats, and outwardly devoid of culture.

Slavs, with mustachios.

Oriental, like true patriarchs, a survival from Old Testament times, representing the connection with the church of the East, in magnificent costumes. Even Chinese and Moors were to be seen. An archbishop is said to have worn a ring in his nose.

It was one continuous festival of processions, illuminations, musical performances for Isis and Osiris and the bull Apis. In the illumination of June 29 S. Peter's presented a fairy-like aspect. The entire Catholic hierarchy was displayed in the great procession, which lasted more than two hours, when more than four hundred archbishops and bishops, wearing lofty mitres or crowns, vestments, resplendent in gold, and carrying tapers in their hands, took part. The banners of the new saints, with representations of their sufferings, were borne aloft. Relatives or countrymen of these saints carried the tassels of the banners, square, well-executed pictures, twenty feet high. As the standard of the terrible Inquisitor Pedro de Arbues emerged from the colonnade, it fell to the ground, bringing some men down in its fall. I looked on with feelings of malicious joy.

Pius IX. has announced a Council for 1868.



The Jesuits entertain the intention of pronouncing the Pope infallible; and in order to prepare the way for the dogma, the *Civiltà Cattolica* proposed that, on the festival of the apostle, all priests and all the faithful should at his grave take the vow to uphold the dogma of infallibility in life and death. So at least, with insane fanaticism and effrontery, they express themselves. Believers have hitherto offered nothing more than material sacrifices to S. Peter—money or their blood, as Zouaves or papal mercenaries. The question now is that of sacrificing their intellect. They have not, however, succeeded in their perfidious aim, but have created a fiasco.

The Papacy is a Latin institution, and will only cease to exist with the existence of the Latin race. Had Gervinus seen the many thousands that streamed to Rome for the festival, he would perhaps have changed his opinion concerning the survival of the Papacy. The judgment of all Protestants suffers with regard to it, owing to their false conception of the Latin world, which they do not understand, and whose spiritual movements they estimate according to a German standard. Papacy and Catholicism are, however, forms firmly implanted in the Latin nationality, and in them its life will long be represented.

Three days ago we received the news of Maximilian's execution. He has suffered the fate of the tamer of wild animals, who is at last torn to pieces by the savage beasts. The prophetic verses which Pasquino addressed to the unfortunate prince when he came to Rome on April 18, 1864, have now met with fulfilment.

Duke Gaetani<sup>1</sup> repeated some lines, which Sarti had once copied for him from a Vatican codex, with regard to the question whether or not the assembled bishops would make a declaration concerning the *dominium temporale*:—

*Pontifices muti,  
De suo jure male tuti,  
Quamvis cornuti,  
Non audent cornibus uti.*

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Gaetani is the name of the Sermoneta family.—*Editor's Note.*

The custom is observed on the canonisation of saints of every postulant bringing before the throne of the Pope the following gifts: two loaves, one of which is gilt, the other silvered over, bearing the arms of the Pope; two bottles of wine, one gilt, the other silvered; three graceful bird-cages, one containing turtle-doves, another two white doves, the third three different kinds of birds. Princess Wittgenstein showed me one of these doves, which the Pope had presented to her. She sat there quite triumphant, as if possessed by the Holy Ghost.

ROME, *July 10.*

Leave to-day for Stuttgart, where I am to meet my brother on the 19th or 20th.

SCHWEIZERHOF, BERNE, *July 17.*

Travelled from Rome to Florence on the evening of the 10th. The train was late, on account of the fumigation for cholera at Narni, an operation which was performed with some brutality, I believe in order to annoy the many priests who were returning home; they were French for the most part, and were my travelling companions as far as Lausanne.

Remained only an hour and a half in Florence; threw myself into a carriage, and hurried to the cemetery to visit Pauline's grave. A pillar of grey stone, inscribed with her name, stands above it. On the 12th came on to Stresa on the Lago Maggiore, where I found Perez in the house of the Rosminians. He is busy and firm in his resignation; is supervising the publication of Rosmini's works.

On the 13th proceeded on my journey and crossed the Simplon.

At night spent a few hours at Sion, then came on to Lausanne, and arrived at Berne on the evening of the 14th. Work for six hours daily in the City Library.

The Swiss press gives vent to its satisfaction, with regard to Maximilian, that sovereigns will now recognise that

dynastic considerations count for nothing before a republican tribunal. The Emperor himself has been shot, in obedience to the same law by which he caused Arteaga and Salazar, the republican generals, to be executed.

Am reading the speeches of Thiers and Jules Favre concerning the catastrophe in Mexico. What perfidy and dirty work are revealed! And how does Napoleon stand in the opinion of mankind!

May not the consequences lead to a revolution in France?

BERG, near STUTTGART, July 27.

Went on the 18th to Thun; landscape, river, and water all delighted me. Had a meal at a clean hotel beside the Aar: everyone rushed to the window to look at the Japanese, who have come from Paris to Switzerland at their own expense. Was told that they went without ceremony to any buffets they found and took whatever their heart desired, in the belief that this was the custom in Europe.

On the 20th travelled by way of Zürich to Romanshorn, thence at noon across the lake to Friedrichshafen, and on, as seven years ago, to Stuttgart. My brother, whom I had not seen for five years, did not arrive until the 22nd. We took lodgings here at Berg.

On the 22nd called on Roth, manager of Cotta's publishing business, and director of the entire concern. He spoke with great satisfaction of the progress of the *History*; afterwards saw the elder Baron Reischach, and later young Cotta.

On the 22nd went to the library (400,000 volumes), one of the most complete in Germany, where I met the librarian, Professor Heyd, whom I had known in Rome. Stälin, director of the library, came later.

There is no ill-feeling against Prussia in Stuttgart; the war of 1866, like a fray between brothers, is already almost entirely forgotten. The feeling for unity is strong; but the tendency towards absolutism in Prussia, and the corporal-like character of the country, are dreaded.

General Obernitz, whom I had known in Rome, is here,



conducting the organisation of the Württemberg army, as military plenipotentiary of Prussia. We went to Ludwigsburg, and thence drove to Marbach to see Schiller's house.

Called to-day on Reuchlin, author of the modern History of Italy ; formerly a country clergyman near Tübingen, now living in comfortable circumstances in Stuttgart. Hölder, deputy and leader of the Prussian party—which, apparently, is on the increase here—and Dr Lang, editor of the Swabian *Mercur*, a paper favourable to Prussia, were there.

HEILBRONN, *July 31.*

Our yesterday's journey to Heilbronn was not favoured by weather. It was so piercingly cold that I wore my winter clothes, and, nevertheless, could not keep warm.

In the afternoon went to Weinsberg and up to the fortress of Weibertreu, past the house of Justinus Kerner, who was vividly recalled to my mind. He died four years ago, and his monument is in the street close to his house, where his son, a doctor, is now living.

DARMSTÄDTER HOF, HEIDELBERG, *August 1.*

Yesterday morning we got on board the Neckar steamer at Heilbronn and came to Heidelberg ; the weather was fine.

Found Gervinus and his wife expecting me to-day at their house in the Leopoldstrasse. About ten o'clock we drove with them to Neckarsteinach, where we had our midday meal, and spent some hours in pleasant talk. Gervinus's views, as expounded in Rome, with regard to Germany, remain unchanged. Both expressed a strong desire for a country life or for another sojourn in Rome. Frau Gervinus told me of her husband's musical work, about which she made me very curious. It arose, she said, from her ten years' playing of Handel's compositions.

ZUR STADT COBLENZ, MAINZ, *August 3.*

After spending the last evening at Heidelberg with Gervinus, at whose house we met Professor Wattenbach, we

came to Mannheim yesterday, then to Ludwigshafen. The air from the shore blew cold and keen, like wind from the sea, which struck me with surprise on the river. Came on to Speyer to see the Cathedral, many parts of which were restored by King Ludwig. Of the imperial graves nothing remains but the tomb of Rudolf of Hapsburg. The Cathedral of Worms, whither we came from Speyer, is more imposing. We were delighted with this charming little town and its delicious surroundings on the Rhine.

Arrived at Mainz yesterday evening.

Harder came from Wiesbaden in the morning, and we took the steamer to Biebrich, whence Julius and Harder went on by train to Wiesbaden, while I returned alone by the Rhine *viâ* Cassel. Although in many ways a modern town, Mainz is distinguished throughout by a strong historic individuality. Some thousand Prussians are stationed here; I saw them *en masse* for the first time. They are not looked on with favour in Hesse or Nassau, but I was everywhere told that the feeling of dislike would wear away in a year or two. Was met at every corner by the same strongly expressed spirit of German solidarity, and the consciousness of inevitable union in the near future. A boy, whom I asked in Worms whether he was a Prussian, said, laughing: "*Auch bald, auch bald!*"—"Soon, soon I shall be."

At Biebrich, where the Duke of Nassau owns an imposing palace, attachment to him and dislike of the new Government appear still strong; yet when I compare these feelings with those that prevail in Italy, I see that, in spite of the civil war of 1866, we shall become a united people more rapidly and with less trouble than the Italians.

In Mainz itself, which the King of Prussia visited a few days ago, he was, I am told, very coldly received; not so at Wiesbaden, where he was himself astonished at the reception accorded him.

Moreover, all the conditions in Germany are based on such fundamental order and internal strength, that the great revolution of recent times is nowhere perceptible.

2 ACADEMIESTRASSE, HEIDELBERG, *August 8.*

On August 4 came by boat to Biebrich, and continued our journey on the Rhine as far as Coblenz. The weather was gloomy, and the Rhine breezes cold and strong. On the whole, I was disillusioned by the Rhine; although here and there were beautiful views of the river and of towns—such, for instance, as Caub, Bingen, and S. Goar, which, had they but colour, would be splendid. We spent the night very comfortably in the *Riese* at Coblenz, saw the dull, friendly little town and its pleasure grounds on the Rhine; visited Ehrenbreitstein, and lighted on the Sickert family.

On August 5, took the train to Bonn, where we spent a few hours and saw the Cathedral, the University, and the monuments to Arndt, Poppelsdorf, etc.

We arrived at Cologne at night, drove to a little inn, where we were received only by two handsome women, who asked us mysteriously whether we had been recommended to them, while no porter, no boots, no landlord appeared. This took us aback; we left our room, went down to the street, and questioned a *Dienstmann* as to the character of the hotel. He gave me to understand that he had heard it took in gentlemen with their lady companions. We determined to leave it in consequence. This gave rise to a comic scene, and we remained, speedily to discover the *Dienstmann's* calumny. We fared very well.

Cologne is gloomy and massive, and repelled me. The Cathedral, however, is a great revelation of an entire civilisation.

My brother and I parted at three in the afternoon. Julius journeyed to Cassel, I back to Mainz. Thus the best part of my travels in the Fatherland lay behind me. From here I turned Romewards, and had actually already started on my return journey. Remained three hours at Mainz; left at 11 P.M. *via* Darmstadt, and reached Heidelberg in the morning. Yesterday rented some clean lodgings in the *Academiestrasse*.

Began work at the library. Dr Bähr is librarian, along with Dr Thibaut and Bender.



Spent the evening with Gervinus. Found him and his wife just going out to see the illumination of the castle, got up by the students. They took me to the house of Professor Röder, on the other side of the Neckar, where I found a numerous company—Stark, Kopp, Lembke, the Dutch ex-Minister Thorbeke, several ladies (Frau Feuerbach among others). The magnificent ruins of the castle, the river, boats, the dark hills, the torchlight procession of the students, an illuminated steamer which carried the Vandalia<sup>1</sup> corps, united to form a beautiful picture, bringing back to my mind German romanticism in its perennial, ever-youthful life, half child, half genius.

Saw several torchlight and other processions of the students. The old Frankish antiquated character is still preserved in the corps. For anyone who is not a German, it must be utterly incomprehensible to see how intelligent youth can expend so much energy, noble feeling, and even enthusiasm on such absurd trifles. The senseless forms which occupy the students in the best years of their life, and from which they emancipate themselves at a later age, are unquestionably due to the fact that the political maturity of our nation was retarded to so late a date. I expressed this opinion to Gervinus, who entirely agreed with me.

HEIDELBERG, *August 18.*

Have spent these ten days profitably at the library, and have discovered two MSS. that have already rewarded my sojourn, which has been very pleasant, owing to Gervinus. We enjoyed the afternoons together, and I have become acquainted with the neighbourhood—Ziegelhausen, Wolfsbrunnen, Handschuchsheim, Rossbach, Neuenheim, etc. Baumgarten, the lawyer, and Frau von Wolfenbüttel have been here several days as Gervinus's guests. Spent an evening with Professor Kopp, the chemist, where I made the acquaintance of Zeller, the philosopher, an estimable man with an open countenance, who reminded me of Rosenkrantz. A daughter of Baur of Tübingen and Wattenbach were also there, and one day Sir John Acton

<sup>1</sup> Association of Students.

arrived. He is living at a castle near Worms, where his grandfather Dalberg's property is situated.

Bluntschli is considered a friend of Prussia from ambitious motives. According to his view the unity of Germany is assured, but South Germany must undergo a many-years process before she can decide in favour of union with the North. Bluntschli's is a blunt Swiss character, devoid of attractive traits. It is supposed that Welker will lead the separatist party in Baden.

As is evident from the simplicity of his household, Gervinus lives a very retired life. Society here is one-sided, and divided into sets. All depends on the special line which a man takes up. Only in the most exceptional cases is there any common human interest outside each man's profession. Heidelberg is an academical town, where the non-academical class have no social standing. Nothing happens here; everything is narrow and stereotyped. The most attractive feature is the scenery. A few minutes suffice to reach the hills or woods. A charming gorge, but too confined. Nothing is more wearisome than a walk every day through a long main street or blind alley.

The Museum or *Lesecabinet*, to which Gervinus took me, is an excellent institution.

Mendelssohn-Bartholdy's youthful son is apparently rapidly rising to distinction here by his talents. He is now editing a correspondence between Gentz and his friends. He and Lembke have been made professors.

Nothing but sad news from Rome. Cholera continues to rage there and in beautiful Albano. The ex-Queen of Naples, her son Januarius, and Cardinal Albinzi have died there. Abject terror is said to prevail in Rome.

On August 14 my friend Harder came from Wiesbaden, remained with me a night, and the next day we went together to Mannheim, where we spent the morning pleasantly, and there I took leave of Father Rhine.

BERG, *near* CANNSTADT.

On August 19 drove with Gervinus, Maiers, and Dr Parthey from Berlin to Schwetzingen, where we beguiled

our time successfully in the beautiful park. On the 20th remained with Gervinus in the castle of Heidelberg far into the night and took our stirrup cup. Left Heidelberg with regret on August 21; it was hotter than in Rome. Came by Maulbronn to Stuttgart, where I arrived about two o'clock; immediately took lodgings at Berg. On the 22nd called on Reischach, who told me that a second edition of the *History* was required.

Have seen Moritz Hartmann, who has been living here for four years; he is editor of the weekly edition of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* and of the *Freia*, a paper which is a bitter enemy of Prussia. He introduced me to Rümelin, formerly Minister of Education, whose work on, and against, Shakespeare, written from a realistic point of view, has created some sensation.

The people of Stuttgart, to my profound annoyance, received Napoleon with great honours on his return from Salzburg. Hartmann threw the blame on the French agents; Gervinus saw in the demonstration the longing for the *Rheinbund*, which he maintains is inevitable. Napoleon was coldly received in Augsburg and even in Salzburg. He returned a few days ago by Stuttgart, but without stopping. The Unionist party is daily gaining ground in this country.

Went with Professor Heyd, young Stälin, and Professor Grossmann to Hohenstaufen, whence we had the most beautiful view into the heart of Swabia.

Yesterday Reischach came to see me with Berthold Auerbach, who is still a youthful man, radiant with good fortune. His novel, *Auf der Höhe*, is creating a sensation, and is now in its fifth edition. Accompanied him to the old bath, where we plunged into the dirty Neckar, then, crossing the park, we walked towards Stuttgart. Auerbach is an enthusiast on the side of Prussia. He said that Stuttgart would be much nicer if every third man there were a Prussian. He came from Bingen, found me, as does almost everyone else, very youthful-looking and out of keeping with my *History of Rome*. He remarked that this was due to the fact that I had not become a professor.



Work daily both morning and afternoon in the library.  
The cholera seems to be diminishing in Rome.

BERG, *September 11.*

Have been living here for exactly three weeks in enjoyable tranquillity, though occupied in Stuttgart all the day long. We have been making some expeditions, for instance, to the ancient abbeys of Lorch and Gmünd; the day before yesterday to the Solitude. Swabia is a cheerful and pleasant country that attracts me more and more.

Klumpff has returned. Has shown me the beautiful Weingartner MS. of the Minnesingers in the Royal Library. Dined with him and Kraus, Councillor of the High Court of Justice, at the Hotel St Petersburg.

Have made the acquaintance of Notter, who has translated Dante. Have also found the Diogenes Ludwig Walesrode once more: he is as bitter against Prussia as Hartmann.

Called on Count William of Würtemberg (Duke of Urach) in his house in the Neckarstrasse. He looks pitifully broken down, and frightened me as he crawled about the garden.

San Marzano, custodian of the Vatican, appeared one day in the library.

Have collected my material, also the supplementary material for the two first volumes, and leave Stuttgart with satisfactory results.

To-day, go to Baden for two days and then southwards.

HOTEL D'ITALIE, ARONA, *September 17.*

Journeyed to Baden on September 11, where I was received by Lindemann, who had come from Rome, and Erhardt. Took a room in the *Goldener Stern*, but spent most of my time as a guest in Frau Grunelius's beautiful house. Passed two delightful days amid this happy family party, where wealth appears in its simplest and most sterling form.

Called on Princess Hohenlohe, who is living in an unostentatious but beautiful house. The Queen of Prussia had just driven away. This noble-minded woman (the

Princess) is still enthusiastic about Rome; she bears the fall of her son-in-law of Schleswig-Holstein with magnanimity, and is decidedly friendly towards Prussia.

Saw S. again at Baden after an interval of ten years; her husband had returned to St Petersburg. She is still handsome, still restless, and not happy. She spoke of marriage as a monstrous institution.

On the 14th travelled to Freiburg.

On the 15th to Basle, where I found S. with her sister. We thence journeyed together to Lucerne; rain falling in torrents. Yesterday came by the lake to Flüelen, whence the ladies returned to Lucerne and I came on direct across the St Gothard.

Spent the night at Arona. A magnificent storm over the lake; the air is sultry. We hear that the cholera has not yet disappeared in Rome.

RONZANO, *near BOLOGNA, September 21.*

Reached Bologna at 11.30 at night, and again put up at the Hotel Brun.

On the morning of the 19th visited Frati at the Archigymnasium. He accompanied me to the Palazzo Gozzadini, whence one of the servants conducted me to Ronzano.

Found the Countess surrounded by flowers and by Etruscan skulls, which had been excavated by her husband—a zealous explorer of ancient sepulchres—and which she is able to piece together with amazing skill. Tables and sofas were covered with bones. I was at first repelled—the sight spoke so overpoweringly of the “Land of the Dead,” where everything belongs to the past—and I thought with longing of the living attractions of the Villa Grunelius at Baden.

Ronzano is an ancient convent belonging to the Frati Gaudenti, of whom Dante speaks. The windows have iron gratings; gloomy cypresses stand close by; inscriptions on the walls—a cult of Dante—no sign of everyday life, no sound or song. The young daughter, Countess Zuchini, is in Paris, and apparently avoids this solitude, and her mother bitterly complained of her conduct yesterday.

The place is situated on a hill opposite the magnificent temple of S. Luca. The whole of the Emilia and Romagna, with their hundred villages, estates, and cities, as far as the Adriatic, lies stretched at its feet. In clear weather the tower of S. Mark's, at Venice, may be seen; so also the Cathedral of Ravenna; likewise Parma and Modena. Yesterday magnificent storm-clouds hung over the Adriatic, which discharged themselves in hail at Ronzano.

Went down to the town and visited the Pinacotheca, where I saw the model of Salvini's colossal statue of Victor Emmanuel, which is to be cast in bronze for Florence; and had a conversation with Giordani.

Am terribly tired of travelling. Pleasant as is the intercourse with these simple, highly-cultured, and good people, whose guest I am, I nevertheless find the monotonous silence oppressive. Go on to-day by Ancona to Rome.

Gozzadini described the affairs of the Romagna to me as very serious—anarchy and robbery have gained the upper hand, and there is republican agitation in several places. People prophesy the outbreak of the Garibaldian invasion and a rising in Rome as inevitable in these days.

ROME, *October 6.*

Left Bologna on September 21, and reached Rome by way of Falconara the following evening at nine o'clock. Was received by a terrible scirocco, which lasted six days; and the cholera, which demanded fresh victims every day. Rome is deserted; my house desolate; three women have died in it of cholera. Threw myself into my work with ardour, turning to good account the material which I had collected in Heidelberg and Stuttgart for the second edition of the first two volumes. Germany and Italy are two such essentially different countries that no bridge can unite them: and so I find that Rome fades away as soon as I am in Germany, and the Fatherland when I am here. Feel, nevertheless, that my native air has done me good, and swept away many scirocco clouds from my mind.

The Garibaldian invasion has already acquired a his-



tory.<sup>1</sup> Garibaldi was taken prisoner at Asinalunga on September 23; was taken to Alessandria, then dismissed to Caprera, after warm demonstrations had taken place in his favour in several towns, more especially in Genoa. In spite of all, the Garibaldians have entered the States of the Church, and, since October 1, a guerilla war has been carried on. Yesterday it was said that the papal troops had been defeated at Bagnorea, where six hundred Garibaldians, under Colonel Leali of Ronciglione, had made an incursion. Almost all the troops have left Rome. Veroli also is occupied by volunteers, and Frosinone is restless. Should the movement assume larger dimensions, the catastrophe will be unavoidable—the question is only whether Napoleon will, or will not, interfere. The National party believes that, in the first case, Nunziante will forthwith enter the States of the Church in order to be in Rome before the French. Have, therefore, returned at a most momentous time.

Visited the Gaetani at Frascati a week ago. The Duke had been almost killed by a fall from a carriage—he long remained unconscious; and the Duchess received an injury on the head. They all looked wretched and ghastly, even Donna Ersilia and the children. It was the festival of the Duke's patron saint (S. Michele), and on this account many of his friends had come from Rome. There was a great dinner, when we formed a party of twenty-one in all.

A certain Signor Tocco is undertaking excavations in the courtyard of SS. Cosma and Damiano. He came upon ancient foundations at a depth of twenty feet, discovered a marble pavement, and, amid the rubbish, further fragments of the Capitoline plan of the city which was found at this basilica some years ago. Have seen these fragments, on one of which are the words PORTICUS LIVIAE. It would appear that the site of this portico is the ancient Macellum on the Forum.

*Capri* is already in print; a sumptuous production

<sup>1</sup> The following passage refers to the attempt made by Garibaldi and his volunteers, at the end of September 1867, to conquer the States of the Church, which ended in his defeat at Mentana (November 3).—*Editor's Note.*

with Lindemann's drawings. Received the last proofs yesterday.

ROME, *October 13.*

Have been at Frascati again with the Gaetani, and drove with Donna Ersilia to the castle of Marino, to visit the old and ailing Don Vincenzo Colonna. He did not, however, receive us; his death is expected. His daughters showed us over the rooms. Several family portraits hang there, some of unknown origin, the earliest that of Martin V. There is also a collection of papal portraits on the lower floor.

The petty war goes on in the Patrimony. The volunteers seize on one place and another, are driven thence by the papal troops, to reappear at some other spot, thus harrying the Pope's little army. On October 5 the papal troops took Bagnorea by assault, when seventy Garibaldians were killed, and one hundred and ten taken prisoners; they are now in S. Angelo.

Yesterday Castellani and Papalettere told me that the Italian Government was at one with France. Napoleon cannot dispense with the alliance with Italy, the price of which is the Papacy, which it is here believed will be overthrown in four weeks. A prelate told me that they are making preparations for departure in the Vatican.

A thousand men are on their way to Subiaco under Menotti Garibaldi, who is said, however, to have been defeated there the day before yesterday. It is a fact that no rising has anywhere occurred in the provinces. No one will compromise himself. Rome remains entirely quiet. On October 8 the National Committee was re-formed, and issued a proclamation, which promised energetic action.

The Moderates have undertaken the leadership.

ROME, *October 18.*

Several encounters have taken place, in which the Garibaldians have invariably been defeated. To-day a priest told me that five hundred rifles, taken from the volunteers and brought to Rome, were so bad as to be scarcely fit to shoot birds with. A hundred and sixty Garibaldians are at present confined in S. Angelo, where they are well

treated, being even given cigars and allowed to walk at liberty in the courtyard. Schlözer saw them there. An encounter was expected at Nerola, four miles from Monte Rotondo, where Garibaldi's sons are stationed at the head of two thousand men. They have not, however, given battle, but instead are abandoning their position. This I was told by Alette, a colonel of Zouaves, whom I met at dinner at the "Falcone." The papal troops are fighting well; Kanzler has taught them discipline. Their attitude upsets the calculations of the Italians, who had hoped for a rising. The Government is making daily and nightly arrests of citizens; more than five hundred must already have been seized. The troops are frequently called out. Even while I write, shots are falling in the city—petards apparently being thrown.

Yesterday the Garibaldians, under Major Ghirelli, who commands a Roman legion, seized the railroad at Orte and made the line impassable. To-day's train did not start; no letters or newspapers arrived either yesterday or to-day. The excitement is increasing; gold disappearing; silver no longer to be seen.

ROME, *October 23.*

On the 18th Charette with the Zouaves attacked Nerola, and took it after two hours' fighting. A hundred and thirty-four prisoners.

Napoleon has at last broken silence; on the 18th inst. Armand was ordered to go to the Pope and tell him that France would protect him, and that the troops were ready to embark. The guerilla war in the Patrimony thereby loses its significance, especially as the papal troops have everywhere defeated these bands. Napoleon will never extricate himself from the dilemma. Italy's position is also more critical than that of the Pope. There is no doubt that the Italian Government not only tolerates the invasion, but has even invited it. It is said that Ratazzi has sent in his resignation, that Florence is in revolt. None of the telegraphs are working; the posts are irregular; the three railroads are broken by the taking up of the rails. Nothing reaches us but rumours.



Yesterday the excitement in the city was feverish. It was due to two causes: the report of a revolt that was expected in the evening, and the measures of defence which are taken by the military authorities. Yesterday evening trenches were already dug at each of the gates. Went outside the Porta del Popolo and the Porta Angelica to see these trenches, which reminded me of the Middle Ages, when the gates were so frequently walled up. The populace watched the workmen in the rain, *con amore*, as everything here, even the tragic, becomes a stage spectacle. A placard of the police authorities announces that henceforward the following gates will remain closed: Porta Maggiore, S. Lorenzo, Salara, S. Pancrazio, S. Sebastiano, S. Paolo.

The two bridges in the city, Ponte Rotto and the new bridge on the Lungara, have been rendered impassable by the removal of the planks.

The tumult which was expected to break out yesterday evening, and which had been announced the day before, was, it is said, put off on account of the rain. It was talked of with the greatest candour. I was dining at the "Falcone," when two young men asserted that the rising would break out in an hour, since something must necessarily take place to redeem the Romans from the charge of cowardice. These braggarts rise in haste, summoned by others, to perform their heroic deeds. Hurried to Frau Lindemann, who is ill, and remained the night in the house, there being no one there but the other women, whom I found in great anxiety. They implored me to hoist the Prussian flag at the window. I laughed, and threw doubt on the outbreak of the revolution. Went again at seven (yesterday, the 22nd) to the Corso; where, as in other streets, all the shops were closed and none but sentries were to be seen. The night passed quietly; the great deed of heroism remained unperformed. But this morning I was told that a mine had exploded at S. Angelo, killing several papal soldiers and wounding a sentinel. Cannon were brought by night to the Popolo to rake the Corso. Cowardly murder is apparently beginning its work again, as in 1848.

The populace is nowhere stirring.

Have just left the spot where the mine was sprung. It destroyed the corner of the Palazzo Serristori in the Borgo, in which Zouaves were stationed as sentries. More than twenty people were buried in the masonry, mostly members of the band and orphan children of Rome, also some soldiers who were under arrest. The firemen have cleared away the débris; people were standing round; two young Zouaves paraded up and down as sentries, darting such fiery glances, and wearing such an angry mien, that it was evident that they would gladly have stabbed the nearest onlooker. The front wall of the palace has been destroyed; the empty rooms, where articles of clothing belonging to the Zouaves still hang upon the walls, are laid bare to view.

Yesterday an attempt at revolt was made in various places on the Capitol, the Navona, and beside S. Paul's. The barracks at S. Chrisogono were also undermined; but the explosion there may still be averted.

This evening a notice was affixed to the corners of the streets, in which General Zappi announced that at a signal of five guns from the fortress, everyone must betake himself indoors, and that Rome will be placed in a state of siege.

ROME, *October 24.*

The night passed quietly. Trains went backwards and forwards, and troops apparently arrived in the town. We are completely in the dark: no despatches, no news. Nothing of the arrival of the French, nor yet of the Italians. The volunteer bands, however, are apparently pressing on towards Rome; they are said to be encamped at Acqua Acetosa, where an encounter is reported to have taken place yesterday evening. Went to the Popolo early this morning. A great many people were there; Zouaves and cavalry on the march: they were passing through the gate; it was said to the Acqua Acetosa. Great excitement in the city. It is lucky that I am no longer at work on the sixth volume. Can allow the seventh to wait, and have lately almost finished revising vols. i. and ii. for the second edition.

ROME, *October 25.*

The disturbances were repeated yesterday evening. Petards were thrown, which either killed or wounded the passers-by. The insurgents fired at the mail-carts on the Piazza Pellegrino, on which the houses were searched and several people taken prisoners. Early this morning in the Corso saw a well-dressed man led off by four soldiers.

It is 9 P.M., and I hear the explosion of petards. The sky is bright and clear. Below lies great Rome, like a man ill of fever—these are the convulsions of history. Yonder is the Vatican in darkness: ruin knocking at its doors. And the Pope, what is he doing? He is praying—he is said to be calm and resolute. It is the death-struggle of the temporal church: her attitude at this hour commands respect. More bursting of petards.

The state of siege was threatened in Rome to-day, disarmament was also commanded.

Meanwhile the volunteers have either been driven back from the walls or have retired. The band under Enrico Cairoli on Monte Parioli, which fell bravely fighting, was little more than a hundred strong. These events kept Rome for two days in such a state of excitement, that the slightest incident, such as the escape of a prisoner yesterday, drove thousands flying through the streets. A rumour was current among the people that the city was surrounded by 8000 Garibaldians. When standing yesterday beside the Palazzo Rondanini watching the wounded brought in, while soldiers barred the streets, a woman said to me with evident joy: "The Garibaldians are already in the Villa Borghese." The bands have gone away—but for how long?

Schlözer told me to-day that Antonelli had declared that it was all a pre-arranged comedy, which he had foreseen: the Garibaldian movement was getting the upper hand; the names of prominent men already appeared among the volunteers—thus Count Valentini, Count Colleredo of Udine, both prisoners.

A hundred reports are in circulation through the city; every day and every hour the Italians are announced, but they do not come.



Went outside the Porta Nomentana to-day. The road is open again until Ave Maria. Watched the erection of the barricades—four tiers of wicker baskets one above the other, with two loopholes for cannon; then went to the Porta Salara, which is closed, being blocked up inside with earth.

While writing, I hear petards and gunshots. Am told that there is fighting in Trastevere.

ROME, October 26.

Have been a tranquil spectator of these events, and am of the opinion that the September treaty has been broken by the Ratazzi Cabinet; thousands of Garibaldians have been openly sent across the frontier, and members of Parliament (Acerbi, Nicotera) have placed themselves at their head. These thousands have everywhere been defeated by the papal troops, who were so derided. Nothing but effrontery can designate an invasion as an insurrection. No place in Roman territory has risen; Rome itself has not done so.

*Afternoon.*—Yesterday a furious struggle took place in Trastevere. The Casa Ajani was attacked, where the police had discovered a dépôt of bombs. Forty persons were killed or wounded. The house stands beside the recently excavated station of the Seventh Cohort of Guards; and Castellani told me that the innocent Visconti, anxious to visit the excavations, found himself in the midst of the fray.

An Acton from Naples and a Count Colleredo from Milan are mentioned among the prisoners from Monte Parioli. The latter went up to an officer of the Esteri regiment, who recognised him as an Austrian, and exclaimed in astonishment: "You here, Herr Graf?" He surrendered himself a prisoner. He was wearing a belt filled with gold Napoleons. Another prisoner was taken who was wearing diamond studs. A Count Valentini has also been brought in. This proves that the wearers of the red shirt are not invariably *canaille*.

Zouaves and chasseurs marched at double quick pace through the Porta Pia at midday. It is said that Garibaldi in person is attacking Monte Rotondo with 800 men. The brightest of October skies looks down on this tragic death-struggle of the Papacy.

Can work no longer. The present is also a part of the city's history, and the privilege of witnessing it on the spot is a priceless experience.

Trains are running again between here and Leghorn. Have received letters, which had not even been opened.

Don Vincenzo Colonna died on October 10 in his ancestral castle of Marino. With him a—for me—influential tie with Rome has passed away. It is fortunate that I have already finished my work in the Colonna archives.

The Prince of Santa Croce has also died in Florence.

ROME, *October 27.*

The night was quiet; only now and then did I hear the firing of the sentries.

Ravioli told me that yesterday morning Garibaldi had attacked Monte Rotondo with 3000 men. Half the Zouaves had been stabbed; the other half had thrown themselves into the baronial palace and there hoisted the white flag. The troops who went off at noon yesterday arrived too late, and have returned to-day.

We went to the Porta Nomentana, which was open for traffic. In spite of the state of siege, hundreds streamed through the gate to see the fugitives and wounded, who, however, did not arrive. The news of Garibaldi's victory produced no outward effect. Went to Sermoneta's at midday, where I saw for the first time his daughter-in-law, the beautiful young Princess Teano. Took them the latest news. Everyone rejoiced. Went in the afternoon to S. Angelo. La Porta confirmed the news of the defeat. Saw the fortress provided with cannon; many troops in motion, all tired and slouching on with difficulty—young Dutch Zouaves, pale as chalk, were going out, I know not whither.

Met Schlözer on my way back, who told me he had been with Armand, who had received a despatch from Toulon containing nothing more than: "The troops have sailed." Consequently intervention!

As I was returning home at six o'clock, a bomb fell on the Piazza di Spagna two hundred paces in front of me. Everyone ran off, and the shops were closed in a moment.

It is Ave Maria. All the devils are loose once more; as I write, petards are thundering every minute in the city, and about a hundred bells are set ringing in consequence. It is possible that the last hour of the temporal Papacy may have struck. Nevertheless the possession of Rome is by no means assured to Italy. It is the weakness not the strength of Italy that demands the cosmopolitan city; and Cavour may possibly have made a great mistake in throwing out the idea of Rome as an apple of discord in the midst of his compatriots, before they had become a political nation.

Yesterday's paper published the Pope's Encyclical of October 17 to the Catholic Church. It is the cry of anguish of a dignified man in the act of drowning.

No one knows where Garibaldi is; whether or not he is drawing near the walls? Ponte Molle and Ponte Salara are undermined, and perhaps already blown up. More petards are bursting! Sentries bar all the squares. A gun has been placed on the Piazza Colonna, another on the Capitol, another on the Popolo.

Was talking yesterday to Monsignor Lichnowski, brother of the man murdered at Frankfort, who was of opinion that the Italian monarchy would fall sooner than the Papacy—an opinion which I disputed.

ROME, *October 29.*

The conquest of Monte Rotondo has been officially confirmed, but the Zouaves were not present.

Even yesterday the defeat made no impression on Rome. It was said indeed that Garibaldi had advanced as far as Marcigliana, nine miles from the city, and that an attack



was expected in the night. But nothing took place; it was easier for him to overthrow the rotten throne of Naples than to defeat the little army of the Pope, in which not a single case of desertion has taken place. In the end he will esteem himself lucky in not having been brought a prisoner to S. Angelo. Papalattere, the Benedictine abbot, told me at Castellani's that Garibaldi had entered Tivoli. He explains that political hindrances prevent his further advance. In consequence of the threats of France, the Menabrea Ministry has been formed at Florence, and on the 27th the King issued a proclamation to Italy in which he censures the invasion. At the same time it is announced from Civita Vecchia, that the French fleet has entered the harbour, and that the troops are disembarking.

Italy does not seem even to have sufficient energy to enter the Patrimony simultaneously with France, for the news that the army had crossed the Tiber is not confirmed.

To-day Rome will free herself from the sinister conditions in which she has lain for more than eight days.

The day before yesterday came the order that all troops were to be withdrawn from the city. The provinces have been evacuated. Yesterday the legate, Monsignor Pericoli, arrived from Frosinone. The Latin allies, in the form of *Ciocciari* from Campania, from whom a corps of auxiliaries has been formed, entered with the troops. They wore red military caps with a feather, sandals on their feet, and carried a gun on the shoulder. It is said that they are all more or less brigands. Such are the defenders of the papal throne!

Detachments of troops move hither and thither. As I was coming home yesterday evening, a body of soldiers with torches was crossing the Piazza Barberini, and presented a beautiful sight.

ROME, October 30. *Dies ater!*

Two battalions of French passed across the Quirinal at five this afternoon with their band playing. Was standing with Henzen on the Piazza Trajana. A good many

people were present; all silent, as if bowed down by shame. It was a gloomy reception, as in the year 1849, when the French entered under Oudinot.

We have no definite intelligence concerning events in the immediate neighbourhood of Rome. Castellani and the Duke of Gaetani told me to-day that Velletri, Albano, Frascati, and Marino had hoisted the Italian flag. Troops were sent there yesterday morning. Albano is said to have formed a civic militia to defend itself against the Zouaves.

ROME, *November 3.*

The news of the outbreak of revolution in Florence is not confirmed; the idea of unity and the monarchy appear to have overcome the crisis. The news moreover arrived that the Italian army had crossed the frontier. It has occupied Civita Castellana, Castel Nuovo, and Frosinone. The arms of the Church have been everywhere re-erected, but beside them waves the national banner. The very day of the entry of the French, an Italian colonel arrived as Commissary in Rome, apparently to discuss with the French general the lines to be observed in the occupation. The faces of the priests are again lengthening. People talk of treason, and of everything being pre-arranged.

The French occupy Viterbo and Corneto, and have taken possession of their former barracks in the city. The banners of the Pope and France are floating over S. Angelo.

We are cut off from the world—neither letters nor telegrams have arrived for five days.

Nevertheless, I hear that union with Italy has been proclaimed in several places in the States of the Church. This has been done in the Alban Mountains and at Velletri, where fighting took place and many excesses were committed, priests being murdered. Velletri has erected barricades. Where Garibaldi is, no one knows.

The state of siege has not been removed in Rome, where barricades are still erected at the gates. The French are digging trenches on Monte Mario itself.

ROME, November 4.

The Garibaldians have been defeated and dispersed at Mentana.

At noon to-day I saw about four hundred prisoners enter, under the conduct of papal and French soldiers.

Went in the afternoon to the Ponte Nomentano to watch the entry of the other prisoners.

Thousands on horseback, on foot, and in carriages were on their way to S. Agnese; for three miles outside the city the road was lined with soldiers up to the gate, and so on inside the city, where the crowd grew thicker and thicker. Caught sight of Hübner, the Austrian ambassador, who told me he had just been talking with Kanzler; the Garibaldians had been annihilated, more than 1500 taken prisoners, and Garibaldi had fled. I replied: "This is at an end, but what will Italy do now?" He answered with an utterly contemptuous air: "*L'Italie! ah! c'est une autre affaire!*"

Seven thousand French are here. It is said that 20,000 garrison the States of the Church. The question now is whether Italy will retire across the frontier or not. People seem to dread war with Italy from the French side, since the French continue to fortify Rome.

Velletri has sent a deputation to Rome; for Nicotera, who occupied the city with three thousand men, has withdrawn.

De Failly, the general in command, entered to-day and alighted at the Hotel de Rome.

The work of digging trenches round the city still goes on. Why, and against whom?

ROME, November 6.

At four this afternoon the papal troops and those of Napoleon returned from Mentana. The *Osservatore* announced their entry as a triumph. Saw them against my will as I was passing the Quirinal, and found myself in the midst of the crowd. The troops numbered about four thousand. Countless carriage-loads of priests and Legitimists, several thousands of inquisitive spectators,



stupid or priest-ridden men, lined the streets, waved handkerchiefs, and shouted. Several of the mercenaries carried wreaths of flowers which had been thrown them.

Then came the Pope with his stereotyped, meaningless smile, the fingers of his effeminate hand—which nevertheless has been dyed deep in blood—raised in blessing.

Finally I beheld the following sight:—A cart driven through the crowd, in which lay or sat four Garibaldians, wounded, as it would appear. Their leader, a handsome man with a black beard, wearing the red shirt and red cap, sat leaning on a staff in the carriage, gazing before him without moving his eyes, and wearing an expression of unutterable grief.

On November 1 Napoleon protested against the entry of the Italians into the States of the Church, pronouncing it an infringement of international law. The impotent Government has declined all the offers of papal towns, such as Viterbo, to record their *plébiscites* in favour of union with Italy; and to-day it is said that the Italian troops have even evacuated Civita Castellana, in order to retire beyond the frontier. Thus the unfortunate country again bows beneath the yoke of the protector, and its independence has been a dream.

The failure of the insurrection in Rome is explained as follows:—It had been arranged to take place on the 24th; men and arms were ready in sufficient numbers; Sicilians and Neapolitans were to head the revolt. Napoleon himself was aware of the plan, and awaited the event. But the Roman Government spent 4000 scudi in rewards for treachery. As the revolt did not take place, Napoleon was forced to ratify the intervention.

The telegraph is still idle. I receive no letters.

Yesterday began the extracts from Burkhard's diaries in the Chigiana.

Can scarcely go on with any systematic work.

I see several Zouaves wearing the Garibaldian red cap openly in derision: these caps are red, with green borders and white stripes. Unfortunate Garibaldi! Someone told me to-day, that he had said to a lady in Florence:

"I am tired of my life; I hope to fall in battle; then at least I should leave my dead body between Italy and the Papacy."

On the 12th, drove with Lovatelli and Donna Ersilia to Mentana to see the battlefield.

ROME, December 1.

Servile addresses of surrender have been received by the Pope from all the places formerly occupied by the Garibaldians. Borghese has given shelter to the corps of officers. The priests in France and Belgium have sent recruits by the hundred to Rome. A new regiment of Zouaves is to be formed.

Went to-day to the Ponte Salaro, which has been blown up. It presents a picturesque sight. The railway bridge also is impassable. The Nomentano was saved from destruction by Captain de Vaux, who soon after fell at Mentana. So at least I was told by Hübner.

Arnim came the day before yesterday.

Liszt brought me greeting from Kaulbach from Munich. Am often with Lovatelli.

A week ago sent to the *Allgemeine Zeitung* the article *Mentana: Five weeks of Roman History*.<sup>1</sup>

ROME, December 31.

The year does not end well. Some weeks ago I caught a severe chill, and for six days have been kept to my room. Have so far written three chapters of the last volume.

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards amplified and published in vol. iv. of the *Wanderjahre in Italien*, under the title: *Der Krieg der Freischaren um Rom*.—Editor's Note.

1868

GENZANO, *April 28.*

HAVE not as yet made any entries in my diary this year, having been prevented by constant indisposition and an accumulation of work. The severe winter lasted on until April; it was the worst I have ever known in Rome. The crowds of people were equally a cause of disturbance.

On Good Friday, finished the winter's work in the rough, —viz., the first book of vol. vii. of the *History of the City*. Am unstrung by the long-continued exertion and by dismay at the thought of the approaching end, doubtful of my capacity to place the coping-stone on the summit.

Thanks to the good offices of Prince Teano, have obtained access to the Orsini archives.

Of new acquaintances, may note Frau von Gablentz, wife of the Austrian Lieutenant Field-marshal. Frequented for a time the society of this amiably disposed but most restless lady.

From America, Professors Adams and Curtis have been here; also Bayard Taylor, a celebrated author, a serious, energetic, and almost heroic-looking man. From England, Lord Houghton, known as poet under the name of Monckton Milnes.

From Germany, Ernst Curtius and Sauppe from Göttingen; Hase from Jena; Erdmann from Halle, and Prince William of Hesse. From Russia, Senator Brevera, who has edited from documents the history of the adventurous Princess Tarrakanow. From Brussels, Gachard.



Canitz, who has entirely recovered, came to Rome to visit his invalid sister-in-law.

Came to Genzano on the 25th inst., and have taken up my abode again with Carolina Mazzini. One of her sons is in exile; a daughter (Isabella) dead. Among the families of my former acquaintance here everything is changed; a new generation has sprung up—the older belongs now, as I do myself, to the one that is passing away.

ROME, *May 17.*

The excavation of the ancient Emporium at the Marmorata has been proceeding since January. This storehouse for the supply of marble to the ancient imperial city affords another testimony to the greatness of Rome. According to all appearances this Emporium extended as far as S. Paul's.

Thirty feet of rubbish, partly Tiber mud, partly material of destroyed buildings, covers the ancient Emporium. That the blocks of marble lay visible here until the tenth century, is shown by the name Ripa Marmorea, used at that time to designate the entire bank of the river. In the Middle Ages, walls and towers were built above the buried Emporium; in one place were found gigantic marble blocks, which afterwards served as a rock foundation to walls erected above, the architect of the building being entirely unaware of their existence. The ascent from the shore has been brought to light: a path paved with bricks, on which the porters passed to and fro. It is only four feet wide, and above it stands a reticulated wall holding in the bank. Two marble blocks with round openings served for fastening the vessels. The entire stretch of shore was enclosed almost as the opposite Ripa Grande is to-day. More than six hundred pieces of serpentine have been discovered, which were used in the *Opus Alexandrinum*; bits of the valuable stone Murrha have also been found, some of which the Pope presented to the Jesuits to beautify the high-altar of their church. This find of splendid marbles already represents a large capital; and the material is sufficient to cover the floors of all the

churches with Alexandrine work, as also to provide decoration for all the basilicas. The Pope has caused a gold medal to be struck in Visconti's honour, with the inscription :

P. H. VISCONTI, V.C.  
OB  
EMPORIVM ET MARMORA  
AD TIBERIM REPERTA  
OPTIME  
DE PRINCIPE ET PATRIA  
MERITO  
A. MDCCCLXVIII.

Visconti is radiant with joy and good fortune. He conducted me round, and introduced me to Count Sartiges and Cardinal Berardi. The Directors intend to clear away the tract on the shore, caused by the deposit, and to restore the ancient line of the river-bank. The bed of the Tiber has been considerably raised in the course of centuries.

In making a conduit for water on the Pincio, the site of the ancient Gardens of Lucullus and Domitian, an inscription was excavated, which I copied from the marble :

SILVANO SACRVM  
TYCHICVS GLABRIO  
NIS CV SER  
VILICVS HORTORVM

A fortnight ago the Austrian ambassador, Count Crivelli, died suddenly while riding round the city walls. His horse returned riderless, and he was discovered lying on the ground in the neighbourhood of the Porta Pinciana. His wife, who was in a carriage at the Porta del Popolo awaiting his return, drove to the spot, saw her husband lying there, brought him home ; but he died before reaching the Palazzo Venezia. His funeral was celebrated with great pomp at the Anima. Crivelli's position as ambassador had become impossible ; a strong Conservative Catholic, he found

himself in strained relations with Beust on the question of the Concordat. Meysenbug is to come as Envoy Extraordinary to Rome.

The unfortunate Cardinal de Andrea died on May 15 in the palace on Monte Giordano.

Lucien Bonaparte was created Cardinal of S. Pudenziana on March 13; the first Bonaparte to sit in the Sacred College.

Profound quiet in Rome; the foreigners have gone away.

Am working again with zest among the libraries and archives. The printing of the second edition goes on apace.

ROME, June 14.

June is cool and wet.

Am working in the Orsini archives, making extracts from the *Regesta* of the ancient domestic archives of Bracciano, which, to my great delight, I discovered. Unfortunately the documents themselves have perished.

Some newspapers have compared my *History of the City* to that of von Reumont, on which Catholic fanatics, as at Münster, have striven to malign me. Such comparisons are ridiculous. Reumont's work is a compilation, in the preparation of which he spent only a year on the entire Middle Ages; mine is an original work, derived from investigations at the fountain-head, and has already occupied almost sixteen years—it is the result of a life, and the product of personal enthusiasm. The bell which I have cast will be rung by many sacristans.

The brigands are again making the neighbourhood of the city insecure. They prevented me taking a drive to Bracciano.

Rome has become quiet. Am enjoying the delightful solitude to its full extent.

Yesterday the Abate P. of Monte Cassino told me a great deal concerning the Palazzo Farnese, to which the marriage of the Count of Girgenti to the royal daughter of Spain has brought new life; a speedy restoration is hoped for. People dream of a war between France and Italy, when a corps of Spaniards is to land in Naples.



The Abate told me that he had introduced a man into the Palazzo Farnese, who informs him of everything that daily goes on in the Bourbon family, and once a fortnight sends him an account in the form of a diary. This information, voluntarily given by the holy man, greatly surprised me; still more the naïveté with which he imparted the news. The King of Naples drove by at the moment, and bestowed a friendly greeting on the Abate. I got rid of the priest, whom I shall never see again. Our acquaintance dates from Monte Cassino. Is it possible that Tosti can sanction such ignoble espionage?

The priest also told me that the Italian Government had bought a man, who had been sent by a Bourbon Committee to King Francis. The same agent now goes backwards and forwards to the Palazzo Farnese as the spy of Italy. What a depth of depravity would be revealed could we but lift the veil!

A new Mazzinian Committee has been formed in Rome, which issues proclamations.

ROME, *July 4.*

Last Sunday was at Albano and Ariccia, where I called on the Countess Lovatelli and Carolina Mazzoni. A fortnight since, went to Frascati to visit Donna Ada Teano.

On June 29 the Bull summoning the Council for December 8, 1869, was read aloud; this took place with mediæval ceremonial. A pulpit was erected on the platform of S. Peter's, where the notary took his place; other papal notaries sat on the benches beside him; in addition were eight Swiss guards and four *Fedeli* of the Senate, who sounded trumpets before the reading of the Bull. The Bull was then affixed to the doors of S. Peter's by these officials, who immediately jumped into carriages and drove off to fasten it to the other traditional places: S. John, S. Maria Maggiore, the Cancellaria, and the Campo di Fiore.

This Œcumenical Council, which follows the Council of Trent after an interval of three hundred years, will assemble under sinister auspices. These are: the new German Empire, now in process of formation under a

Protestant head; new Italy; new Austria, which has violated the Concordat, and has in consequence received an admonition from the Pope.

The unveiling of the Luther monument at Worms by King William has made a great impression. This demonstration of the Protestant spirit took place on the very day of the vigil of S. Peter, and the proclamation of the Bull of Council. This time the Pope will not admit any representative of the powers to the Council, to which nevertheless they have a right.

The papal troops have moved to their summer quarters on the Field of Hannibal, where the Pope paid them a visit yesterday. It has rained every day since June: as a rule the sky clouds over about one o'clock, and a storm breaks immediately after.

Schlözer has been in Berlin; whence he returned a week ago, bringing an order from the Minister of Education, by which I am again allowed 400 thalers for two years for the completion of the *History of Rome*.

ROME, July 11.

We have rainstorms every day.

Have lately been working with satisfactory results in the Gaetani archives.

To-morrow shall leave for Spoleto, to look into the archives there; then go on by Urbino and Rimini to Venice and Munich.

GUBBIO, July 16.

Left Rome on the morning of the 13th, and arrived at Spoleto at noon.

At the hotel beside the railway station found the Chancellor of the Camaldolese of S. Gregorio, disguised as a canon, because he was going to Ascoli; puzzled myself in trying to discover the identity of the ecclesiastic, whose face I knew.

Count Campello had gone away; but I found his brothers Francesco and Luigi, Counts Pianciani, who own a beautiful palace. Gave them Castellani's letter to their absent brother Carlo, when Francesco conducted me to the

house of Achille Sanzi, the archivist. Sanzi was unfortunately at Foligno, and I could not see the archives. Explored Spoleto, saw the beautiful Lo Spagna in the Municipio, copied an inscription there on Frederick I., visited Monte Luco and the bridge; spent the night in the town, and came on the day before yesterday to Foligno. Went to the Municipio, where they opened the muniment room and left me alone with the archives. Copied some documents. The archives contain a series of *Libri Reformationum* and numerous original parchments.

Came on to Fossato at one, and thence by carriage through beautiful mountainous country to Gubbio, where I arrived about seven.

Met Piccini, the surgeon, and husband of the worthy Lisa, my acquaintance of Genazzano. With difficulty found a lodging at the house of a citizen, who had previously kept an inn but had given it up.

Piccini introduced me to the Syndic, Marchese Barbi. Was given access to the archives, where I worked yesterday and to-day. They are housed in the suppressed Camaldolese convent of S. Pietro.

Gubbio reminds me of Todi. The houses are built of the red calcareous stone of the mountain. Gothic architecture of the fourteenth century prevails—pointed windows or the Roman semi-Gothic. The Palazzo Comunale dominates the town—a magnificent structure of 1337, majestic yet graceful. It is curious that this building contains only two halls, which were probably used for holding parliaments. Close by stands the Palazzo Ranghiasi, the most important private house in Gubbio.

Several churches, among them the cathedral, in Gothic style, resembling the middle church of S. Francesco at Assisi, S. Maria Nuova, S. Pietro, and S. Francesco (a very beautiful Gothic building). Until the last revolution there were eighteen convents in this town of only 7000 inhabitants. The churches are rich in paintings of the Umbrian school, among them some masterpieces of Raffaello dal Colle, Ottaviano Nelli, Giannicola, Timoteo della Vite, and Nucci.



The people grumble against the present Government; everything is dead and deserted. Gubbio, like so many other towns, is nothing more than a dilapidated monument of the Middle Ages, whose spirit is everywhere in evidence.

Have seen the Eugubian tables, now preserved in S. Pietro, the magnificent convent where for the present the bureau of the Commune is installed.

URBINO, *July 19.*

On the 17th, returned to Fossato at 5 A.M. My companions were three citizens of Gubbio, journeying to Serra di S. Ciriaco to buy old pictures. These men of humble condition showed themselves thoroughly versed in art and painting. Love of art seems indigenous in Gubbio, where beautiful works call forth the collector's passion. Count Benamati there showed me his little collection; so also did the Prior of the Camaldolese, who possesses a drawing done by Titian for his picture of S. Peter Martyr.

Fossato, the battlefield of Totila, is a glorious mountain district, which stretches as far as Gualdo Tadino. Historic country on every side. In crossing the Nera before coming to Narni, my thoughts turned to Parcival d'Auria, general of King Manfred, who was drowned in crossing this beautiful river. It so happened that, among the archives of Gubbio, I had come across an edict of Parcival's belonging to the period when he was Rector of the Marches for Manfred.

The drive through these Apennines is lovely. Green meadows as in Switzerland, beautiful valleys, traversed by rivers, then again magnificent walls of rock, as at S. Ciriaco. Jesi is beautifully situated on a slope of the Apennines, an imposing-looking town and the birthplace of Frederick II. The expedition was one of the most enjoyable that it was possible to make.

Arrived at Ancona at 1 P.M., and wandered for seven hours through this town of stately architecture. The position of S. Ciriaco, the oldest church of Ancona, on the headland, is grand and open; the triumphal arch of

Trajan, at the harbour, the finest monument of the kind that I have seen.

Arrived at Fano at ten in the evening. The librarian, Luigi Masetti, yesterday conducted me to the Communal archives. A room there is filled to overflowing with manuscripts; the diplomas are kept in sealed chests. Found only a series of *Libri Reformationum*, beginning with the year 1416; of these copied some belonging to the time when Cæsar Borgia was all-powerful in this district; was promised that the diplomas would be shown me later on.

Fano, which is in an open situation, is now entirely lifeless, but lies in very rich country and beside the sea. It is the birthplace of Lanci and Polidoro, who died in Siena.

To-day came on to Pesaro; a friendly town with a beautiful piazza and the castle of the Sforzas, now the seat of the Prefecture. Saw there the collection of majolica, the greater part from Gubbio, where there was a celebrated manufactory of this species of terra-cotta in the sixteenth century. Left at one with the post for Urbino, and arrived there at five.

The view of the castle of Duke Federigo is magnificent; from the hill it dominates the city, giving it a monumental character. Urbino lies packed together on a steep slope, so small and unimposing that it is difficult to realise that it was once a chief centre of Italian culture. Went in search of Raffaele's house, a two-storied brick building, with four windows in front and a Renaissance doorway.

Went afterwards to the Cathedral and inside the castle, in front of which some *Bocce* players were exhibiting their skill—it was Sunday. Then into the open country, whence the hill of San Marino may be seen; around, sparsely cultivated limestone hills, making gloomy the immediate surroundings. Have just returned (9 P.M.) from the public promenade below the back of the castle—a huge pile. A café stands below it—round which the inhabitants of Urbino were seated on chairs or walking about under the rays of an immense lantern.

Have got a letter to Count Carlo Pompeo Gherardi, which I mean to deliver to-morrow, so that he—who is reputed a man of learning—may give me access to the archives.

AQUILA D'ORO, RIMINI, *July 21.*

Yesterday saw the interior of the palace at Urbino; it is one of the finest monuments of the Renaissance; the marble doorways and windows are especially admirable.

Met Gherardi in the Reading-room, a room in a café, where some antiquated newspapers were lying about; he took me to the Institute of the Fine Arts, where he is professor of History. This institution was founded four years ago by the praiseworthy zeal of the citizens. The rooms contain casts of ancient statues, also pictures. Among the latter is a masterpiece of Giovanni Santi. Saw a manuscript in the archives of the Municipio containing a history of the time of Cæsar Borgia, from which I made some extracts.

Visited the library in the Albani Palace: the family originally belonged to Urbino, and Clement XI., in consequence, conferred many benefits on the town. The library contains 8000 volumes and many MSS. relating to the history of Urbino, of which Dennistoun made use when writing his work. A canon who had known Don Vincenzo Colonna took me round. The Clericals are stronger than the Liberals in Urbino, and almost everywhere throughout the Marches the leading aristocracy adhere to the fallen Government.

Beautiful pictures in the Cathedral, two good Baroccios—an artist who was likewise a native of Urbino.

From Urbino to Pesaro, and thence on to Rimini.

The city of the Malatestas is spacious and friendly, but devoid of monuments, as are the majority of the towns in the Marches. The greatest object of interest is the cathedral, with the tombs of the tyrants, a work of Leo Battista Alberti. Bathed in the Adriatic, from the ancient Roman bridge saw San Marino on the ridge of its lofty hill, and a beautiful landscape with fairly high mountains in the background—all lying wide and sunny along the shore.



STADT MÜNCHEN, VENICE, *July 28.*

Came from Rimini by night to Venice, where I arrived on the morning of the 22nd.

Was here sixteen years ago, arriving from Königsberg on April 19, 1852, when I made my entry into Italy. The aspect of the city in its details had already faded from my memory; its charm now exercises an entirely new fascination.

At once hastened to Gar, at the archives of the Frari. Am working six hours a day: first in the Marciana, then in the archives. Have found treasures in the Marciana in the diaries of Marino Sanuto, likewise in the archives, in an incredibly huge pile of important papers. Have made several copies, and can throw an entirely new light on the history of the Borgias. The heat is great, but I find alleviation in bathing in the lagoons. My work leaves me little time for seeing the city; however, I made a long expedition the day before yesterday.

Dined with Münster yesterday, and the ladies took me later to see one of the large private gardens of Venice, belonging to Papadopuli.

One evening attended a public lecture by Professor Fulin in the Athenæum, in presence of a mixed audience and in melting heat. Fulin discoursed of the beginnings of Venetian history, but without sequence or power. Made the acquaintance of several men, among them Torelli, Prefect of Venice.

Nerli, the painter, who has lived thirty years here, told me of the death in Rome of Goethe's son, whom he had nursed. The German colony here has almost entirely disappeared since 1866; several Legitimist families have also left the city. The Bourbon palace stands empty.

A few days ago entertained Gar, Fulin, and Manzato, the translator of my *History*, at dinner. Manzato is still quite a young man.

The expeditions in a gondola—the soothing, swaying movement, as one glides along silently and mysteriously, more especially in the evening and in the smaller canals—are really enchanting. This kind of motion, adopted by an

entire population on the noiseless water, may perhaps have had a share in imparting the character of mystery to Venice; the mask developed of itself. The entire government of this aristocratic state, so terribly severe and silent, was masked.

The genius of Tintoretto is clearly revealed to me for the first time. There is a powerful grandeur in all these Venetian masters corresponding to the character of the state.

The whole of Venice is a poem, the finest that a people has ever created, and this by a practical race of fishermen, sailors, and merchants. Nowhere else in Italy do we recognise so plainly the wonderful creative imagination and grace with which the nation is endowed.

Torelli, the Prefect, has sent me a treatise on the conditions of Venice, accompanied by a friendly letter; I replied just before leaving, expressing the hope that foreign influences would not succeed in destroying the alliance between new Italy and new Germany. This I said with reference to Usedom's note, which, maliciously published by Lamarmora, had created so great a stir.

MUNICH, August 1-19.

Left Venice on July 31, greatly exhausted by the heat and my work in the archives.

Spent a few hours in Padua, a town of impressive character; the same length of time in Verona, to which I am greatly attached. Passed Ala at night—without sleep, and in a wretched frame of mind—and on to Innsbruck. On August 1, accidentally met Giesebrecht at Rosenheim station; he was leaving for Kufstein with his wife and his uncle, Ludwig Giesebrecht (author of the History of the Wends).

Gloomy day—gloomy impression of the Fatherland.

Arrived at Munich at 4 P.M. Spent a night at the *Blaue Traube*, and the following day took up my abode at 19 *Frühlingstrasse*.

Met Schack, and found him grown younger; it would appear that the success of his writings has worked this

beneficent influence. He presented me with his new edition of Firdausi and his *Arabs in Spain*, and showed me his Persian Order of the Sun. If a man is to wear an Order, there can surely be none better fitted for an intelligent person than that of Knight of the Sun.

Spent the evening with Döllinger at Kaulbach's, whither he had taken me. Döllinger spoke with frankness of the senseless manœuvres of the present Papacy, and with contempt of the Council that has been summoned, and which has not a single important question to deal with. With reference to the adverse criticisms bestowed on my *History* by Catholic fanatics, especially in Münster, he said that I had treated the ecclesiastical questions with the greatest moderation: that even he would have expressed himself on many points with much more severity.

Kaulbach is a man of intellectual vitality and unceasing industry. Fortune, which has favoured him, and an unusually happy domestic life, have kept him young. A nature such as his, whatever people may say, must have a great deal of good in it. He spoke bitterly of Cornelius, whom he called a fool of arrogance; and I remembered the contempt with which Cornelius had frequently spoken of him.

Met Hahn and Föhringer at the library. Also made the acquaintance of Jaffé, who looks intellectual and overworked. Met Wattenbach also at the same place, and lunched with him in a garden. He had come from Spain, and he told me that Gervinus's wife was suffering from her eyes. Wrote to Heidelberg, declining, however, the invitation. My object was to collect all necessary material in Munich, and that I have now done.

Munich is empty. Met Julius Braun and his wife at Starnberg, where they came at my desire. We spent the afternoon pleasantly, and went on the lake as far as Tutzing, where I took the railway.

BAD SCHACHEN, near LINDAU, *September 20.*

On August 20, to Kufstein, where I met Giesebrecht and his uncle. Dr Erhardt, with his family, arrived from



Jenbach on a visit. We spent some pleasant days at Kufstein.

On August 24, returned to Munich. On the 26th, went to Augsburg; called on Altenhöfer at the office of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, and agreed on the further publication of the *History of the City of Rome* with Pohl, the manager there.

Was advised to make my summer quarters at Immenstadt, where I went the same day. Spent the night there; but Immenstadt seemed uninviting, and the neighbourhood gloomy and bare. On August 26, journeyed to Lindau.

The following day took up my abode in the village of Schachen, which lies close to the lake in the "Schlössli."

Have recovered my energy in this charming solitude. The shores of the lake form a garden miles in extent—one continuous wood of fruit-trees, in which hamlets and villages stand short distances apart. Never have I beheld such wealth of fruitfulness. Scarcely a tree that has not tenfold supports: some, like heroes in full armour, are bowed down beneath their burthen—a beautiful end to a fruitful life. Apples are falling every minute; the sound awakes memories of my childhood, to which I have returned. Never since I have lived in Rome have I so completely reverted to Germanism as I have done here.

My favourite walk was to Wasserburg and Nonnenhorn. The former stands with its ancient castle of the Counts Monfort, and its stately church, on a tongue of land jutting out into the lake. The best view of the lake and the surrounding mountains is enjoyed from the neighbouring Hoyerberg, whence even the tower of the Cathedral of Constance may be seen. Even in its pale tones the picture is magnificent; the Lake of Constance is the colour of a forget-me-not, also occasionally emerald green. And the fact that one is gazing constantly at three such different territories as the Austria, the Switzerland, the Germany which bound it, gives to the landscape an element of racial history. Walked a great deal and every day—for the weather was incomparably beautiful, reminding me of

October days in Rome. Went to Bregenz, thence to Langenargen; crossed the lake to Rorschach, and on to S. Gallen. Had my midday and evening meals at the little watering-place, where there have been hitherto about sixty guests—Swiss and South Germans for the most part. Have made acquaintance with many of the natives. Their vineyards, which are their pride, produce a—to me—unpalatable grape vinegar, which they call *See-wein*. Vineyard-watchers keep guard, occasionally sitting on a lofty perch in the air, and sounding on a tambourine to keep off the starlings, which are now migrating in flocks to Italy.

Gruber, a merchant of Lindau, has two beautiful country-houses here, "Lindehof" and "Allwind," which are the ornaments of the neighbourhood. This successful man died in his forty-fifth year, and is buried in the park. There are several other country-houses that invite the traveller to a prolonged sojourn. Visited the villa of Lingg, a merchant and brother of the poet of *Völkerwanderungen*. He has some of the barbarian kings of the poem painted in fresco in his room, beside the Germania and Roma, of which he seems not a little proud. Tried to read the *Völkerwanderungen*, but stuck in it; it is a chronicle in verse, and we have better chronicles in the originals. An epic ought not to have history for its material, but a few characters taken from history round whom the action moves, such as the *Iliad* with Hector and Achilles.

Gervinus is at Willbad with his ailing wife; we have renounced the hope of meeting for the present.

ROME, October 5.

On September 23, to Munich; on the 26th to Innsbruck, where I spent the night; the following day, to Verona. On the 28th to Bologna, where I intended to stay a night in order to proceed to Florence; but as the mountain torrents had destroyed the railroad at Porretta, continued my journey by Ancona.

On the 29th, returned to Rome at 9 A.M.

A few days ago Carl Witte of Halle, the translator of Dante and the high-priest of the Dante cult, called on me.

Saw him for the first time—formerly a child-prodigy, now a wonderful old man, full of life and energy. Foreigners are beginning to show themselves.

The Spanish revolution throws everything into excitement. The last of the Latin nations enters the arena of modern life and turns away from the Middle Ages. Light will enter even that bigoted country.

The Spanish sultana is expected daily, *petens Romam refugium peccatorum*.

ROME, December 26.

Have been so steeped in my work, and lately so occupied with social distractions, that I have not made a single entry in these pages.

Have written three whole chapters of Book xiv. of the *History*, and brought the fourth down to the Sack of Rome; but various matters contributed to disturb me, so that I was obliged to put my work aside.

Have seen the old Countess Brühl, daughter of the hero Gneisenau, and, therefore, an object of veneration in my eyes.

Arnim's Thursday evenings have begun again. They are frequented by many Austrians, among whom I made the acquaintance of the fanatic Count Bloome.

One day on the Marmorata, Visconti presented me to the ex-King and Queen of Naples. The unfortunate King, now more manly looking, was politeness itself; the Queen did not speak a word, but merely smiled, as if rejoiced to see a compatriot.

Spent an evening with Hübner. Since returning from the East, he has installed himself in an apartment in the Palazzo Barberini, where he is working at his *History of Sixtus V.* It may be good. Hübner is a refined and intellectual man, but slippery as an eel.

On the score of the denunciation of a personal enemy, also a sculptor, Kopf, the sculptor, was arrested by the police one night a short time ago, taken to Monte Citorio, and placed among the ordinary criminals. Arnim was aware of the order for his arrest and did nothing to prevent



its execution, which has made bad blood among the Germans here. Not until the following day did he exert himself to procure Kopf's release, and his action was then due to the energy of the Marchese Zappi, a papal general, who threatened the police to liberate Kopf by military force. We have made this into a German question, and by an address have demanded that Herr von Arnim shall require satisfaction from the Roman authorities. Unfortunately, however, Kopf is a native of Würtemberg, and Arnim hesitates to cross the line of the Main. Here also is seen again the still existing divisions of our relations in Germany.

A fortnight ago Monti and Tognetti, members of the Serristori powder plot, were executed. Italy raised a cry of indignation, and pronounced these murderers (who had been hired for money) martyrs for their native country.

Spent the first part of Christmas evening with Lindemann; then drove with the Princess Teano to Lovatelli's, where there was a Christmas-tree.

On the 30th, went to the Apollo Theatre.

On the evening of S. Silvestro went to a party at Arnim's, where I made the acquaintance of Count Galen and his wife. Galen was envoy at Madrid.

Have resumed my interrupted work with energy. The object of my life's labour must not again give place to any illusion; everything else is secondary to it.

1869

ROME, *February 14.*

REACHED the last chapter of political history in the middle of January, when a feeling of such depression overtook me that I could not write the conclusion, and have had to defer it until the autumn.

Have set about the chapters of the final volume that deal with the history of art and culture.

Schlözer has received a summons to go as Minister to Mexico, for which he started on January 27; leaving Rome with great sorrow after his five years' residence. We too here parted from him with great regret. It was well on the whole, however, that he should tear himself away from the Roman salons. He had given up work; never read a book, scarcely even a newspaper.

On January 26 Arnim gave Schlözer a farewell dinner, where I made the acquaintance of Savigny, former Secretary to the Diet, Under-Secretary of State, and, it is said, Bismarck's rival. He is a strict Catholic; expressed himself, however, with a show of free-thinking, but avoided the Roman question.

Met Longfellow at Princess Wittgenstein's. He has a fine head; striking features, liberal and open; white hair and a white beard—is entering on old age in full possession of his energies. Speaks German exceedingly well, as also all literary languages. His translation of Dante is extolled as first-rate. On Tuesday was with him at Mrs Terry's, the widow of Crawford, the American sculptor at the Palazzo Odescalchi,

Dr Gustav Kühne, known as a member of Young Germany, has been here: an elderly man, who wears a somewhat student-like cloak and a red neck-cloth; is considered unassuming, which is saying a good deal seeing that he is a member of Young Germany. With him are some intellectual women, one of whom read aloud a poem which had been suggested by my life in Rome.

ROME, *April 11.*

The Pope celebrates to-day his fifty years' jubilee as priest, and this personal matter has been converted into a great event in the Catholic world. Deputations, addresses, and gifts, sent from every land, arrive daily at the Vatican. Gregory XVI. was consequently mistaken in denouncing the invention of railways and telegraphs as a work of the devil, since apart from them no demonstration, on any large scale, could possibly have taken place. This festival is intended to demonstrate to the world that Rome still remains the altar of sacrifice for the greater portion of mankind. When watching the Romans thronging to the Vatican yesterday, I wished that Gervinus could be present, that he might be convinced of the vitality of the Papacy.

The demonstrations of Catholic Germany are on a very large scale; all the newspapers speak of them. The Central-committee of the Union there has sent a monster address, with a million signatures, contained in seventeen sumptuous volumes; each diocese has sent money, the chief Catholic towns special jubilee gifts: Cologne, for instance, the model of its Cathedral. It is reckoned that a million thalers have come from Germany alone. Even the "very Protestant" King of Prussia has sent through his envoy, the Duke of Ratibor, a letter of congratulation and a vase; has done more almost than the Catholic sovereigns, and great stress is laid on the fact here. Pictures, mosaics, gold goblets, crucifixes, reliquaries, hangings, have all been arriving at the Vatican within the last fortnight. Six huge chests have come from America, with the Pope's address, and instructions that



they are to be opened on April 11. One has been opened and found to contain chocolate, among which were lumps of gold from California.

Every parish within the States of the Church has sent gifts. Saw that from Subiaco, which was entirely covered with flowers; white and yellow flags stood at the corners, with the inscription, *la devotissima Subiaco*. A commission of the Holy Father's inspectors receives all these jubilee gifts, and arranges them for exhibition in Bramante's courtyard, where I saw them yesterday. They form a small exhibition of the industries and products of Latium and Tuscany. There are to be seen Roman silks, pots from Civita Castellana, fruits from Nemi, sulphur and alum from Viterbo and Tolfa, marble from Scurcola, felt hats from Alatri, coverlets from Veroli; wine from the Sabina, Frascati, and Velletri, the barrels even gilt; biscuits from the poor districts of the Volscians; even vegetables, live calves, and twelve sacks of corn bore the label of Mentana. The papal court might long subsist on the supply of provisions, which ought, however, to be distributed among the poor.

The Pope has outlived the best day of his life. What man has ever received such valuable gifts? What monarch can boast that his festival has been a festival for the world at large? Say what we may, the Papacy is still a moral idea; combat the statement as strongly as we may, it can reckon on the love of many classes of mankind. Facts speak for themselves.

When Pius IX. received the deputation from the Roman provinces, he said that the day of peace and good fortune would soon dawn over beautiful Italy—" *sul bel paese che Apennin parte e' l mar circonda e l'Alpi*." Since his accession to the throne he has not had so much occasion for speech-making. No sign of fatigue is perceptible. He is radiant with happiness. He was twenty-seven years old when, fifty years ago to-day, he read his first Mass in the church of S. Anna dei Falegnami, and was then a tutor in the Institute of Tata Giovanni. He is here pronounced one of the most fortunate of popes. "Do you see," said a priest,

who poses as a Liberal, "that instead of being a retired member of the Guardia Nobile with a pension of forty scudi, he is still Pope and has presents from the whole world showered upon him. He will put to shame the legend *non videbis annos Petri*, for he is fortunate in everything."

The Ultramontanes adore him as a supernatural being. His future beatification is undoubted.

Rome is adorned with floral decorations. Pius IX. is glorified in pictures and transparencies on streets and squares. A triumphal arch stands in the Borgo with the inscription characteristic of Rome's present mood:—

*Popoli Seguaci di Christo Entrate per la Via Trionfale nel Tempio Vaticano. Pio Nono P.M. offre sull' altare di Pietro il perenne olocausto secondo dal decimo lustro di sacerdozio, forcerò di migliori eventi al Romano Principato. Ritornerete con gli ulivi e le palme a salutare nel concilio ecumenico il trionfo della verità e della sapienza. L'universo in un solo voto e congiunto.*

The enormous cost of these festivities has been defrayed by contributions from the citizens and priests; a day's pay has been even deducted from the soldiers.

Castellani, the goldsmith, showed me the goblet which the Roman municipality were giving the Pope: a beautiful work, valued at 30,000 lire. It is reckoned that these jubilee gifts are worth several millions.

At 8 A.M. the Pope read Mass at the high-altar of S. Peter's, then gave a breakfast to a thousand people in the building of the Sacristy. A parade of the troops was held afterwards on the Piazza of S. Peter's, and, at 4 P.M., a reception of the deputations.

The Easter season has been wet and wintry. Set to work again, and finished the two chapters dealing with literature and art. The material having swelled to such vast proportions, I mean to divide the volume into two.

The young Countess Elizabeth went away five weeks ago, and left me on her departure some beautiful verses, exhorting me to return to positive faith in Christ. Grate-

fully do I receive the message, but I lack the necessary belief.

Gräfe, the oculist from Berlin, has been here. He is very ill, and it is said there is no hope. He went on to Naples and returned here only for a night.

ROME, *April 25.*

The bustle of festivities is over, and the foreigners are leaving Rome. Made the acquaintance of the Duke of Ratibor, and of his companion, Count Frankenberg, at von Arnim's. Met also Ratibor's brother, Cardinal Hohenlohe, there, who invited me to his villa—the Villa d'Este—at Tivoli.

Dined at Arnim's and met Dr Springer of Bonn, author of the History of Austria in Modern Times. Yesterday Prince William of Baden arrived: an energetic man, Liberal, and strongly in favour of the mediatisation of all the German princes, the necessity for which step he urges unreservedly. Kanzler and Madame von Tallenay were there, as also the wife of General von G.

Am working once more with as much energy as in my best days. Soon arrived at an understanding with Cotta regarding the division of vol. vii. into two.

Madame K., a Norwegian, expressed her surprise at the cult of beauty which we profess in Rome. She came from Paris, where intellect alone is revered. What she said is perhaps true, that in France the ideal is intellect, in Germany rank (!), in Italy beauty. This winter there have accidentally been a greater number of beautiful women than I have ever before seen together in society. Finally, Countess R. from Venice appeared, no longer very young, but fascinating. When she entered the drawing-room she shone like a lighted candelabra, her joyous life illumining every face. B., a Brazilian lady, who sang Spanish songs at Countess Hohenthal's, was also singularly handsome.

ROME, *May 9.*

On May 1 we drove to the artists' festival at the caves of Cervara. Had accepted the invitation solely from politeness, for I saw boredom before me. Tore myself



away at four o'clock, and thought of what Pauline had frequently said—that mine was the nature of a wild horse, which strains at the halter, breaking it whenever it is frightened.

Prince William of Baden has called on me several times, and we went walking together on the Pincio. He unreservedly gives vent to the most liberal opinions with regard to the reconstitution of the Fatherland.

Rome is becoming quiet again. The foreigners are gone ; serious duty remains behind. Princess Wittgenstein lately spoke admirably concerning the value of intellectual existence in active work—such as mine is. She wrote an article on friendship. Told her that to make friendship a reality, required half a lifetime and the love of a moment. How valuable is friendship, and how divine is love !

Count Krockow and his wife, Countess Schlippenbach and her daughter, and Gneisenau's daughter, Countess Brühl, have gone away.

ROME, *Whitsunday, May 15.*

On the 11th, drove with Prince William and Lindemann to Ostia ; it was a beautiful day, and I bathed in the sea. Found on my return a whimsical letter from a daughter of Rückert, whom I do not know. Prince William left for Florence to-day ; Lindemann and I accompanied him to the station, where he took General Zappi into his carriage. He has little or no hope of the union of South Germany with the North, but is of opinion that the resistance of Swabia and Bavaria can only be overcome by force of arms.

The former editor of the *Pester Lloyd*, Dr Weiss, explained to me that German Austria was in 1866 already prepared to greet Prussia as the restorer of the German Empire ; these provinces, he believed, would never stand the dualism in Austria ; the Emperor coquetted with Hungary because, sooner or later, he would be obliged to retire on Pesth.

ROME, *July 2.*

At the end of May I fell ill of fever, from which I have not yet recovered. Dr Manassei insists on my departure.

A wasted month ; utterly dark, when I stood near to the gates of Hades.

*Stagione morta!* Nevertheless, have made four chapters ready for the press.

AQUILA NERA, SIENA, *July 11.*

On July 8, after another attack of fever, set forth on my travels. The Terrys were in the train going to Leghorn. Remained the night at Pisa, where I could only see the Cathedral from outside, creeping round it like a fever-stricken spectre.

On the 9th, to Siena ; went at once to the archives, where Luciano Bonchi is now Director. Worked there yesterday also, and looked through several files of letters. At nine in the evening was seized with fever and violent colic, probably brought on by the heat : thought that I must die. The sky was covered with clouds, in which the sun hung like a red disk. Even in the morning the daylight was weirdly red. At five this afternoon go on to Florence.

FONTANA, FLORENCE, *July 17.*

The heat was insupportable ; the daylight red as at Siena. Here also have worked at the archives, and am carrying several fresh documents away with me. Have seen but few people ; old Heyse, Sabatier, and Amari, with whom I was once at the villa. Could not go about much. Visited Pauline's grave several times and made arrangements about it. To-day went to the Pitti and Uffizi. A great deal of building is going on in the town, where the royal residence has been established, probably for good. The walls have been pulled down ; suburbs annexed ; greater luxury is seen in the shops ; new palaces—new and aspiring life.

STRESA, LAGO MAGGIORE, *July 20.*

Arrived at Milan on the morning of the 18th, and spent the day there. It was very hot. Stayed the night at the Hotel Reichmann, and travelled on the 19th to Arona, and thence to Stresa. Found Perez well and contented, but

recognised that never should I succeed in emancipating myself from the passions of humanity in such a way ; to me it would be moral death. The institution at Stresa has a hundred pupils ; the energy displayed is praiseworthy, and a spirit so lofty as that of Perez is alone sufficient to endow its work with moral power.

Go on to Switzerland to-morrow. Am free of the actual fever only ; in effect it remains, as does the severe aching of my bones. Feel utterly crushed—an Ixion on the wheel.

ZÜRICH, July 26.

Left Stresa on the 21st ; quitted the steamer at Canobbio, and came on from Magadino to Bellinzona. Beside me was a Frenchman, who announced himself a Corsican by birth, an intellectual man, thoroughly versed in literature. It was Conti, leader of the Emperor's Cabinet, returning from the Baths of Montecatini. He had apparently had some mission in Rome. He defended the Jesuits, quoting Ranke. Nevertheless, he had the broadest views concerning the progress of civilisation, and only regretted that he must soon die. On exchanging our cards, he recognised me through my *Corsica*. He was returning by way of Basle to Paris and the Emperor.

Obtained the front seat on the diligence at Bellinzona and kept it on to Flüelen. It was a beautiful night. In crossing the S. Gotthard the fever left me for the first time, and I began to see the world once more in a brighter light. Walked for two hours up the pass, arriving tired at the summit (it was 8 A.M.), and the first thing that met my eyes was the sign of the inn—*Hotel de la Prose*. When a man has left the flowery wilderness of error far behind, and has opened a path through thorn and thicket, he finds himself on the high tableland of life at the entrance of the *Hotel de la Prose*. Around me stood cold rocks ; in front a quiet lake, with no vegetation on its shores except here and there some forget-me-nots ; on the peaks above, ice and snow. We descended with a rush.

Remained the night at Flüelen ; came by the lake to Lucerne on the 23rd, and then on to Zürich.



On the 24th went to the Pension Rinderknecht, which had been recommended by Madame Colban. Vulgar though the name, the house is good. Two young students of the Polytechnic are my fellow-guests; also an old Norwegian, who sits in silence because he has lost his wife. He is said to gaze for hours at her likeness. Am working in the public library. Dr Horner, the librarian, introduced me to the Museum (the *Lesegesellschaft*), where I read a series of sad announcements: the death of Dr Julius Braun, a truly gifted man who had been driven from the professor's chair by his own brusquerie and the petty-minded enmity of his colleagues; further, the illness of the noble-minded Gervinus, and that of Gräfe. Nevertheless I received a letter, sent from Rome, from Gervinus yesterday, and to-day the papers contradict the news.

ZÜRICH, *August 21.*

It is easily seen that Zürich is a creation of social democracy. Everything here belongs to the present. The Swiss is condemned to perpetual neutrality in his mountains—does not take part in the political development of Europe, but merely represents the democratic principle in the midst of the Great Powers; his country is the asylum for all parties of the world. After the Swiss had obtained their Constitution in the war of the Sonderbund, all divisions were uprooted from among them or only contributed to nourish life. Golden mediocrity is the happiness of the Swiss, tedious as is all existence devoid of struggle. The principle of democracy is spreading in Zürich; every law must be put to the vote of the community.

The Polytechnic fosters some degree of life, and numbers almost six hundred students, half of whom are Germans. The University is but thinly attended. Women are admitted to medical studies; seven young ladies, English, German, and American, are at present studying here.

Have made the acquaintance of some of the professors, mostly Germans. Met Kinkel with his family in a garden, and have seen him a second time. He has been appointed

professor of Art at the Polytechnic. His appearance is somewhat athletic, which surprised me, as his writings betray no tendency of the kind. Was astonished to hear him confess himself a follower of Bismarck; he said that the men of 1848 had outstripped themselves, and that it was necessary to proceed with accomplished facts. Am told here that it is his desire to play a rôle again in Germany, a desire which can scarcely be realised. His misfortunes have not crushed him, and this is meritorious; but it is possible that he rates too highly his sufferings in prison and so forth, in regard to their importance to the Fatherland. His second wife is a native of Königsberg.

Finally, looked up Rüstow. Found him seated, surrounded by papers, at the same table where I had seen him five years ago, dressed in the same red Garibaldi shirt, only it had meanwhile grown five years older and threadbare. He poured forth a torrent of invective against all the Germans in Zürich, even including Kinkel, expressing himself in plebeian terms. He was nervously excited, and seemed to be ill in mind; the standard of all things for him is the year 1848. He appears embittered because his powers have not been employed either in Switzerland or Germany; he lives like a hermit, at war with all men. Crayon in hand, he demonstrated to me that France could not make war on Germany, the French army being only numerically a third of the German. He told me that he had done more than any one knew in behalf of peace between the two nations. This talented man seems about to sink beneath the burthen of his fate—ingratitude—or to imagine himself a martyr.

Have made the acquaintance of Boretius, professor of Law, who, however, is soon going away. There is a set of young German professors here—for these Zürich is generally the first step—for instance, Exner (a Viennese), Rose, Hermann, etc. Also found Bursian, my travelling companion in Sicily of sixteen years ago, Professor of Archæology here; he has, however, accepted an invitation to Jena—a clever, learned, and yet vivacious man.

Among historians I value the acquaintance of Büdinger,

the author of the Mediæval History of Austria. He invited me to lunch, when I met Professors Wyss, Meier, and Bursian.

A short time ago Zürich celebrated the fiftieth birthday of Gottfried Keller, its greatest poet. Keller is a serious and reserved man, almost shy ; now appointed Secretary of State for the Canton.

Have also seen Ferdinand Keller, the discoverer of the lake dwellings. The Museum which he has founded is well worth seeing, containing also, as it does, sculptures from Nineveh. I had never seen any of the kind before.

Madame Wesendonk, an amiable lady with literary tastes, invited me to her villa on the lake, where I went twice. She forms a centre for select German society. In her musical enthusiasm she entertained Richard Wagner at her villa some years ago. Dr Wille, formerly editor of a Hamburg newspaper, and now settled at Meilen on the lake, entertained me with stories of the doings there, and of other exploits illustrative of the egoism of this celebrated musician.

The day before yesterday went in company with the discoverer of the lake dwellings by steamer to Wille's, and found a small party assembled for dinner. Keller and I returned in the evening along the shore of the lake to Erlenbach, where we again took the steamer. Was everywhere delighted with the prosperity of the smaller places, where on Sunday none but happy faces are to be seen. From the lake, Wille showed me the house where Goethe had danced on his Swiss travels.

The day before yesterday there was a great deal of shooting in the town and on the hills; fireworks and dancing even at my pension. The boys were keeping the August festival, the so-called Boys' Shooting Competition, when children of all ages fire into the air.

A sunny autumn has set in after nearly three weeks of bad weather, and the warmth has done me good. Have had no return of fever, but the wretched ache in my bones still continues.

Have received the news of the death of old Commeter,



which took place, on August 15, in the Hotel Washington at Naples. Detken, the bookseller, found him sleeping peacefully. Have lost one of my oldest friends in Rome, and shall miss him greatly. Commeter, formerly an art dealer in Hamburg, was a type of the primitive German and an original character.

BERG, near STUTTGART, September 13.

On the 25th left Zürich: spent the night at Ulm, and arrived at Stuttgart on the 26th. Saw Cotta and Baron Reischach, and have concluded my business arrangements with them. We have decided to bring out a better edition of *Corsica*, which is to be put in hand at once. Have therefore been obliged to spend a week doing little else than revising the book, and have thus lived through the fascinating tour once again. Seventeen years ago it delivered me from my mental agitation, and again I am indebted to it for a similar service. On account of the approaching Humboldt festival, Cotta has issued a popular edition of the *Cosmos*. He told me that Humboldt had already become mythical: but even during his life-time was he ever more than a myth to the public? Are great men as a rule ever more than myths, whether living or dead?

From the bookseller's point of view, the relation of the public to the *Cosmos* is as 20,000 copies of the first volume to 5000 of the last.

Cotta told me that Lenau's poetry is still widely read; Platen is on the wane.

Cotta is removing the literary and artistic department of his house to Munich; it would, moreover, appear that he wants to limit his undertakings. The publication of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* will, however, remain as hitherto at Augsburg.

Immediately on my arrival I began to work at the library, and there found all my old friends—Stälin, Heyd, Winterlin. Saw Winterlin's comedy *Die Bürgermeisterin von Schorndorf*, which deals with his native Würtemberg, performed at Cannstatt. It shows a good deal of talent, moved briskly, and won approval.

Found Ludwig Walesrode here. In spite of advancing years he is still fresh and lively, ever the same amiable and unexacting Diogenes, full of humour. He gave me his *facetiae* to read, which appear in little volumes in Berlin. Walesrode is related to Börne and is of the same political bias, but is less bitter. His wit is often sparkling, and his readiness of mind admirable.

He has quarrelled with Auerbach, his old friend and fellow-student at Munich. He showed me the article which he had written on Auerbach's novel, *Auf der Höhe*, and I perfectly understood the novelist's indignation. Walesrode has endeavoured to brand him as a courtier, a worshipper of false gods, a coiner of base money, and completely to dethrone him from his position as author for the people. The true motive for this attack seems to be Walesrode's hatred of Prussia and his republicanism. Auerbach has declined the reconciliation offered him.

Saw Auerbach accidentally at Reischach's, on his journey to Baden. He has grown older, but is still vigorous, fresh, and full of vitality; is in any case one of the most successful authors of present times. He is also growing wealthy. Cotta has published his new novel, *Das Landhaus am Rhein*, in an edition of 20,000 copies—a success almost unequalled in the publishing annals of Germany. Auerbach has taken up his abode in Berlin.

On September 7, met Freiligrath for the first time at the Café Marquardt, where Walesrode had brought him. Was taken by surprise by his appearance. He is almost as stout as Falstaff; negligent in his dress; has a large, powerful, almost lion-like head, with a high forehead, long hair turning grey—broad features, full of gentleness: his expression and looks bespeak an almost Flemish character and genuine goodness of heart, and he everywhere enjoys the reputation of these sterling qualities. His conversation is guileless; and never did I hear him give utterance to anything witty. On September 10, went to him for tea (according to English custom), and saw his wife, *née* a Melos of Weimar, a refined, dignified woman. Avoided

all political conversation, in which we should not have agreed : for he will not hear of Prussia. Smilingly I pointed to the black-and-white inlaid pavement of his porch. Freiligrath lives in Stuttgart in enjoyment of an income derived from Germany, and can spend his old age in peaceful happiness. Two of his daughters married a short time ago. One of his sons is a merchant, the other has become a tanner. The democratic party, as it would appear, are anxious to elect him as deputy in place of Waldeck; but Freiligrath is hardly likely to gather many laurels in the political field.

Moritz Hartmann is no longer in Stuttgart, having accepted the editorship of the *Neue Freie Presse* in Vienna. He is so ill, however, that the doctors give him no hope.

On the 11th Ludwig Friedländer arrived from Baden, where he had been visiting Turgenieff. We drove to Esslingen on Sunday afternoon, accompanied by Dr Grossman.

Saw Wilhelm Lübke casually. He has lost an eye, but bears his misfortune patiently. Is to accompany Queen Olga to Rome in November.

At Reischach's met Prince Hermann of Weimar, brother of the reigning prince. He has married a princess of Würtemberg, and lived for several years in his palace in the Neckarstrasse.

Have just met the son of Fichte, the philosopher, who has been a professor at Tübingen, but is living here at present; he has not apparently inherited anything of his father's genius. He told me that in Munich I was given the credit of having written the article against the Pope, published in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*; Döllinger had told him so. The articles published by the *Allgemeine Zeitung* on the Roman question are often enough laid at my door.

The tension in Germany concerning the Council seems to be great. Ten days ago a Protestant meeting was held here, which issued a well-conceived answer to the Pope's invitation to conversion. The Catholic bishops met again at Fulda. Hefeke has been appointed Bishop of Rothen-



burg, but his appointment has not yet been ratified by the Pope.

Am assured that the Würtemberg army grows more and more favourably disposed to Prussia. Colonel von Suckow (son of my old acquaintance, Emma Niendorff, whom I called on yesterday) is Chief of the General Staff, and is everywhere regarded as leader of the Unionist party. The Democrats are no less fanatic than the Catholics. Their organ, *Die Beobachter*, is said to be subsidised by the King of Hanover. Nevertheless, it is asserted that the National party is slowly gaining ground. This is also the case in Bavaria; they have even ventured in a newspaper article—in what Bavarian paper I do not know—to advise King Ludwig to lay aside his crown and sceptre and to betake himself to a woodland life and to romance, like the Duke in *As You Like It*.

MUNICH, September 24.

On the 17th, travelled from Cannstatt to Augsburg, where I arrived in the evening. The editor of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* had already left the office, and I was only able to arrange about the publication of vol. iii. with Pohl, the manager.

On the 18th, came from Augsburg to Munich. Found my friend Lindemann had already arrived at the Hotel Leinfelder. Munich was still enlivened by the presence of many foreigners.

Went to see the exhibition, where was a superfluity of average work, *la médiocrité internationale*, the tendency to realism strongly represented.

Gervinus and his wife arrived, both recovered, but depressed by the death of their distinguished friend, Pfeuffer, the *Medisinalrath*. We spent some pleasant hours together, and visited the Schack Gallery. Schack himself was away at Venice.

Met Paul Heyse, with whom I resumed my earlier acquaintance. He still looks very youthful, although he has a son of fourteen.

At the library found only Halm.

Met Kaulbach and his wife in their garden. The cartoons which Kaulbach has sent to the exhibition, such as the battle of Salamis, have been severely criticised by Friedrich Pecht.

Döllinger had gone away. *Janus*, the pamphlet on reformation, is either his work, or else is due chiefly to his inspiration. Oldenberg has undertaken the publication of the treatise, but it is to be produced by a Leipzig firm ; this was told me by Oldenberg himself, who added openly that Döllinger was the author. The book, the completion of the article on the Council in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, is one of the strongest works that have been written against the Papacy and Curia at any time or place since the days of Marsilius of Padua and Occam. Luther himself could scarcely have said more than is said in it. Its author severs himself decisively from the Roman Church.

In a number of the *Historisch-politische Blätter* of Munich, given me by Oldenberg, I read that shortly after the appearance of the article on the Council the *Donau-Zeitung* openly mentioned Döllinger as the author, and directly called on him to acknowledge or deny the fact. Döllinger, however, did not answer a single word.

The night before last, had a violent return of fever. For twenty-four hours ate nothing, then slept uninterruptedly for eleven, and feel better in consequence. The bad and changeable climate of Munich is intolerable.

Yesterday drove to Starnberg to see the widow of Dr Julius Braun and show my sympathy. Braun's was a passionate nature, too eccentric and too much hampered by theories. He was worsted in his battle with the world, which did not recognise his achievements, and in which he did not find any public sphere of activity. His best work is probably the *Historische Landschaften*.

While I was sitting yesterday evening with Hirsch and Lindemann in the English café, Herr von Thile entered with his wife and son. Thile declared that there was not as yet any prospect of Baden joining the North German alliance ; on the contrary, the adhesion of South Germany to Prussia would be regarded as a hindrance. Moltke had

expressly declared that, in case of war, it would be better to fight without the alliance of the South; it would then be easier to make terms with France, while the troops of the South would purposely arrive too late, and these allies would only fish in troubled waters. The term "allies" as applied to Germany annoyed me, and I remarked on it. To me it appears that Berlin Prussianism is an abomination to the South, and will probably long remain so.

ALBERGO REALE, MODENA, *September 29.*

Left Munich on the 25th. Had intended to call on Döllinger, who had returned on the 24th; but although I had announced my intended visit to him through Count Arco, depression and laziness prevented my going. Arco told me that after long reflection Döllinger had decided to let the *Janus* appear anonymously, because, he supposed, he might otherwise be looked on as a man who had severed himself from the Church, and would thus forfeit connection with other Catholics of liberal tendencies. He had also been repeatedly interrogated on the French side, and had had a meeting with Dupanloup at Acton's castle. Dupanloup had been decided in favour of the Opposition; he could count on fifty French votes, and Germany would bring an equal number into the field. The minority would in any case be sufficiently terrifying for Rome. Later, Döllinger would personally intervene.

On the 27th, came by way of Verona and Padua to Bologna, where I spent the night. On the 28th, went up to Ronzano. The Gozzadini were melancholy, and I no less so. The whole day intellectually blank. The Countess herself acknowledged that the loneliness in her villa inclined her to be egotistic and misanthropic, and was productive of *idées fixes*. The panorama is incomparable, but only the eyes are exercised here.

Met Frati at the library, which he has splendidly rearranged. The building is unequalled; one entire hall is filled with Bolognese authors. Frati has finished vol. i. of the *Statutes of Bologna*.

Came down from Ronzano this morning and drove to



Modena. Fruitless call on the Marchese Campori and Antonio Capelli, who were both in the country. Finally an old gentleman, Borghi, librarian of the Palatina, took me there and opened some of the rooms, where Muratori had spent his life. The library contains about 100,000 volumes. The principal hall is adorned with the busts of the three greatest natives of Modena—Sigonius, Muratori, and Tiraboschi; the bust of the numismatist Cavedoni, who has lately died, has also been placed there. A statue of Muratori stands in the Contrada Emilia, and the piazza is called after him. Without Muratori I could scarcely have written the *History of the City*; and who, indeed, could write the history of the Italian Middle Ages without external aid? No author has been so often in my hands as he, the father of modern historical research.

Borghi afterwards conducted me to the archives of the house of Este, the celebrated diplomatic mine, from which Muratori brought so much to light. The archives are well arranged in several rooms in a deserted-looking house. Mignoni, archivist of the diplomatic section, immediately took me to the excerpts which the archivist Campi had copied for Sir John Acton. Acton sets copyists at work in libraries all over the world to supply him with materials for his *History of the Church*. He has the most ample means for the work, but I am afraid he may be swamped by their very copiousness. To-morrow, shall look through the *relazioni* of the agents of the house of Este in the times of the Borgias. They have already, as I saw there, been copied by Armand Beschet, who has not, however, published them.

The Duke of Modena has come to terms with the Italian Government, has received back part of his estates, and has restored all that he took to Vienna from the Treasury of the State, especially a valuable collection of medals and several rare MSS.; also the *Bible of the Poor*, the first block-book prior to the introduction of printing, autographs, and things of the kind.

Have met with great kindness from the gentlemen in the archives, especially from old Campi, who is a great

authority on Dante. Shall return to Modena at some future time, and also consult the Gonzaga archives at Mantua.

ROME, October 10.

On October 1, came to Leghorn; on Sunday the 3rd, to Rome.

Enchanting autumnal atmosphere; the city still quiet. Pay scarcely any calls; hardly take a walk except to S. Peter's, where I saw the preparations, now almost complete, for the Hall of Conclave. The wooden seats are disposed in the form of a horse-shoe. At each side is a chapel with wooden towers; these towers are intended to serve as refreshment and retiring rooms, and probably the elderly bishops will frequently enough make use of both. On October 5, caught a violent feverish chill with inflammation of the eyes, such as I have suffered from so often before; only to-day have I got rid of the trouble. Have, nevertheless, settled my documents.

Brockhaus has sent me the specimen sheets of the *Latian Summers*; Parthey, his edition of the *Mirabilia Romæ*—dedicated to me; and Oldenberg, his translation of *Æschylus*, with beautiful introductory verses, likewise addressed to me.

The journey is finished; I return to my old accustomed ways, and will now devote myself with zeal to my work.

To be busy, to live well, to have peace in one's soul: as old Fritz said.

ROME, October 24.

Foreigners are beginning to arrive. Queen Olga is expected. Liszt came yesterday and told me that he was going into solitude at the Villa d'Este, and would spend some months there in order to escape the crowd of humanity. He wants to compose a piece of music for Beethoven's jubilee, for which I wrote some verses to complete his proposed composition. He seems to feel the greatest need of work.

Julius Mohl, from Paris, has called on me. He is only

remaining a few weeks for recreation; does not intend to visit any galleries, but only to rest. He assured me that France could not stand the moral defeat of 1866; this was the ground of the whole opposition, and of the disrespect shown to the Emperor.

Döllinger wrote that he wished I would now and then tell him something about the Council, so that he might be able to make use of such information. Have not answered him yet. The Council does not inspire me with the slightest interest. Shall see later on what attitude I, as observer, can adopt towards this event.

Last week the foundation stone of the Column of the Council was laid in front of S. Pietro in Montorio. A monument, therefore, is in process of erection, in ignorance how the egg, which is still to be laid, will turn out, or what will be hatched from it.

The royalties are journeying to the East to the opening of the Suez Canal; this is indeed a memorable epoch in the history of our memorable century, and as important for our civilisation as was formerly the navigation of the Cape of Good Hope.

ROME, *December 4.*

Have lately been trying to make vol. vii. ready for the press, without, however, having reached the end. This and distaste for writing have prevented me from continuing my Journal.

The expectation of the inhabitants, that Rome would be filled with foreigners on account of the approaching Council, has not been fulfilled. True, about five hundred bishops have arrived; they have, however, taken up their abode in ecclesiastical and secular palaces, and the travellers from the Suez Canal have not turned up. Have had but few callers, only stray Englishmen and Germans; among them was Acton, who was raised to the peerage a few days ago, and is, consequently, now Lord Acton. He had had a talk with Döllinger at Munich; knew nothing for certain concerning the disposition of the Roman party with regard to the dogma of Infallibility—



whether the Jesuits would be strong enough to bring the question forwards, or whether they would beat a retreat. The majority of the Romans, the English under Manning's banner, and numbers of French are in favour of the dogma. Dupanloup has expressed himself strongly against it, also Darboy of Paris and Maret. Cardinal Bonnechose is also averse to it. Schwarzenberg (who lives at the Anima), a man of great authority, is said to have declared that he would resign his dignities should the dogma be proclaimed.

Acton told me that Hefele, the present Bishop of Rothenburg, had acknowledged to him that should the dogma be passed, Germany would be Protestant in two years. The Jesuits, however, have counted up the votes, and find that they can reckon on a large majority.

The Hall of Council is ready. The seats for the cardinals are covered with red cloth; those for the bishops with green. Poor Flemish tapestries have been draped on the walls; they contain portraits of the various popes who have held councils. Tribunes have been set apart for crowned heads, for the Corps Diplomatique, and for the leading Roman nobility. An altar stands in the middle of the hall; behind it an orator's tribune, which is turned towards the papal throne.

Antonelli receives bishops as early as eight in the morning. Everything is to be settled in committees, but the Cardinal has expressed the opinion that the Council may last for years.

Last week Count Trautmannsdorf held his reception. The whole affair made but little impression on me, perhaps because I had already grown indifferent to it. There was no splendour in the beautiful rooms of the Palazzo Venezia; they were, moreover, darkened by the crowds of priests who had come to attend the Council. These Monsignori, among whom were Armenians with their tall black mitres, filled the halls; I noticed several German cardinals, with none of whom, however, I was acquainted. A foreigner appeared in uniform entirely strewn with diamonds; his shoe-buckles even sparkling with them.

Queen Olga of Würtemberg arrived at the beginning of November, but without the King. She took up her abode in the Hotel Costanzi, and was accompanied by Professor Lübke as her guide to the museums. Was invited to dinner. The Queen talked well and intelligently about Rome. She knew of my acquaintance with the Grand-Duchess Helene (her aunt), the Baroness von Rhaden, and even with the house of Meyendorf. She spoke of Meyendorf's fracas with the Pope, which had aroused her displeasure, as a rudely executed *coup de théâtre*.

Her figure is tall and slight; her movements nervous and vigorous, but always noble and beautiful. All her circle adore her. Lübke, a simple and quiet man, is enthusiastic in his devotion.

With her is her niece, the Grand-Duchess Vera, daughter of Constantine and sister of the Queen of Greece, a girl of fifteen. The Queen, it is true, travels incognita under the title of Countess of Teck; but she nevertheless paid an official visit to the Pope, who returned it, and with great ceremony. The papers immediately published accounts of expressions to which the Pope had given utterance about the Queen's father and the persecution of the Church in Russia; these accounts are, however, fictitious.

All the exiled Italian princes who are here now—Leopold of Tuscany, the Duke of Parma, the Neapolitans, etc.—have called on the Queen. On going to Overbeck's funeral service at S. Bernardo alle Terme, I saw the entire company of dethroned royalties driving with smiles from the railway station. For Overbeck died a fortnight ago, at the age of eighty.

Yesterday went to dine again with the Queen, and met Visconti, who, with the star of his Order and his plausible tongue, endeavoured to represent Roman learning.

The Queen talked a great deal about Russia, and said that a great future was still before the Empire: this is what we are always hearing about Russia. She would not allow greatness to Tolstoi, the poet; called him a dilettante, who suffered from melancholy. When I said that his *Ivan*

*the Terrible* had had a *succès d'estime* on the St Petersburg stage, she added *et de costume*.

It has rained for twelve days; a very melancholy beginning for the winter.

Of foreigners, have seen Colonel von Stein, who was with Bazaine in Mexico and is now Chief of the General Staff in Königsberg. To me he seems a perfect example of manhood.

ROME, *December 9.*

The Council was opened yesterday morning in S. Peter's at eight o'clock. Went there with Lindemann and Madame Kolban in torrents of rain. Immense crowd in the Cathedral; not a place to be found. Only from a distance could I see into the open Council hall, where the rows of red seats, the medallions of the popes, and the decorated tribune showed conspicuous. Saw nothing of the procession, not even a bishop's mitre. The heat was unendurable. Clouds of steam rose from the wet clothes and umbrellas, from the dripping of which the marble floor was turned into a puddle.

The Empress of Austria, who had come to Rome a few days before, was present. She remained stuck in the crowd for a quarter of an hour, until the Swiss guard opened a way for her. Queen Olga also attended the solemnity.

The hymn *Veni creator Spiritus*, which accompanied the entrance of the procession of bishops, moved many highly-strung people to tears. The sitting lasted until four in the afternoon.

Dupanloup has arrived at last.

Döllinger sent me his exhortation to the German bishops, and again begged me to send him reports of the proceedings of the Council. Replied to-day, declining. Both my intellectual and my personal attitude towards Rome compel me to silence; neither have I any clerical or diplomatic acquaintances, who could explain the secrets of the sittings; finally, I have no interest in this spiritual comedy and its shallow aims.



From Venice, Gar sent me important copies of despatches, which I shall be able to turn to account before my MS. goes off.

ROME, December 13.

On December 10 the first session of the Council took place, under the presidency of Cardinal De Luca. The Pope chose five cardinals as his delegates, among them Reisach, who is ill at Geneva.

Archbishop Darboy is said to have expressed himself so strongly against the Roman project, that De Luca refused him permission to speak. Darboy, Dupanloup, and Maret are the leaders of the French Opposition. On the whole it appears, as almost invariably at Councils, that the initiative belongs to France. The Austrians assemble for discussion at the house of the fanatic Nardi; it is asserted that they will oppose the party of Fulda and the Prussians. The presence of the Austrian Empress is in no way connected with the Council.

Döllinger's *Janus* has been placed on the Index.

ROME, December 19.

On the 16th Lübke took the first chapters of vol. vii. with him to Stuttgart; have kept back the remainder, partly awaiting further documents from the Venice archives, partly because I have still to describe Rome in its outward aspect about the year 1500.

Drove with Lindemann to the railway station at seven o'clock on the evening of the 16th, in order to see Queen Olga. On the way met the funeral procession of Tenerani, the sculptor; a princely ceremonial, with a great many torches and carriages. With Tenerani expires the last living tradition of the times of Canova and Thorwaldsen in Rome.

The Crown Prince of Prussia arrived by train from Naples, on his way to Florence. He was received by Arnim and his wife.

In the evening, a crowded reception at Arnim's. Cardinal Schwarzenberg, a tall, dignified man, was there;

Lichnowski told me that he was making resolute opposition, and appeared proud of the fact. Saw Archbishop Haynald of Kolocze again, and made the acquaintance of Lepsius, who has just arrived from Egypt. Even with his white hair, he still looks young and vigorous, and has a remarkable head. The young Santa Croce lady, who is married to the Marchese Rangone, invited me to the Sforza-Cesarini house, an invitation that is very welcome on account of the archives there.

On the 16th the Abbot Greyer of Mühlhausen came to see me, to thank me for the *History of Rome*, which he had given the Archbishop of Strassburg to read. I was the first historian who had conceived Rome and the Papacy in a new light. He told me that fourteen Trappists, all Frenchmen, had begun to colonise the property of the Tre Fontane beyond S. Paul's. His own convent only dated from 1825, and already numbered 114 monks; they were farmers and brewers, had grown rich, and were going to build and found a library in order to cultivate learning—a proof that the sciences everywhere pre-suppose a certain degree of material prosperity.

On December 4 the Pope published a Bull which prescribes the election of a successor in case of his death. The election is to be conducted solely by the cardinals. The Council is *eo ipso* adjourned; its participation in the election is thus to be prevented. Of the sittings, only uncertain tidings reach us. We hear that the French Opposition—Dupanloup-Maret—united with that of Schwarzenberg and the Fulda party, is very strong.

ROME, December 26.

The Opposition is first of all to turn its attention to the order of business, which has been established by the sole authority of the Pope, although it, as also the election of officials, belongs to the Council. Of the committees, that for the motions is the most important, and this has been simply appointed by the Pope. It consists of Patrizi,

di Pietro, Angelis, Corsi, Sforza-Riario, Rauscher, Bonnehose, Cullen, Bariti, Moreno, La Valletta, and Antonelli; and of fourteen patriarchs, among whom is the fanatic Manning. No proposal is to be made at a sitting unless it has been sanctioned by this committee; only when this sanction is given can the consent of the Pope be obtained. The Pope is thus ruler of the Council and of everything discussed there. He governs the assembly at all points; his infallibility is a fact—it only lacks dogmatic confirmation.

As at every former council, so also here, the discord between the papal authority and the Episcopate is already pronounced. In this case, however, is added the fact that behind the Pope stands the Order of Jesus, whose mouth-piece is Pius IX. himself. The Jesuits believe that they have almost obtained their object, which is the guidance of the entire Church.

Violent scenes have taken place during the sittings. Cardinal Matthieu has gone away on pretext of business in his diocese, but the general of the Trappists assured me that his departure was caused by annoyance at the form which has been forced upon the Council.

Dupanloup has united the French Opposition; it numbers eighteen prelates; they have issued an address, a species of protest against the regulations. Still stronger should be the protest of the Germans, with whom are united the Austrians under Schwarzenberg.

The Middle Ages appear frankly and openly in the Bulls of the Pope: for instance, in that in which he enumerates all the articles, which *eo ipso* entail excommunication; spoliation of ecclesiastical property, reading of forbidden writings, contempt for the decrees of the Inquisition, heresy, the papal summons to the Council, etc. The Bull is an extract from the Syllabus. It has created a great stir; even Cesare Cantù feels himself called to say a word on the subject to the Pope, who answered him: "I can satisfy no one; I have reduced the cases for excommunication, which formerly amounted to some hundreds, to forty, and yet this is not enough."



It is hoped that the Orientals may join the Opposition, and some remnant of the ancient hostility shown by the Greek Church to the papal power should still survive in these prelates.

While during our time efforts have everywhere been made for the decentralisation of power, Rome presents the spectacle of the deification, amounting to insanity, of despotism. If the movement is really carried: if the bishops, in fear and fanaticism, yield submission to the will of the Pope: it is to be hoped that the unity of Germany will quickly bring to pass a second reformation.

The resistance of Ultramontaniam in Bavaria must also be broken; there, as Giesebrecht writes to me, the King sits amid snow in his Alpine castle, while the Ministry is in process of disruption and the Jesuits turn the whole country topsy-turvy.

Have been a tranquil spectator of these occurrences in Rome, and rejoice that the present frenzy will be forced to express itself clearly and completely.

ROME, *December 31.*

Yesterday finished the description of Rome about the year 1500, which had occupied me fourteen days, and have thus completed vol. vii. Shall have to spend a month in the revision of the last chapter. Already feel more at liberty.

The year has passed away—after endless weeks of rain, the sky cleared yesterday. The sun of Eternal Rome shines once again, making one believe in the ancient gods of light.

1870

ROME, *January 7.*

ON New Year's Day went to the Christmas-tree party at Princess Teano's, then to dinner with the blind Duke.

Began the revision of vol. iv. for the second edition, and am thus at work on different periods of the *History* at the same time. On New Year's Day met Schack, who is here on his way to Damascus, but is only staying a little while. We have since been taking walks and drives together in the afternoons. Drove to the Ponte Salaro, to look at the ruined bridge and see the Campagna in the evening light.

The previous Sunday, had gone with Lindemann and Madame von Tallenay to the Palatine, and, as I had just been describing the aspect of Rome about the year 1500, said jestingly to Signor Rosa that he excavated Rome while I re-buried it; that he was the destroyer of the ruins of Rome, since he overturned the soil of the Palatine in order to lay bare every wall for inquisitive foreigners to pry into. He replied with a smile that I was the barbarian in Rome, but that he delivered the city from barbarism in order to bring the true poetry to light. So talking, he took us to the rooms which he had discovered, from whose walls of Pompeian red graceful paintings met our gaze.

The Romans take no interest in the Council. No one concerns himself with the babble going on in S. Peter's. A liberal feeling is believed to pervade the assembly; but this will probably signify but little. The private gatherings of the bishops—for which they are seeking suitable

accommodation—are to be held, not according to nations, but according to languages. The groups will thus be enlarged, and the rise of national factions be avoided. No dogmatic question has yet been brought forward, nothing but matters of general interest, and these are prepared from the preliminary commission under Cardinal Biglio, who has treated a large number of questions under the head of *Schemata*. These questions deal with the attitude of the Church to science, philosophy, and to civilisation in general. Monsignor Tizzani is said to have delivered a good speech on this occasion, likewise Bishop Strossmayer. Among the papal party, the Spaniard von Urgel is spoken of as one of the leaders. Manning and his followers have not yet come into prominence. Darboy, Maret, and Dupanloup also keep in the background. The Germans are in want of a leader; they hope for Hefele. My own belief is, that the entire Opposition will meet with but little success. Rome will take her stand on the Syllabus; will, if possible, proclaim the Infallibility; and her opponents will then cast themselves on the ground as *laudabiliter subjecti* and kiss the feet of the Infallible One. It is believed that the Council may last for years. Am constantly receiving invitations from Germany to write something about it, but invariably decline.

Wrote to-day to Thile, whose only son has died suddenly. Yesterday received Schlözer's first letter from Mexico, whence he looks back with longing regret to Rome.

ROME, January 30.

The Pope has been so persuaded of his infallibility by the Jesuits, that he is already able to grasp it in his hands. He says: "In former times before I was Pope, I believed in the Infallibility; now, however, I feel it" (*io la sento*). He is ruled by Padre Piccirillo, a Neapolitan. Strangely enough, the Order of Jesus does not number in its ranks any prominent spirit endowed with personal influence. It is only the sect or the system, a Prætorian guard, which has usurped influence.

Haynald told me that the discussions in the Council



had been violent. Next to him, Strossmayer is conspicuous as a liberal man and a ready speaker, Latin being to him a kind of mother-tongue. The Obscurantists abuse him. Of freedom of discussion there is not a shadow. The bishops will not allow anything to be printed; Dupanloup, who wanted to have an address printed in Rome, was refused permission, on which he was wildly indignant.

The upholders of Infallibility, whose secretaries are Fessler from Tyrol and the Jesuit Schrader of Vienna, have handed in their petition for the declaration of Infallibility to the Postulates Commission and caused it to be printed. Manning and Deschamps are their leaders. The Opposition had prepared a counter-address, but the different nations could not agree in a universal formula. In the end the Germans were left in the lurch by the French and Italians, and they have now drawn up the address for themselves alone. Heading the list of the opponents in this document stands the name of Cardinal Schwarzenberg; then follow those of Rauscher, Haynald, Hefele, also Ketteler and others. The Infallibilists number four hundred and fifty; among them are all the Spaniards, several Orientals, several Italians, and almost all the English, who are led by Manning. Since there are numerous vicars or missionary bishops, poor prelates, who are living here at the expense of Rome—bishops without a diocese and merely titular—it is easy work for the Jesuits to form a majority from them. Jesuit intrigues are said to be endless; they work by means of bribery, flattery, terrorism, by benefices and prospects of the red hat.

Was told yesterday that Dupanloup, who, moreover, has always been a champion of papalism, is on the point of apostasy, and the same is asserted of Darboy. These two will draw a crowd of others along with them. Intrigues are carried on with France for the purpose of accomplishing the master-stroke. Count Trautmannsdorf writes reassuring letters to the Emperor at Vienna, according to which nothing but salutary decisions are to be expected from the wisdom of the Holy Father.

The Opposition lies mainly in the German element, in the forty or fifty bishops, who still hold together, until wearied and enfeebled, terrified by their isolation, or appeased by a *mezzo termine*, they at length surrender.

Yesterday had a visit from Dr Pichler, author of the History of the Greek Schism, which was placed on the Index. Pichler, jerrymandered out of Munich by the Ultramontanes there, was obliged to accept an honourable call as Librarian to St Petersburg, whence he has just come to Rome. He dared to venture here, and, curiously enough, no one has yet molested him. We talked of Döllinger, who, in consequence of the petition of Infallibility, has for the first time appeared in person. On January 21 he published a severe article against the address of the Jesuit party in the *Augsburger Zeitung*. The author of *Janus* was recognised in it, and Pichler assured me that he himself had made the preliminary studies for this *Janus*, but that the authorship was due to Döllinger. The article has gone the round of all the papers; the *Unità Cattolica* has already attacked Dr Wieland, and less fears are entertained here of the German Episcopate than of the so-called Munich school, whose mouthpieces are Döllinger, Frohschammer, Huber, and Pichler. To Döllinger, perhaps, is also due the excellent article on the Council in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*; materials for which, I believe, were furnished him from here by Lord Acton and young Count Arco. Munich has bestowed on Döllinger the freedom of the city. Pichler told me that nothing was to be hoped for from Döllinger, because he was full of contradictions and had not the courage of his principles. This Pichler proved from his past career, and even from the opinions expressed in the articles mentioned, which were at variance with the views combated by Döllinger concerning the primacy of the Pope, a doctrine he had upheld in his book on the Church. Indeed, there was no hope to be placed in any German movement at all.

We are having winter days in Rome with a clear, sunny atmosphere: a pane of my bedroom window was covered with frost, a thing I have never seen before all the time I

have been here. Am avoiding society for the time being, only going now and then to the Embassy. Madame L. has large gatherings. Two musical Polish ladies, Countess S. from Lithuania and Madame J. from Warsaw, performed at her house; the latter has left her children in her headstrong passion for Liszt, whose pupil she has become. She is a little, witty, foolish person, mad about Liszt. Liszt meanwhile has retired to the Villa d'Este at Tivoli.

The first proof-sheets of vol. vii. arrived on January 24.

ROME, *February 6.*

The Pope has refused the address of the Minorites with one hundred and thirty signatures, and will not receive any of the prelates belonging to the Order. This shows the relation which he conceives the Papacy holds to the Council—that, namely, of a master towards servants. The Opposition is beginning to break up; even Ketteler of Mainz threatens apostasy, as Pichler assures me. Those who still pose as Liberals will finally worship Baal, like the others. It is, on the whole, well that facts and men should declare themselves, and that masks should be tolerated no longer. The absurd position into which the Church is driven is only the close of a historic development, beginning with the period of the pseudo-Isidorian decretals and Hildebrand's dictatorship, and continuing down to the Syllabus.

Sat near Manning at Arnim's last evening party and closely observed the fanatic; a little grey man, looking as if encompassed by cobwebs. A certain Count Hahn, brother of Ida Hahn-Hahn, who is here for the present, kissed with mystic reverence the hand which he extended in the manner of an elderly courtesan, accustomed to such acts of homage. Was filled with disgust at a scene of the kind; but it shows the power of the priesthood over the weaklings, who are their tools, and who slink about in society as colporteurs of darkness, men of the twilight, incapable of bearing the full glare of day.

There also made the acquaintance of the new Bavarian



Minister, Count Tauffkirchen, who is still young, a contemporary of Kaiserling, with whom he was at St Petersburg.

February 14.

Haynald confirmed the truth of the statement in the *Augsburger Zeitung*, that one of the Oriental bishops had made a speech against the Infallibility, explaining that it was at variance with the doctrines of the East. The Pope summoned him to his presence, treated him like a slave, ordering him to recant, or renounce his benefices. The bishop chose the second alternative. The Opposition recognises that their efforts will be of no avail. Yesterday Liszt brought to Madame von Tallenay's drawing-room the sensational news of the adjournment of the Council, where the discussion had grown too hot. To-day a new order of business is to be forced on the Council, which will put an end to the last possibility of free discussion.

The *Allgemeine Zeitung* has obtained possession of some documents, among them the addresses *pro et contra infallibilitatem*, and that, too, before the Pope himself was aware of their existence, a fact which aroused his violent indignation. People here are searching for the traitor, as well as for the author of the remarkable article on the Council, which is published by the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. It has been attributed to Professor Friedrich, a priest of Munich, who was the theologian of Cardinal Hohenlohe; and the Cardinal himself is said to have fallen into disfavour with the Pope. This is possible, on account of the suspicions to which his brother has given rise at Munich. Several correspondents have been expelled; Dr Dressel was cited to appear, accused as being the author of the article, and threatened with exile—a sentence which would utterly crush a man who is nearly blind. He is the (very inoffensive) daily correspondent of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. This he gave me to understand, and I took counsel on the subject with Princess Wittgenstein and Liszt; Tauffkirchen, however, told me that the matter had been arranged.

A few days ago Louis Veuillot, the fanatic and little

Voltaire of the darkness,<sup>1</sup> sent a priest to ask me whether my seventh volume, which deals with the Borgia period, was already in print; he had heard how impartially I had treated the Papacy, wanted to write an article, and consequently desired to see the volume. I told the priest as much as was necessary, and strongly enforced the opinion that men could now only be governed with perfect freedom.

ROME, February 18.

Strossmayer and Haynald are the best speakers in the Council, and are thorns in the eyes of the Curia. Met the latter yesterday at Countess Bismarck's. The conversation turning on the authorship of the article in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, he said the popular voice attributed it to Lord Acton. People do not venture to proceed against Acton, but it is known that he writes, and that he pays highly for the materials that are supplied him. It has always been my opinion that Acton and Arco sent materials to Munich, where they were worked into articles. Tauffkirchen argued against this view, saying that the articles were written at the time and on the spot.

The three *Schemata* have been printed and given to the bishops. The first, *de fide*, is already under discussion, so far as that is possible at the Council; the second comprises the article *de disciplina*; the third, *de ecclesia et potestate*, contains the "poodle's real core."<sup>2</sup>

In a speech, Schwarzenberg has demanded the regular repetition of the Councils.

De Pietro is considered the most liberal of the Roman cardinals; of the *Papalini*, Bilio, de Luca, de Angelis, and Capalti are the chief.

The Opposition seems to be increasing; several Anglo-Americans have joined it. The North Italians have accepted the protest of the Germans. These, in the main, with the Hungarians, whose culture is German, represent the side of reason at the Council; they consequently do

<sup>1</sup> At that time well known and influential in Paris as the chief editor of the Ultramontane paper, *L'Univers Religieux*.—*Editor's Note*.

<sup>2</sup> See *Faust*, Part I, Sc. 3.—*Translator's Note*.

honour to Germany. But, all the same, what would they be did not the absurd doctrine of Infallibility serve as a foil?

The Belgians and the English, with, perhaps, the exception of M'Hale, are at one with the Jesuits; the French are divided.

The address of the Infallibilists has been issued by a commission, consisting of Manning, Deschamps, Senestrey of Ratisbon, Martin of Paderborn, Mermillod of Geneva, Canossa of Verona, and others. Four hundred have signed it.

Was told yesterday that Daru had sent a note threatening the withdrawal of the French army.

Dr Schmidt, Director of the Observatory at Athens, came to see me, and drew the most appalling picture of the Greek people.

ROME, *March 10.*

The Jesuit party has carried its point.

On February 23 a new order of procedure was issued, which puts an end to the last remains of free discussion. The Opposition have worn out their weapons. Pichler brought me the article, which crowns the Pope's project, and in plain words expresses the Infallibility. This article is now to be voted; that is to say, made a dogma by the majority. The *Schema* is to be distributed among the bishops, who have promised to hand in their written comments within a fortnight. The Pope has ordered a *Novena* in S. Maria Maggiore for the successful issue of the dogma. No one any longer doubts of its success. The French and Austrian Governments have sent notes to the Vatican, which is menaced with the withdrawal of the French troops. Antonelli has taken it simply *ad referendum*.

The Pope is firm as a rock in the conviction that he is predestined by God to place the dogma as a crown on the structure of the hierarchy. He holds himself a divine instrument in the shattered system of the world, as the mouthpiece of the Holy Ghost.

Saw him yesterday going about on foot in the Corso, and looked at him closely. He seemed to me very fallible, his



gait shaky, his complexion pallid. Oh, that such men already dead and buried should still continue to darken the world! Cardinal de Angelis met him; these two great augurs bared their heads and talked together; and when the Pope dismissed the Cardinal, the latter's face was lighted with a radiance, as with the reflex of Infallibility and the prospect of succession to the Papacy.

Even amongst the Romans the excitement is great. Old Count F. said to me yesterday: "I prophesy that three-fourths of Italy will soon sever itself from the Papacy." That, however, I cannot think.

Pichler does not believe in the continued resistance of the minority, or only in that of a few bishops, such as Strossmayer. The others will make submission.

He left for St Petersburg yesterday. Shortly before, Paul Friedmann gave a lunch in his honour at the Hotel de Rome, where were present Odo Russell, Kapnist the Russian envoy, and Lord Acton, author of the letter on the Council, who told me that he would immediately arrange for a postal service for himself with Munich.

Döllinger receives addresses from all parts of Catholic Germany, where the movement is gaining strength. Am hoping for a sudden forward impetus in world history, in consequence of this monstrous and final boundary that the Papacy has reached.

Have sent vol. iv. through the German courier; have revised as far as the twentieth set of proofs, and chap. v. of vol. vii.

ROME, *March 12.*

On the 9th, a large evening party at Madame Plattner's; several bishops, including Mechitarists and Orientals with long beards, who were surrounded by young girls, like pyramids surrounded with ivy. Made the acquaintance of Strossmayer—a man with the high, broad forehead of a thinker. Haynald is a lively man of the world; Strossmayer calm and steadfast, his eyes betraying the wiliness of the Slav. At bottom I hold one and the other genuine priests, filled with ambition and vanity.

Ernst von Bunsen was also there.

Yesterday saw Hefe in the Quirinal, where he is living. He is a man of agreeable exterior, ruddy health, and outwardly does not proclaim himself the German scholar who has grown old over books and papers. Noticing his reserve, I talked merely of his History of the Councils, which he only contemplates bringing down to the Council of Trent, since he will not have the requisite leisure to continue it further.

The Infallibilists are triumphant. On the 19th, S. Joseph's Day, they expect that the great idol will be set up.

Strossmayer has written a manly letter to Gratry, the printer of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*; Montalembert has published a letter, in which he severs himself from the idolatry of the Ultramontanes. Thus, even for such people, a light arises in the darkness.

Daru's letters to Dupanloup are confirmed as genuine.

ROME, March 27.

The definition of Infallibility has been deferred, and in this circumstance is recognised the effect of France and Austria's energetic pronouncements. The attitude of the Powers with regard to the Council has been entirely unfair; they should either have treated it with contempt, or have exercised supervision over it by means of plenipotentiaries. To do this now when the bishops are riveted in the fetters of business routine, and matters have advanced to the declaration of the formula of Infallibility, is useless, because too late.

Pasquino has made the following epigram on the Infallibility:—

*Quando Eva morse, e morder fece il pomo,  
Gesù per salvar l'uom, si fece uomo;  
Mà il Vicario di Crist, il Nono Pio  
Per render schiavo l'uom, si vuol far Dio.*

Have been frequently with Strossmayer and Haynald together; and a few days ago dined with Tauffkirchen in company with several French bishops, among them La

Place of Marseilles, Callot of Oran, Landriot of Rheims. Society this winter has been entirely ruled by bishops; they are found in every drawing-room—and a like state of things in Rome has not been witnessed for years. In spite of the fact that Catholic bishops stand outside family life, they show more social tact than the Protestant clergy even of the upper ranks.

There have been some stormy sittings. Once even Cardinal Schwarzenberg was called to order by the bell of the President, Capalti; he did not, however, obey, saying that he was Cardinal and also Archbishop and Primas.

Interest in the Council is becoming blunted by time; and the opinion that the definition of Infallibility would not produce a schism, but only stupid submission on the part of those who deny it, is also gaining ground. Hase of Jena and Baron Reyher from Constantinople (who announced himself an absolutist incarnate) have arrived.

Tchicherine from Moscow came also; he has renounced his professorship and retired into private life.

Maltzahn, celebrated as a Mecca pilgrim, sent me by General von Schweinitz his book on Sardinia. It has cured me of my former wish to see the island, which Maltzahn describes as a fever-stricken desert; but he has little feeling for beauty of scenery. It is curious how rare is the capacity for description of outward things.

Have made the last two chapters of vol. vii. ready for the press, and finished the list of the Roman families according to the Regions. Shall therefore now resume work on the last volume, and bring this on so far that only the light work of a single winter will remain before me.

De Merode had arranged for a funeral Mass to be celebrated in Aracoeli for Montalembert, his brother-in-law, who has just died, and Dupanloup was to have delivered an oration on the occasion; but the Jesuits, irritated by the celebrated man's last utterances, contrived to thwart Merode, and the petty-minded Pope ordered the obsequies to be abandoned. Pius IX. went himself the day after at



nine o'clock to S. Maria Traspontina, where, without any preparation, he ordered a requiem Mass to be celebrated for a certain Signor Carlo. To the very last Montalembert was the most zealous defender of the Papacy; but scarcely had he written the historic letter, when the Jesuits forgot all his services and cast obloquy on the dying man. It is an old saying that no men are more ungrateful than the priests.

The last sitting was so stormy that an American bishop declared that the scandal in the Council surpassed the tumults of American meetings. Strossmayer defended the Protestants against the most violent attacks, saying that there were truly religious men among them, and also many such as Leibnitz and Guizot, who had rendered service to the Church. He was interrupted by a diabolical outcry: *Tu es protestans, tu es haereticus, descendas*. People clenched their fists against the offender, as at the Robber-Synod. The tumult was so great that it could be heard in S. Peter's. The following day Strossmayer received many calls, even from Spanish bishops. Ketteler also came, and told him that it was only his want of fluency in Latin that had prevented him coming forward in his behalf. Strossmayer is the hero of the Council; were he not backed by Austria he would probably have been already arrested, like two Armenian bishops, who are lying in the Palace of the Inquisition.

Heard Hefele preach in the Anima on Sunday; he has a quiet, cultivated delivery. An enthusiastic lady compared him in his pulpit to a charioteer in his Biga, who is master of the steeds of his thought, but lets it be seen that he might allow them to run away with him if he pleased. It is a question, however, whether the orator possesses steeds of thought? He compared our life to the Passover feast of the Jews, who with wallet and staff in hand hastily ate their feast and then proceeded on their way. Chateaubriand had already made the same comparison in his journey to America. Walked round the Navona, reviewing my own life. The Piazza is about to be transformed, and the market removed to the Campo di Fiori.

On March 28 they refused to show me certain MSS. in the Vatican Library; Padre Bollich, a Jesuit, has managed to be made Scriptor. Seeing his malicious smile, I recognised that my hour had struck. Have gone to the Library apparently for the last time; but I too can smile, for my work is almost finished. Monsignor Martinucci was discourteous and rude; turned my back on him and came away.

ROME, April 14.

Have begun the supplement to the last volume in the libraries. Must unfortunately deviate from my principle of avoiding society, and the change of plan does not suit me.

Ulrici of Halle, the well-known Shakespeare scholar, has been here, and I met him once at dinner at Lord Acton's. He is an elderly man of professorial appearance. After dinner I satirically defended the Infallibility of the Pope, and from historic premises convinced the company that this absurd dogma must be logically acknowledged. Acton's grandmother, who is still vigorous, is with him; she was the wife of Acton, the Minister under the reign of Charles III. and Ferdinand of Naples.

To-day there is a general sitting of the Council, in which the *Proœmium de fide* and four articles of faith will be proclaimed.

Banneville returned with a dignified and strongly worded note from France, which he handed to the Pope, and this has been upheld *in corpore* by the envoys of the Powers. This is consequently the first step of the civil authority in the affairs of the Council.

The suicide of Jaffé, who shot himself at Wittenberg, has greatly shocked me. His motive has not yet been explained. Merely critical research and the collection of material were not, perhaps, sufficient to satisfy his intellect; and nature had denied him imagination, the gift that constitutes the historical enquirer, and creates works of art. His achievements as investigator will secure him a permanent place in the libraries.

ROME, May 1.

The reception of Daru's note has merely produced the result that the President of the Council has sent the Fathers the *Schema de ecclesia*, in which the article on Infallibility is contained. They are next to discuss the little Catechism, a dogma whose turn is to come in the course of a fortnight. The Pope is resolved to hurl this challenge in the face of the world, and to die as an infallible being. The bishops of the minority are beside themselves; they sent a deputation to the Vatican, but it was not admitted.

The city is growing empty, the great Hegira has begun, and we who remain retire within ourselves.

ROME, May 15.

A week ago went to see Schlözer at the railway station. He has returned from Mexico to see his friends, and is to remain a few weeks. He was delighted to find himself back in Rome; is enthusiastic over the development of Germany even on the other side of the ocean, where the chief commerce is in the hands of Germans.

On May 5th made a pleasure excursion with eleven others—eleven English and American ladies—to Castel Fusano. Although I had gone unwillingly, I was gladdened by the beautiful scenery; and the company was also pleasant. Mrs Fellman and her niece Ada sang Italian popular songs to the guitar. Ever new people and new pictures against the old backgrounds.

Yesterday Princess Carolath arrived on her way to Florence. She talked a great deal of Reumont, whom she characterised excellently and acutely.

The printing of vol. vii. is progressing. Am afraid of the index, which, on account of my work on the last volume, may be very embarrassing, and shall propose to Cotta that he shall hold back vol. vii. for some months.

The day before yesterday the Infallibility was discussed in the congregation for the first time. The debate must have been hailed with tremendous rejoicing by the



majority. Haynald, whom I met in the Corso, stopped me and said that he had persuaded twenty-two French and other bishops to make a formal protest—for such is now to be advanced; but he would not add anything more direct.

Antonelli has replied to the notes of Austria and France with diplomatic phrases, from which the entire crass self-consciousness of the Papacy shows forth. The Jesuits will carry their programme *quand même*, and the most colossal of all falsehoods in the world will be exalted into a dogma. And from this falsehood an entire and unforeseen tissue of other lies and hypocrisies will arise. Once more before the German intellect will be placed the task of delivering the world from Roman deception.

ROME, May 29.

On the 21st, went with Lindemann and Dr Rühl to Bracciano, to make acquaintance with the lake and the old castle of the Orsini.

Rühl left the day before yesterday for Germany, where he has accepted the post of tutor in a wealthy family. He is a young man well versed in the provinces of philology and history, and he is going to compile the index to my work.

The debates on the absurd dogma are still going on in the Council. The Primas of Hungary and Darboy are said to have spoken well. Out of the eighty-two speakers announced, a great many have still to be heard before the discussion is exhausted. People are beginning to talk of the prorogation of the Council; others assert that this will not take place, because it is good tactics to allow the Opposition to melt away in the heat and then carry the measure. The minority ought now to be able to reckon on a hundred and twenty votes. But what does that signify? Among them are probably only a few, such, perhaps, as Hefele and Strossmayer, who dispute the Infallibility on rational grounds; the greater number do so because of their episcopal position, because they will not surrender the rights of the Episcopate to the Pope. The majority

are Ultramontanes, and a hundred times over have sent addresses of obedience to the Pope and declared that he, their ruler, is the sole head of the Church, from whom she derives her light and leading; that they believe what he believes, and condemn what he condemns.

These monsignori, who have suddenly acquired the repute of liberalism because they wage war on an absurdity, teach and believe dogmas which are still more laughable and absurd. Schlözer holds Haynald a vain twaddler.

A brochure has appeared in France, *Ce qui se passe au concile*, which is supposed to have been written under Maret's supervision. It is conceived in Döllinger's style, and is very good.

The notes of the various Governments to the Sacred Chair are gradually being made public; that of Prussia is the last, and is well written. Ximenes, the Spanish diplomatist, has lately seriously declared that the Pope is actually insane. This is quite probable; the idolatry that he has received has gone to his head. Added to this is his long pontificate, which carries with it the belief that he is a predestined instrument of God. Saw him a few days ago on foot at the Villa Borghese; he looked quite transfigured and illumined, like a transparency that had been steeped in oil. Zouaves threw themselves on the ground to kiss the hand of this tottering demi-god. The *Guardia Nobile* were obliged to open a way for him, and when he at last entered the carriage, fanatics shouted *Evviva Pio Nono Infallibile*.

Schlözer left for Germany yesterday in order to return to Mexico, where he intends to remain some years longer. He took the MS. of the last chapter of vol. vii. with him.

All my friends have left Rome.

ROME, June 7.

On Whitsunday (the day before yesterday) drove with the two Tallenays, Lindemann, and Ximenes first to Frascati and then to Rocca di Papa. Unfortunately, it rained almost without intermission.

In the meantime the pageant of the Infallibility has made a step forwards. The speeches of the Minorites produced a great effect; Stattler, Darboy, and Strossmayer spoke, and carried all, even the Infallibilists, with them. The Infallibilists acted on the principle of allowing the Opposition to talk themselves out; they did not answer, for what reasons could they bring forward? This discussion against a dumb wall might have been indefinitely prolonged, when, four days ago, the legates of the Council suddenly interrupted Maret's speech with the announcement that the discussion was ended. According to the new order of procedure this was the legate's right. The minority immediately raised a protest, which will be laid *ad acta*.

That which Veuillot and Margotti long since announced, namely, that the immediate definition of the dogma was necessary, will now be accomplished in spite of all the notes of the Cabinets. It is believed that the voting will take place before June 16, the anniversary of the Pope's election; the Infallibility will be presented to him as a gift, and he will himself publish the dogma on the festival of SS. Peter and Paul.

Shall remain in Rome until then, for such fine doings are only seen once in a lifetime.

Many seriously believe that the Pope is out of his mind. He has entered with fanaticism into these things, and has acquired votes for his own deification.

I believe that we shall see further important events before the year is out.

A fresh note from France is talked of, with the explanation that the fact of the Infallibility having been constituted a dogma has put an end to the Concordat, has severed the State from the Church, and that the army of occupation is to be recalled.

ROME, June 19.

Haynald has grown discouraged. He told me that the Opposition, which at the last protest numbered 137 votes, was now reduced to 80. He, moreover, reckons that only 60 of these will remain. I smiled, for even this number is



too great. Haynald said that in their meetings, so far, they purposely avoided all discussion as to what was to be done about the dogma, since this question would fall like a bomb among the minority. Naturally; because there would scarcely be two or three found to expose their own valued persons.

The Pope looks at the most important questions dealing with the Constitution of the Church in an entirely personal light. He addresses letters to the inferior clergy, whom he incites against the bishops. Since he is to be pronounced the Bishop of all bishops, he wants to gain the clergy beforehand to his side, and they will gladly allow themselves to be emancipated from the Episcopate. The most absolute depotism is thus to be introduced into the Church. A short time ago the Pope put his infallibility to the test, as the French their new Chassepots. On one of his walks he called to a man afflicted with paralysis, "Arise and walk." The poor devil attempted to obey him and fell down. This greatly perturbed the vice-god. The anecdote is already discussed in the papers. I really believe that the Pope is insane.

Theiner has been suddenly removed, and Cardoni appointed archivist in his place. It is true that he was allowed to retain the keys; but one morning when he wished to open the archives, he found that the lock had been changed. This is thoroughly Roman. The Pope caused Theiner to be summoned; heaped reproaches upon him on the score of his unfaithfulness, charged him with having given Strossmayer documents relating to the Council of Trent and even with allowing Lord Acton access to the Secret Archives. He actually trembled with rage. Theiner himself said: "Holy Father, calm yourself; you may bring on a stroke of apoplexy."

Theiner has now received the reward for all the volumes that he has compiled in the archives on the rights to the dominium of S. Peter.

The fanaticism is unbounded. We have lost the feeling of security, and, after eighteen years spent in Rome, I feel myself more of a foreigner than I did the first day. The

air is morally poisoned. Am disgusted at the sight of this idolatry, of these old and new idols and this perpetual condition of falsehood, hypocrisy, and the crassest superstition. Could almost despair of mankind, not alone on account of the priests, who are obliged to continue their handiwork, but on account of their vassals.

Lord Acton has gone away.

ROME, *July 3.*

Cardinal Guidi has pronounced strongly against the Infallibility; the majority are indignant, while the minority rejoice. The Pope bitterly reproached Guidi. The matter appeared to be hanging in the balance; but yesterday Haynald told me that, in spite of everything, it was making progress. The definition of the dogma is expected about July 25. In the great heat the bishops long to get away, but none of them has received a passport to go even as far as Naples.

Have finished my work, and to-morrow leave for Arezzo and Florence. Am sadly taking farewell of Rome at this season, as I have a misgiving that I shall never again spend the summer here.

*Afternoon.*—Haynald has just been to see me, on the point of attending the international assembly of bishops, where he is attempting to make some of the orators renounce speaking; they have, he says, all done so except six Frenchmen, who are not to be persuaded, especially Dupanloup. Haynald is of opinion that within ten days all will be over, unless the Pope should die meanwhile. He had just received a letter from Strossmayer, saying that the Pope felt ill; although yesterday a Hungarian found him in the best of health. Haynald bitterly lamented the levity of the Pope, formerly the idol of all men and to whom the bishops adhered so firmly and devotedly; and deplored the deterioration that followed at the end of his life. In his agitation Haynald said, "I shall renounce my episcopal dignity, shall sling the botany case over my shoulder and become a naturalist again."

We shall wait and see. Haynald is the wealthiest prelate in Hungary, and accustomed to a luxurious style of life, to homage and honours. A handsome, gentle, eloquent man of sensuous warmth and attraction.

Have a foreboding that events, of which I would gladly have been a witness, will take place during my absence from Rome.

FONTANA, FLORENCE, *July 10.*

On July 4, left for Arezzo, where I arrived in the evening; wasted the following day, since I was attacked by the most violent colic, as in the previous year at Siena. Fever also showed itself. Could scarcely crawl through Arezzo. This violent attack was the outcome of internal inflammation in consequence of the great heat, and I have since felt better.

Arrived at Florence on the 5th, and on the 6th began my work in the archives, which I finished yesterday. Bonaini was away. Uccelli dead; Cesare Guasti fills his place. The Sabatiers had gone away; Amari was the only person I met, and he too was on the point of starting for the baths at the Bocca di Pisa. Found no one but Theodor Heyse and Fournier at the Legation. The heat is scarcely endurable.

As far as I can make out, the most utter indifference prevails here with regard to the Council. No one concerns himself about the Infallibility. People remain satisfied with caricatures. Said to Constantini on the subject, that it was this religious indifference on the part of the Italians that encouraged the Papacy in its delirium.

Some days ago the candidature of a Hohenzollern for the Spanish throne appeared as a storm on the horizon. Is this to be a cause of war, and will it help to solve the much tangled knot of European perplexities? The Italian Press is divided in its sympathies, but people are discovering an opportunity of placing Napoleon once more in the see-saw.

Have been once to see Pauline's grave. The cemetery stands like a garden, an iron railing round it, in the enlarged city.



16 GLÜCKSTRASSE, MUNICH, *July 24.*

The excitement into which the declaration of war threw the Fatherland, swallows up all personal concerns. Nevertheless, shall briefly jot down my various halting-places.

At Modena found scarcely anything for my purpose. On the 11th went on to Ferrara, spent the night there; and thence by Verona to Innsbrück. Reached Munich on the 13th.

Scarcely had I arrived here when the alarm of war broke out afresh, and that which had seemed impossible had become a fact. The whole of Germany rose as one man; Bavaria, Würtemberg, Baden recognised the *casus foederis*. The debate in the Bavarian Chamber was hot, but the victory remained with the Germans. The proposals of the Government were adopted by 117 votes against 47. Patriotic demonstrations of the people before the King. The party of the Obscurantists and the enemies of Prussia were overcome as by a spell.

The spirit of 1813 is awake. The enthusiasm is such as in the days of our fathers.

On July 16 my brother took his battery back to Graudenz, where it is to be mobilised. He does not know whether his destination is to be the Rhine or the sea-coast.

Have no taste for work, although I go daily to the library. Cotta finished the printing of vols. vii. and iv. in front of the cannon's mouth.

Have seen old friends again—Kaulbach, with whom I dined, and met Döllinger, Jochmus, Schack, and Williers. Met Riehl at Giesebrecht's.

Madame von Tallenay came the day before yesterday, and I went with her to see the last act of the *Walküre*.

Have heard from Gervinus. He is remaining at Heidelberg. Gräfe has died!

The Crown Prince of Prussia is to arrive here to-morrow to take command of the army of the South.

MUNICH, *July 29.*

Saw the entrance of the Crown Prince at eleven o'clock the day before yesterday. The actual reconciliation

between North and South Germany, the actual union of the Fatherland, is accomplished. The Crown Prince and the young King drove together to the palace amid the unbounded rejoicings of the people.

In the evening they appeared at the theatre, where Wallenstein's *Lager* was given. Enthusiastic rejoicings on all sides.

At 3 A.M. the Crown Prince continued his journey to Stuttgart.

The revelations of Napoleon's proposals to Prussia immediately after 1866, and also those of present times, have completely unmasked his policy. Bismarck has flayed him like a Marsyas.

The mobilisation is finished. We have, it appears, a start of the enemy. The patriotic rising of Germany, her military strength and readiness for war, form an astonishing and unparalleled spectacle.

MUNICH, July 31.

The day before yesterday went with Dr Erhardt and his wife by Augsburg to the Lechfeld, to see the Bavarian regiments which are encamped there.

The colonel of one of them came with his adjutant on horseback, and was received with music and hurrahs. We had a scene that resembled the *Lager-scene* in *Wallenstein*. Vigorous men, strong and serious; some soldiers, seated on wooden benches, were writing letters in pencil.

Manœuvres were taking place in front of the camp. All around a wide, level landscape, out of which villages with churches and clumps of trees stood forth. The sky was dark with a magnificent storm. Against the background of the clouds we watched an immense train, drawn by two engines, and filled with soldiers—an imposing sight.

Yesterday one of the *Sängervereine* of Munich gave a performance at the National Café for the benefit of the wounded. Patriotic songs were sung—Arndt's *Vaterland* awoke transports of enthusiasm.

Talked there with General von der Tann, who goes to-morrow with the Staff to the Palatinate. Strangely

enough, he would not discuss anything but the Council in Rome.

Mohl also, the Baden envoy, came to our table. He said that King William had already gone to the headquarters at Frankfort, while the Crown Prince had his at Speyer. The Palatinate is filled with Prussian soldiers; part of the Guards are stationed there.

We hourly expect the beginning of the war. How shall we attack the French?

The whole of Germany is aflame with enthusiasm. These are stirring times. The readiness for self-sacrifice is very great. There is no bombast. The departure of the troops takes place without any cheering, in solemn earnestness. Our forces on the Rhine are estimated at 550,000 men; those of the French at only 300,000. Rüstow told me this beforehand. No letter from my brother.

On the 29th, looked through the last proofs of vol. iv. in the train, and then threw them into my trunk at Augsburg.

1b GLÜCKSTRASSE, MUNICH, *August 6.*

Early yesterday morning placards announced the first victory. The Crown Prince has taken Weissenburg and made 800 prisoners.

Drove with the Erhardts to the Villa Angelo Knorr at Starnberg, where we had a solemn thanksgiving banquet.

Our armies are advancing into the enemy's country, where, and not in the German provinces, the great critical battle will be fought.

The whole of Germany stands as one man against France; never has she been so strong, because never so united as now. A tone of exaltation, confident of victory, prevails.

Italy remains neutral. The French are embarking at Civita Vecchia, and Rome will fall as soon as Napoleon is overthrown. I cannot work. No letter from my brother.

MUNICH, *August 8.*

Was at the "Golden Bear" with a large party on the evening of the 6th. An adjutant came in and read a despatch



from the War Office: "Successful battle at Wörth. Macmahon, with the greater part of his army, utterly routed. The French driven back to Bitsch. From the field of battle at Wörth, 4.30 P.M.—FREDERICK WILLIAM, CROWN PRINCE."

Schack came in the morning and fell into my arms, so did Erhardt. Dr Thomas came. Fresh tidings of the battle soon arrived: two eagles, six mitrailleuses, thirty guns, 4000 prisoners. Further news of the victory came by Frossard to Forbach.

Yesterday evening the French prisoners arrived; they were awaited by a countless throng—were kindly given eatables, cigars, and even money.

Our armies are advancing against Metz, where perhaps a great battle may be taking place at this very moment.

The *Kölnische Zeitung* gives an estimate of the forces on both sides. According to it the North German Alliance numbers 994,000 troops, and, with the South, 1,120,000 fighting men. Napoleon on the other hand has only an effective force of 400,000 men, and behind them nothing more than incapable *Gardes Mobiles*. Was he not acquainted with the extent of his own fighting powers? If so, then he was under a delusion that is akin to madness. Even if the entire reserves of France were to rise, he is powerless against the disciplined legions of Germany, their arms and their overwhelming tactics.

The desperate gambler stakes himself and the honour of France to the last card, and he loses. Perhaps the battle of Metz has already been fought. Before Paris we shall, I hope, dictate peace, and then the German Emperor can say with truth, "*L'empire allemand c'est la paix.*"

Crowds of wounded of our own army. To-day the *Oberbürgermeister* of Carlsruhe telegraphed that the dearth of provisions was very great. Munich sent supplies of these and other things.

Dr Erhardt went to Carlsruhe to-day with surgeons.

News from my brother yesterday. He was at Cassel on August 4, but did not even then know his destination.

Have made the acquaintance of Oscar von Redwitz,

who, with an important air, presented me with his poem *Napoleon*, written for the occasion.

Am ashamed of my idleness and of vegetating here simply as a reader of newspapers. But where could I be of use? What are writing and words now? Action soars above them. France is tottering like a bull on whose head has fallen the blow of a giant.

MUNICH, *August 10.*

The French Government is at its wits' end. Never did any great nation show itself in such a state of moral disruption. People cannot trust their senses. What a pitiable end to such Titanic swagger! A revolution in Paris is spoken of—it is probable. The German army is advancing on Metz, which Bazaine holds with the last French troops. We are hourly expecting the news of a decisive battle.

Have written the article *Nemesis* for the *Allgemeine Zeitung*.

This span of time with its world-stirring events is an extra page of universal history. For Rome's turn will come to complete the deliverance of mankind, by freeing it from the second incubus of the great delusion.

To-day saw a company of eight hundred French prisoners at the railway station on their way to Ingolstadt. There were soldiers of every description, though only a few Turcos. They filled about thirty carriages, in every one of which they crowded against the windows. Some looked cheerful; talked with French and Corsicans. They were travelling third class; escorts, carrying loaded arms, stood in and outside the carriages. Saw only one officer; the others, about twenty, kept hidden. Was told that they were sitting on the floors, in order that they might not be seen. So passes all earthly grandeur! Thought of my French friends, and especially of Ampère, who is happy, because dead.

Several people of the lower class went to the carriages and handed the prisoners provisions and cigars. Watched one woman with a large basket on her arm, out of which, going backwards and forwards, she indefatigably handed

bread. One of the prisoners wiped his eyes. Many wounded have arrived; they were conveyed to the hospital in royal carriages, which were driven slowly. One of the wounded men died on the way, when his carriage stood still.

We lost four thousand men at Wörth.

No news as yet from my brother.

Vol. iv. of the second edition has arrived from the printers.

Am doing no work these days.

MUNICH, *August 15 (Napoleon's Day).*

My brother wrote on August 15 from Tholey, a few miles from Saarlouis, where he had arrived with his batteries, one of which had been in the action of Saarbrück on the 6th.

To-day I know him to be in the action before Metz. For a despatch has just been published: "BERLIN, *August 15* (10.5 o'clock). The King to the Queen. Victorious battle before Metz by the troops of the First and Seventh Army Corps. Details lacking. Am going to the field."

My brother is in the First Army Corps under Steinmetz. Even as I am writing he may be in the thick of the fight.

Prussian cavalry are stationed at Nancy.

The French are in despair. "We are lost"—so some one read in a letter from a French captain. "We cannot conquer; the impetuosity of the Prussians is too great."

It is a stream of lava that is pouring into France. It overwhelms the army that was formerly the proudest in the world. Enthusiasm for an exalted idea, consciousness of a great future, good fortune in arms, practical intelligence and control of the will by the categorical imperative of Kant—all combine to make Germany irresistible.

Olivier's Ministry has fallen, and Palikao takes his place. Bazaine, the murderer of Maximilian, has taken command of the demoralised army.

Yesterday two of the conquered guns were dragged through the streets with shouts of rejoicing. Was just then



at table with Kaulbach and Count Moy. The guns are standing in front of the royal palace; they are 12-pounders from the factory at Toulouse, and have names, one being called *Nestor*, the other, ominously, *le Naufrage*.

Yesterday Dr Erhardt returned from the scene of war. He had gone as far as Hagenau and Richthofen. He left the train of wounded behind at Augsburg.

It appears that Arnim in Rome has made promises to the Pope. Bismarck has seized the occasion to gain the Ultramontanes in Germany and the clergy in France, while he assumes the attitude of protecting the Pope, who has been surrendered by Napoleon. Hope that in Berlin they will not fall into the snare that was laid for Napoleon, and which he now leaves to Prussia as a perfidious inheritance.

Were the war but ended! Bloodshed, be it ever so heroic, is a disgrace to our civilisation.

Called on Liebig yesterday. A tall figure, with handsome, clear-cut, impressive features; his appearance expresses the perfection of life, based on securest foundations. We found him in the summer-house with his wife. He was still ailing from an illness from which he had scarcely recovered. The excitement of the time would not allow him to remain at Berchtesgaden. He, too, hopes for Alsace and Lorraine.

He is of opinion that Döllinger will make submission. Count Moy disputed this opinion.

MUNICH, *August 20.*

To-day received a note from my brother containing the following: "Yesterday a great fight, in fact a battle, before Metz. Was well under fire, but escaped unhurt. Am otherwise well, and filled with confidence for the future. Up till now have not had any news whatever either from you or from home.—BIVOUAC COURCELLES, *August 15, 1870.*"

Battles have been fought round Metz, as formerly round Leipzig. After the action of the 14th followed that of the 16th, and finally that of August 18, when Bazaine's

army was driven back to the fortress and cut off from all communication with Paris.

At the same time the army of the South, under the Crown Prince, advanced on Chalons, whither Napoleon had retired. Only a portion of the dismembered army, mainly *Gardes Mobiles*, was there, incapable of making any resistance.

Paris is in a ferment—one Job's messenger following on another. Four Prussian Uhlans took the town of Nancy—this is a fact. They kept it silent from the Chamber; when the news was made public, the stormy scene of the 14th took place. Gambetta, turning to the Right, used the dread words: "Be silent! In the face of the distress of France, only one thing befits you: silence and remorse!"

Napoleon's reign is virtually over. His system of lies has collapsed. At the best he will only reach Belgium, and thence England, as a fugitive.

On the morning of August 19 the bombardment of Strassburg was begun from Kehl.

MUNICH, *September 2.*

Yesterday the town was decorated with flags for the first time. The despatch announcing victory had arrived from Beaumont. MacMahon, who had advanced to the relief of Metz, and had been repulsed and driven back to Sedan, will, like Bazaine, be surrounded and forced to capitulate. The diplomatists are active; they come with their conjuror's tricks to rob the German people of the fruits of their victory, as in the year 1815. The indignation in several towns is already great. A popular meeting at Berlin sent an address to King William; a similar address is being sent from here to King Louis, demanding the refusal of all foreign intervention in our national affairs, a German Parliament, the restitution of Alsace and Lorraine.

Strassburg is in flames. The glorious Cathedral is said to be seriously injured. Sent a poem, entitled *Strassburg*, to the *Allgemeine Zeitung* yesterday.

My brother has written twice, on August 21st and 26th

respectively, from St Barbe before Metz, where he is in the besieging corps. The posts to the field of battle go their regular rounds.

Dr Erhardt has returned from the scene of action, as head of a medical train. Have been several times to dinner and coffee with Döllinger, when I have met Lord Acton. Giesebrecht has gone away.

Count Tauffkirchen has come back from the seat of war and gone as Prefect to Bar-le-duc. Other civil and military officials have been ordered from Germany to Alsace and Lorraine. After three hundred years these territories will once more be administered by Germans.

*September 3.*

Incredible events!

MacMahon has capitulated in Sedan with 80,000 men. Napoleon has surrendered to King William as a prisoner of war. This took place on the 2nd. An event greater than that of Pavia, and from which dates a new epoch—incalculable in its results.

*September 4.*

Munich is decorated with flags. Processions with bands of music parade the city. Illuminations this evening.

*September 5.*

The King to the Queen: "VARENNES, *September 4* (8 A.M.). "What a thrilling moment was that of meeting with Napoleon! He was humble, but dignified in demeanour and resigned. Have allotted him Wilhelmshöhe near Cassel as a residence. Our meeting took place in a little castle opposite the western slope of Sedan."

The last letter from my brother is dated August 29, from St Barbe before Metz.

MUNICH, *September 10.*

Napoleon has already taken up his abode at Wilhelmshöhe. General von Boyen conducted him thither, where he will find reminiscences of Jerome.

The capitulation of Sedan has been concluded between



Moltke and Wimpfen: 80,000 men have laid down their arms with all the material of war. The occurrence is unexampled in the history of great nations; 30,000 men were, moreover, taken prisoners the day of battle. Thus 100,000 men have been brought to the frontier to be distributed among the German States; 10,000 are to be sent to Bavaria.

No sooner had the dreadful news arrived in Paris, than the populace burst into the Chamber. The dynasty was declared deposed, the Republic proclaimed for the third time. At its head stands Jules Favre as Minister for Foreign Affairs, Arago, and the garrulous Rochefort. Switzerland and America hastened to recognise this impromptu Government.

The German armies left Chalons for Paris as early as September 5.

My brother wrote last on September 5, from St Barbe. He escaped unhurt from the frightful carnage at Metz, and on September 1 commanded the corps of artillery.

Read in the *National Zeitung* of the death of Dr Herrman Papst, who fell at Mars la Tour. He called on me on July 3, the day before his departure from Rome.

The surrender of Alsace and Lorraine is confirmed.

The young King of Bavaria has not as yet once shown himself in the city. While the most important events are taking place and his own people are performing heroic deeds, he dreams his days away in the romantic woodland solitude of his castle at Hohenschwangau or Berg. He is a myth in the country, the hero of an opera of the music of the future—a perplexing psychological study, which probably no one but a physician could explain.

Saw the ex-King of Naples walking alone through the streets of Munich, and looked on this poor, deposed monarch as he trod the hard path of exile—forgotten by Naples, by the world, probably even by his own family. He is living at Feldafing.

Met a member of his suite to-day, whom I recognised as having seen in Rome; he also recognised me. We

stopped and talked together. The unfortunate man is frozen in a foreign country; he seemed delighted at the disgraceful fall of Napoleon and astonished at the overthrow of France—*che caduta vergognosa; ma non ce n'era altro, che chiacchiere e fumo*. It was the Duke of Popolo.

Dr Erhardt has returned from Metz, filled with the impression of all that he has witnessed.

MUNICH, September 16.

The days of ideal exaltation are over. Enthusiasm has waned. The armies are marching on Paris. The Italians advance on Rome, which perhaps they have already entered to-day. Would gladly have witnessed the fall of the Papacy with my own eyes.

No news from my brother for days past.

The idea seems to be cherished in Berlin that Napoleon remains sovereign of France, and that negotiations must still be carried on with him. Indeed, the astounding report grows current that there is some design of replacing him on the throne.

Nearly all the Powers, even Italy, have recognised the Republic in Paris.

Am tired and exhausted. The days are also dreary owing to the darkness of the weather, rain, and cold. Am already longing for the sky of Rome and the quiet of my work; that is, if there can be quiet in Rome.

Have written the following articles for the *Allgemeine Zeitung*: 1. *The Declaration of War and Europe*. 2. *Nemesis*. 3. *Italy and the German Nation*. 4. The poem *Strassburg*. 5. *The Sin and Punishment of France*. 6. *Alsace and Lorraine once more*. 7. *Pavia and Sedan*. 8. *Paris and Rome*.

HOTEL ROYAL, STUTTGART, September 23.

On the 17th came to Stuttgart in Erhardt's company. Here found Reischach and his family; Cotta is at Lausanne. Have seen all my friends again, even Freiligrath and Walesrode. Madame Freiligrath is a thorough patriot; will not hear of social democracy, and

even demands the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine. He holds his peace on the subject.

Seventeen hundred prisoners passed through Stuttgart on Sunday.

Called on the Baroness von Massenbach, on which the Queen invited Erhardt and me to dinner on the 20th. The King allows it to be clearly understood that he sincerely desires the unity of Germany, and will place no hindrance in the way of the accession of the Southern States. After dinner we walked in the garden, the so-called Olga-zwinger. The party was small, Valois and Reischach the only other guests.

The Italians entered Rome at 11 A.M. on the 20th. In other circumstances the event would everywhere have produced great excitement; now it is merely an insignificant episode in the great world drama.

Have settled my business with Cotta. Vols. iv. and vii. will now be published. Vol. v. has gone to press.

CARLSRUHE, *September 27.*

Arrived here on the 24th. Found the Erhardts in the house of Lauter, the *Oberbürgermeister*. On the 25th we made an expedition to Rastatt, where there are no prisoners, and on to Gernsbach. Yesterday to Maxau, to see the splendid view of the river. Processions of Landwehr from Silesia and Uhlans passed us. A Prussian corps of forty thousand will, it is said, be sent to Freiburg, thence to proceed to Upper Alsace. Since the fall of Toul direct communication with Paris has been restored.

Yesterday called on Victor Scheffel, whom I had known in Rome. He received me with the manners of a savage, bellowing a tissue of utterly insane and inconsequent stuff about the events that are taking place, in the tone of a social democrat. Was frightened, believing that a lunatic or a drunken man stood before me, and allowed him to rave on without saying a word in reply. A captain arrived to my rescue, and I was able to get away. Striking his fists on the table, Scheffel shouted that he would go to some country where they did not put republicans to death,



as they did now in France; he snatched his child up in the air, and the child asked, "Papa, to what country shall we go?"

Gathered that Scheffel is still able to write student songs. Perceiving from my silence and demeanour what I thought of him, he shouted, "You may despise me now." I answered quietly, "Please, think of me only as a silent observer of mankind." Have already seen men of his stamp at other times with ribands and orders in their button-holes, waiting devoutly and silently in the ante-chambers of the great.

CARLSRUHE, *September 29.*

Yesterday went to Heidelberg. In the evening the news of the surrender of Strassburg arrived. Heidelberg put out its flags, and bands paraded the streets.

Spent to-day with Gervinus. He holds the opinion that, after the great victories, Alsace and Lorraine must remain to the Empire, and they are so essentially German in character that in a short time they will become out and out members of Germany.

Returned here at eight; Erhardt and Lauter, the *Oberbürgermeister*, are in Strassburg, where I go to-morrow.

A letter from my brother. He has received the Iron Cross.

CARLSRUHE, *October 2.*

Left early on September 30 for Kehl; some of the streets are torn with shot, and here and there from the ruins wave the flags of the German Empire, like flowers on a rubbish heap. A wonderful morning. A great scene on the Rhine. Prisoners facing us. Officers rushing here and there. Through the avenues and over uprooted plane trees, we entered Strassburg at nine o'clock. What indescribable scenes, figures, apparitions in this shot-riddled city! In the Steinstrasse, destruction as if of an earthquake. Many portions of houses are still erect; bronze balconies and bronze figures toppling in the air. Women searching for old iron in the ruins and elsewhere; spectators gazing at the shattered houses. I burrowed

among the ruins of a house as I might have done at Pompeii; picked up a half-burnt map and a sheet of music, on which were dances. From the burnt library collected some singed MSS. Theatre, prefecture—all destroyed. Wandered hither and thither and let the people pass me by—French prisoners, Turcos, Zouaves, doctors, patients, country people, affrighted citizens, black coffins being carried away, troops entering. At noon the Baden Guards arrived, tall, handsome men; then followed the Staff. Recognised Prince William of Baden, who rode close past me. A great number of troops followed, their bands playing. Sounds, human beings, ruins, France and Germany all mingled together—the air heavy with the smell of burning, and the breath of history over all.

Could not reach the Citadel, which is now a shapeless mass of ruins. Passing the Arsenal, I saw long rows of guns, some of them still unused; sideways a meadow, in which stood a motley array of furniture; soldiers seated on red damask sofas and chairs.

Tried to find the inn "Zum Rebstock," and asked a boy to conduct me there. On the way, questioned him as to whether any misfortune had occurred in his house. He burst into tears, and told me that two of his sisters had been killed before his eyes in the courtyard by a bomb; and showed me the marks of the powder on his own face from the bursting of the shell.

Found Dr Erhardt and the *Oberbürgermeister* at table in the "Rebstock." There was scarcely any space to sit down; military and civilians filling the rooms. Nevertheless we all fared sumptuously, and had even *pâté-de-foie-gras*.

Went to the Cathedral in the afternoon. A hospital stands beside it, tenanted by wounded Frenchmen. In a chapel below were housed some poor women and children, who wept aloud. A bowl was placed there, already filled to overflowing with donations. Inside a tumultuous scene—soldiers and inquisitive spectators. A priest stood at an altar blessing the coffins, on which wreaths of immortelles were lying. These coffins were tenanted by citizens who

had been killed by bombs. But little damage had been inflicted on the nave of the Cathedral; several windows had been shattered, and in the great rose-window were several holes made by balls. Here and there through the vaulting could be seen the sky, the copper roof of the central nave having been burnt and destroyed.

It was difficult to mount the spiral staircase to the tower, as soldiers, for the most part Prussian Landwehr, were incessantly going up and down. A glorious view over the wide plain from the platform. It is easily seen how that, by nature, Alsace belongs to Germany; how the Rhine almost disappears, forming no natural boundary. Its banks are the Vosges and the Black Forest.

Erhardt returned to Kehl; I remained, and wandered here and there, talking to the citizens. Went to the Hotel de Paris to look for Prince William, but he was not there. The next morning met him in the palace of the Marquis de Bussière, who himself is a prisoner at Rastatt. The house is riddled with shot, but, nevertheless, habitable. Had just come from people whose accounts had deeply moved me. All these combined impressions stirred me profoundly, and never have I been so touched by any general suffering. In this mood I met the Prince, who seemed to observe my emotion. He said that the bombardment of the town had been a sad necessity, because the fortifications were inseparable from the city.

In the evening explored the gloomy streets; the gas is cut off—only lanterns burnt here and there on the houses; the ground glittered and shone, as if strewn with precious stones—the particles of glass from the shattered windows. Went at night through the Steinstrasse; the ruins presented an awful aspect, the stars shining through them. Now and then sparks fell from the still smouldering beams.

Remained the morning of October 1 in the town, which several regiments were already leaving, I believe, for Mühlhausen. The whole of Strassburg re-echoed with military music. Went to a printing-office to get General Uhrich's last proclamation, but the people could not procure it for me.



Soldiers, especially Landwehr, tore these proclamations down from the corners of the streets to carry them away as memorials. *Oberbürgermeister* Lauter promised to have one photographed and to send it to me in Rome. Introduced me to the sub-Prefect Flath, who has been appointed by our Government, a handsome man of animated manner. He told me in the "Rebstock" in the evening that he had orders from Bismarck to announce to the French officials who still remained, that the city was henceforth German.

Left at 2 P.M. on October 1 by the gate of Austerlitz to return to Carlsruhe. Was met on the way by an entire wandering tribe of visitors. On the avenue overtook a woman with a child, who had been obliged to remain during the entire siege, and was now returning to her home at Kehl. Whether her house was still standing or not, she did not know; "If I do not find it," she said, "I shall throw myself into the Rhine." The sufferings of the siege, especially the firing, had made the child so nervous that at every sound, or at the sight of a horse, it shrieked and cried. Took it by the hand and so conveyed it to the Rhine. Many other fugitives were also on the way to Kehl; among them a man, who told the woman that her house was uninjured.

Spent some hours at Kehl and surveyed the ruins there.

A motley scene at the station—fugitives sitting on their boxes, in which lay the few possessions they had been able to save. Took my seat beside a family, a man and his wife, young people of good position; the woman excited and breaking forth into lamentations, the husband calm.

Was forced to spend a long time at Appenweier, the train being overcrowded. Arrived at Carlsruhe at night—thence sent the following letter to the *Allgemeine Zeitung*:—

"STRASSBURG, *October 1*.—Before I find leisure to record the indescribable impression which this city leaves on every German heart, I have but one remark to make. The destruction of some quarters of the town is complete. Pompeii itself does not present a more dreadful appearance

than the quarter by the Steinthor. The precious and incomparable library, over which the whole population of Strassburg, and with it the entire Fatherland, raises a loud lament, is a heap of rubbish. The wind riots through the blackened pages of Guttenberg like the burnt manuscripts of Herculaneum. Nothing has been saved. Houses innumerable in almost every quarter have been pierced and shattered by shells. Coffins of women, children, citizens, who have died of their wounds in the hospitals, are still carried continually in and out of the glorious Cathedral, which, fortunately, has only been injured in places. Although active help is already hastening from every side, the misery of the thousands of homeless people, of the fugitives who, with the remnant of their possessions, are setting out to Baden, as also the grief of the survivors for their relatives, is nevertheless heart-rending. In spite of the indescribable sufferings of the siege, the temper of the people of Strassburg is often surprisingly mild, resigned, and heroic. They blame the Emperor, not the Germans; and probably recognise that it was France that wantonly provoked this murderous war. They blame General Uhrich, who was vainly assailed by the citizens with petitions to surrender. Some competent authority ought to prove to the people of Strassburg that the injury to the city was unavoidable, on account of the position of the fortifications. We Germans who now wander through the ruinous streets, join our lamentations to those of the citizens of Strassburg, and feel it our duty to help as speedily as possible, each according to his power, to mitigate and atone for the sufferings of these heavily tried people—our brothers. Out of the flames of this—let us hope the last—war for the freedom and unity of our nation, the great German mother has been obliged to take her long-lost child, crying, terrified, and half-burnt. Germans of every province, every city and parish of the Fatherland, think of Strassburg! Found societies for the liquidation of a national debt of love, which, although imposed by the destinies of the time, and contrary to intention and design, should nevertheless be felt by us as a debt and so made good. Henceforth, in the highest and

noblest sense of piety, let Strassburg be once more the city of the German Empire, adopted by the entire German Fatherland!"

CHEUBY, near ST BARBE before METZ, October 4-7.

On October 2, decided to come from Carlsruhe to Metz, to visit my brother who was in the field; which I did.<sup>1</sup>

MUNICH, October 14.

On the afternoon of October 7, witnessed the battle before Metz, from which Bazaine had made a sortie. Remained on the field near St Barbe until darkness fell, and then drove back to Cheuby, where, with Colrepp, I awaited my brother. He returned unhurt with the artillery about 8 P.M. The following day he accompanied me to Courcelles, whence I drove to Saarbrücken about 8 P.M.

Spent the night at Heidelberg, and, on October 9, came by Stuttgart to Munich, spending seventeen hours on the way. Remained four hours at Stuttgart, where I saw Reischach and Stälin in passing, and received as a supplement the despatch containing the news of the battle of the 7th. Arrived at Munich at midnight.

Here found many letters, all requiring answers; the fourteenth set of proofs of vol. v., which I was obliged to revise; wrote besides the account of my "Campaign," which I sent to the *Allgemeine Zeitung* yesterday.

These have been fatiguing days, as I have remained constantly in my room. Only in the evening have I seen a few people—Seitz, Giesebrecht, Arco, Kaulbach, Roth.

Leave to-morrow, the 15th, for Rome. What have I not experienced and witnessed in the Fatherland in this last quarter of a year! It all seems like a dream.

Historic calamities, world-stirring events, to behold which a man ought to live a century, have been compressed into

<sup>1</sup> Gregorovius described this expedition, immediately after it had taken place, in a series of articles entitled "Five Days before Metz," published in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, and afterwards included in vol. ii. of his *Kleine Schriften*. I refer the reader to this more ample and complete work instead of giving further details in the Journal.—*Editor's Note.*



a few weeks. They exploded with sudden force, the results of a tedious process.

ROME, October 30.

On the evening of the 15th left Munich, and in forty-eight hours arrived in Rome, getting here at eleven o'clock on the evening of the 17th.

The violent transformation of the city seems to me like the metamorphosis of jugglery. Italians have relieved the papal troops. Instead of Zouaves, Bersaglieri march through the streets with a kind of cavalry music.

Hundreds of bad newspapers have sprung up like mushrooms and are shouted in every street. An invasion of vendors and charlatans fills the piazzas. Every minute flags are hung out, demonstrations made. Monuments have been decreed for Ciceruacchio and Caioli. A deluge of edicts is daily poured out by the *Gazzetta Ufficiale*, into which the *Giornale di Roma* has been transformed.

The Pope has announced himself a prisoner, has issued protests, and has suspended the Council by a Bull. Italian guards are stationed at the Vatican; through the half-open doors I saw the intimidated Swiss. The confidants of the Pope, among them Kanzler, are living in the Vatican. The cardinals never show themselves, or if they drive out, their carriages bear no marks of distinction; all their pomp and magnificence have ended in smoke. Only solitary priests slink through the streets, timid and shadow-like. Nevertheless, one evening found Cardinal Silvestri at the house of the Duke of Sermoneta, who had been President of the Giunta and had presented the Plébiscite of Rome to the King. Lamarmora is here as governor. The party of action urges the King immediately to remove to Rome, in order that the transference of the royal residence may become a *fait accompli*. He hesitates. He has not even a palace in Rome in which to dwell. Over the Quirinal, of which the papal officials refuse the keys, he possesses no right whatever.

The Italians are making collections for the survivors of the attack on the Porta Pia, and talk seriously of a Roman

campaign. The fallen, I believe, amount to ten. Coming, as I do, from the bloody scenes in France, these proceedings are offensive.

Rome will forfeit the cosmopolitan, republican atmosphere, which I have breathed here for eighteen years. She will sink into becoming the capital of the Italians, who are too weak for the great position in which our victories have placed them. It is fortunate for me that I have almost finished my work; it would no longer be possible for me to steep myself in it. Only three months more of toil and I shall have reached my goal. The Middle Ages have, as it were, been blown away by a tramontana, with all the historic spirit of the past; yes, Rome has completely lost its charm.

Yesterday the belated telegram from Metz arrived. Bazaine capitulated on the 27th: 173,000 prisoners, among whom are three marshals and 6000 officers—an entire army. And yet this number of troops was not able to break the besieging lines of 230,000 men; they laid down their arms. Count Bobrinski, radiant with joy, told me the news in the Corso.

Tallénay is almost distracted. He is burning with hatred against Germany; and, he says, will educate his son in it, as Hamilcar educated Hannibal.

ROME, *November 13.*

On November 1, set to work again at the chapter dealing with the history of culture, and brought the period of Julius II. to a close. My labours ended, Rome withers for me. I walk through the streets, follow the traces of my passion and enthusiasm, which I feel no longer, and it seems to me as if all those monuments which I investigated so eagerly, now looked down on me ghost-like and dead. Donna Ersilia, to whom I said that I wanted to leave Rome, called me ungrateful, since Rome had been the home of my labours and the source of my fame. Well, to leave Rome means for me to take leave of my true life. But this period must end sooner or later.

There is a desolate feeling in the city, in spite of all the

excitement, and I must get accustomed to this state of things. The new Government has forcibly broken open the doors of the Quirinal and seized on the palace as the future residence of the King of Italy. The Pope has entered a protest. The Jesuits urge him to fly from Rome. The Jesuits themselves were expelled from the Collegium Romanum a few days ago, in consequence of a furious popular demonstration in front of the palace and of Lamarmora's abode. They are now collecting together at the Gesù.

Have received a letter from my brother of November 1, still from Cheuby; he therein describes the capitulation of Metz. His army corps is to take part in the operations against Lille and Rouen, and he is probably already on the march thither.

The negotiations with Thiers concerning a truce have failed. Nevertheless, the bombardment of Paris has not yet begun.

Von der Tann was driven out of Orleans, with the loss of a thousand men and two guns, on November 9. This is the first blow that we have received in the war; perhaps a sign to Bavaria, whose troops had been so unduly elated by victory that they betrayed great longings for fresh separation.

ROME, November 27.

Here great unrest, clamour, and vacillation in all things. The Pope issued the *Excommunicatio major* against the invaders on November 1, and the Government was petty-minded enough to confiscate the newspapers which printed it. There is no magnanimity in Italy's dealings.

The office of Senator of Rome has been abolished and transformed into that of Syndic; there must, consequently, henceforward be a *Syndicatus Populusque Romanus*. There is an essential quality in the city, which must soon become oppressive to the Italians; it has nothing to do with the monarchy—it is cosmopolitan.

Excavations have been begun in the Forum Romanum. Rosa has been made Director of Antiquities in place of



Visconti. Professors have been appointed for the new Lyceum.

Am continuing to work at the history of sixteenth-century culture, and ardently long for the close, for the times here are no longer favourable to my labours.

We have definite tidings of the death of the young Marquis de Vaudrimay (one of our winter circle); who fell on August 31 before Metz, a splinter of a grenade tearing away his breast.

ROME, December 7.

The following good lines have been made and placed under the Pope's portrait:—

*Nell' Evangelo è scritto :  
Quando la turba il Cristo volle re,  
Egli abscondit se.  
Nel Vatican si legge  
Che Pio vicario suo nasconde se,  
Quia non è più re.*

Pius IX. is almost forgotten in his own Rome. He sits like a myth in the Vatican, surrounded by Jesuits and fanatics, who all dazzle him with visions purely imaginary. He even dreams of a restoration of the Papacy through the German Emperor, and this in consequence of a mission of Ledochowski to headquarters. Meanwhile Rome is making preparations to become the capital. The King's solemn utterance in the speech from the throne has removed all doubt. He is expected here at the end of December. His luck is even greater than that of William I. If the latter has obtained his success by means of the heroic efforts of his people, Victor Emmanuel owes everything to fortune and our achievements. His son, moreover, received the crown of Spain on December 4.

On December 4, after a three days' struggle, Frederick Charles occupied Orleans against the army of the Loire under Aurelles de Paladine. The attempt of the French to relieve Paris has failed; the capitulation of the city is now unavoidable.

Have a letter from my brother. He writes on November 21 from La Pomeraye, in the territory of the Oise; on the

26th from Cotigny, between Stoyon and Amiens. To-day a letter of the 28th came from Mézières, before Amiens, after the battle there.

"Yesterday at noon the enemy confronted us to oppose our march. At 8 P.M., after a hard defence, they were repulsed. Their artillery fired excellently this time, and the conduct of the other troops was also very good. The losses in my division are by no means small; an amiable officer belonging to my battery was shot through the breast, and must have died already. I received a severe contusion on my left foot from a splinter, the force of which was in some degree broken by the stirrup; an hour later my right arm was slightly grazed by a musket-ball. Heaven apparently protects me, for this action was also very hot. I remain with the troops.

"Farewell, dear brother! Have ridden into this village, taken by our infantry, where the closed doors and windows are fastened—no other means being at hand—with clubs and axes. Such distress and such terror among the inhabitants!"

Am agitated—and how can I finish the *History of Rome* at a time like this?

ROME, December 18.

Intellectually speaking, a barren winter; relaxing owing to its heat, and depressing by reason of the interminable war and the private sorrows of Germany. The ruin of France must also touch anyone endowed with human feeling. My brother wrote on December 1 from Mourures, near Amiens, on the march to Rouen. He had a very narrow escape from a ball at the fort of Amiens. He beholds the beautiful picture of France defaced by blood and destruction and by the anguish of the inhabitants, and writes at the close of his letter: "I long to escape from this miserable state of things."

Have endeavoured to go on with the close of my work. Here excesses in the streets, roughness, provocations on both sides, insecurity—in addition to a fact unexampled in

history; the dethroned Pope-king, the Prince of Rome, still here in the Vatican. These old moles are accustomed to rubbish heaps—they burrow underground—and will now try to gnaw the threads of the life of civilisation in every country, and throw themselves as morbid matter on the inner organs of society. Among the Italians I can see only the courage requisite for deeds of violence; nowhere that inspired by the faith in a great moral ideal. They can pull down; but, in the absence of moral vigour in the people, the process of reconstruction is inconceivable.

ROME, *December 31.*

The dying year bequeaths an infinite number of unsolved problems to its successor. The war in France, which has become a war of races, revolves or continues in a great fiery circle round Paris. Paris suffers her fate as a judgment which has descended upon her, like Rome in 1527; but has hitherto borne it with courage. Seeds of regeneration are perceptible amid the unbounded moral corruption.

My brother wrote from Rouen, where he had been obliged to go to have his foot attended to. His letter is dated December 10; since when I have had no news.

On the 28th the Tiber rose with alarming rapidity and laid half of Rome under water. The river rose suddenly at 5 A.M., soon covered the Corso, and advanced through the Via Babuino as far as the Piazza di Spagna. Since 1805 no inundation has reached such a height. The Ghetto, the Lungara, the Ripetta have suffered severely. The damage is estimated at several millions. The sight of the streets, where boats are going about as in Venice, was curious; torches and lights cast bright, mirror-like reflections in the water. From the houses people were shouting in despair for bread. For the first time the new National Guard are drawing attention on themselves by their practical services. Admirable order has been preserved. The priests at once cried that it was the finger of God and the result of the papal excommunication. But what must the Pope in the Vatican have thought about it? He himself has invoked a more formidable deluge on Rome;



he resembles the novice in witchcraft, who can no longer control the water.

The King arrived this morning. Mediæval chronicles frequently tell of water monsters, which were cast ashore in Rome during inundations of the Tiber; this time the huge whale was Victor Emmanuel. He threw Rome into feverish excitement. While drowning, the city adorned herself with the tricolour. He alighted at the Quirinal. At noon he drove through the streets, Lamarmora beside him. The people surged hither and thither. Victor Emmanuel signed his first decree—the acceptance of the Plébiscite—in the Quirinal. He leaves again this evening for Florence. What a memorable ending of the year for Rome is the sight of the King of United Italy! It closes the Middle Ages.

Have just received good news from my brother at Rouen, where he is, fortunately, obliged to remain; also from Colrepp at Metz.

Here I, too, close the memorable year of the great events of 1870, in the firm belief in the victory of the good cause—which is ours.

1871

ROME, *January 19.*

AM fifty to-day. To do honour to the event, have written the end of the *History of the City of Rome*. There still remains some additional work in the revision of the volume for the press, which will occupy me a few months. Thus I stand at the end of the greatest section of my life. To-day has been stormy, and it rained in torrents. The bells of the city have been ringing.

Yesterday, closed the decade by a walk through S. Peter's, where the festival of the *Cattedra* was being celebrated. My thoughts were raised by the strains of sacred song that resounded through the empty Cathedral.

The destiny now hanging over Paris is a terrible one. The riders of the Apocalypse, Hunger, Pestilence, and Death, scourge the cosmopolitan city with their fiery whips. This fate must be regarded from the highest standpoint of tragedy, the point of Æschylus, Shakespeare, or the Bible. Centuries hence men will look back on it as on the fall of Jerusalem, Carthage, or Rome.

My brother wrote on January 9 from Rouen, where he is trying to get his wounded foot healed.

ROME, *February 5.*

My brother wrote from Rouen on January 20. He is again able to go about.

On January 23 Prince Humbert and his wife arrived to take up their abode in the Quirinal; they had a magnificent reception. The Pope, I am told, is getting

more and more feeble every day; he has not left the Vatican.

Schack has arrived here. He seems to me aged. His romance in verse, *Durch alle Wetter*, contains many beautiful passages, also traits of a profound humour.

ROME, March 5.

The history of the world rushes along with steam-like force; even the terrible war already belongs to the past. Thiers signed the preliminaries of peace at Versailles on March 1.

Nations arise, because others fall. *Ote-toi, que je m'y mette*, is the law of life. Scipio wept on the ruins of Carthage, thinking of the fall of Rome.

My brother's last letter was written on February 24, from the neighbourhood of Havre. He had seen the coast and dipped his hand into the Atlantic.

The clerical party has been turned into ridicule by masqueraders during the Carnival, which has been very lively this year. The new Crusaders were represented in caricature riding on asses; cross and sword were carried along. The police forbade the procession. Fresh caricatures, however, appear every day; Antonelli, Merode, the Jesuits, Kanzler, the Pope himself, in the most revolting misrepresentations. Napoleon has even been depicted as a caricature of the crucified Saviour; the Emperor William thrusting the lance into his breast.

A petition is being signed for the expulsion of the Jesuits; they worry the Pope and urge him to flight—to Corsica, it is said. Yesterday a caricature appeared, *La Fuga in Corsica*: Antonelli seated on an ass holds a large umbrella over the Pope, who has shrunk to the proportions of a child; the Jesuit Curci drags the ass onwards by a rope.

Believe that the Pope will remain—for where is he to go? Every country is afraid to receive him. The Italian Chamber has voted the Law of Guarantees, by which the Pope's rights as a sovereign are acknowledged. It is



desired that he should remain on at the Vatican. If Victor Emmanuel comes to dwell here in the summer, a Japanese state of things will ensue; secular power and spiritual power—Tycoon and Mikado.

Do not believe the Italians capable of reforming Catholicism, or of emancipating themselves by an intellectual effort from the idolatrous cult of their saints and dogmas. It is possible, however, that the ancient Church may become paralysed in indifferentism, while a national Church arises among us. After the peace, I think, the ecclesiastical work will begin in our new Empire.

Count Arnim has gone away; he is to conduct the special negotiations for peace with Favre in Brussels. Everyone is surprised at this appointment. Count Tauffkirchen is at the head of diplomatic affairs here.

Am working at the completion of my last volume, and much still remains to be done. Have been but little in the world; again at a ball at Teano's, where I met the young royal pair. Princess Margherita is a sympathetic figure; Prince Humbert a plain, homely-looking young man.

The Government is seizing one after another the public buildings and convents, in order to find accommodation for the various ministries. Antonelli writes note after note, truly pathetic to read, like articles of a journalist; no one pays any attention.

The Porta Salara—the venerable gate, through which the Goths once entered—has been pulled down. Ancient tombs were discovered in the two round towers; one with a Greek inscription. The whole of Rome is as ruinous as the Papacy; it must be entirely reconstructed in order to make it habitable as a modern capital.

ROME, *March 12.*

Unedifying proceedings, since the rival parties come into daily conflict. The Lenten sermons of a Jesuit, Padre Tommasi, in the Gesù irritated the Italians to such a degree, that a tumult broke out in the church. The National Guard occupied the piazza. The poison is working in the priests—who can blame them, when we consider

that until now they ruled in Rome? Eight convents have been seized by the Government, to be transformed into ministries; they must be evacuated within a fortnight. Among them are S. Silvestro in Capite, SS. Apostoli, and the Augustinian monasteries of the Scrofa and Minerva.

Each day brings forth fresh caricatures—one page bears the superscription, *Museo Archæologico*: the Pope sitting like an idol on the throne; Antonelli turns a barrel-organ beside him and calls on the public to see the last piece; tattered figures arrive, which for the most part represent Catholic countries—Bavaria, Belgium, France, etc.

The priests dream of a Catholic Crusade, which is to be set on foot in Belgium, for the liberation of the Pope.

But few foreigners have arrived.

Am busy on the revision of the last volume, and am keeping quietly to my work.

ROME, *April 9.*

On March 18 we Germans in Rome celebrated the peace, in the same Palazzo Poli where, eleven years before, we had celebrated the Schiller festival. My prophecy is thus fulfilled. This time also I made a speech.

Public attention is entirely concentrated on the Paris Commune. Before the very eyes of their conquerors—the Germans, who still hold the northern forts—the French are tearing one another to pieces in hideous civil war. This plainly shows to the world how just and moral was Germany's victory.

The Pope still continues to shut himself up in the Vatican; and, indeed, what else could he do? He did not publicly celebrate the Easter festivals, but merely held them in the Paolina.

He received an English deputation, headed by the Duke of Norfolk, which brought him two million lire and an address of loyalty.

The Waldensians are now preaching in a house on the Corso; I went to one of their meetings, when the preacher ably demonstrated that Peter had never been in Rome. I saw no Romans there. There is no desire for religious

instruction here, and, besides, people would not yet venture to show themselves, in fear that the priests might come to the front again.

Montecchi was buried here with great demonstrations on the part of the Garibaldians and Republicans; the remains of the dead man, who is celebrated for his part in the revolution of 1848, had been brought from England.

My brother's last letter is also dated from Rouen.

Gervinus died on March 18. It would appear that he wore himself out in the conflict between his doctrinaire convictions and the realities of the present. I mourn his loss; a valued personal acquaintance has passed away. Gervinus was an entirely noble-minded man, inflexible, of firm convictions and far-reaching intelligence—a great prosaic spirit. His widow wrote to me, and I was fortunately able to find his bust, modelled by Emil Wolf in 1848, in plaster, in the sculptor's studio. Gervinus bequeaths to the Fatherland an indestructible monument of his intellectual powers and his patriotism—the history of the national poetic literature, which he established on a philosophic basis.

ROME, *April 30.*

The anarchy in France is a benefit to Italy: *mors tua, vita mea*. Were France strong, the Papacy would find in her a support. Thiers has sent a Minister to Rome, the Marquis d'Harcourt. The present Government had vigour enough to forbid a republican demonstration, which was to have taken place yesterday in Ciceruacchio's honour. It had been intended to place a tablet on the dwelling of the democrat, who was shot by the Austrians in 1849, and Menotti Garibaldi, the Italian Don Quixote of anarchy, had arrived for the event.

Reumont came, stormed against the transformation of Rome, assumed a liberal attitude towards the Council, which he pronounces a great act of folly.

The professors of the Roman University have sent an address of loyalty to Döllinger; unfortunately, however,



the papal Press is able to prove that among these Dölingierians are men who last year congratulated the Pope on his Infallibility. The anti-Infallibilist address was, however, drawn up by the clever Lignana.

Letter from my brother from Les Andelys in Normandy. He has received the Iron Cross of the First Class.

ROME, May 21.

Continued excitement and strained relations between the parties in Rome. Harcourt appears as the enemy of Italy. Should the monarchy be restored in France, it will harass Italy in favour of the Pope, and will necessarily put Italy to the proof whether or not she is independent. The work of restoring buildings for the accommodation of the various ministries, which are to be transferred to the new capital in July, is being hurried on. It is almost dangerous to walk through the streets. Sitting in the library of the Augustinian Convent, which is in process of alteration, I hear the knocking of the masons, and the blows seem to me like those of the hammer on the coffin of the Papacy. One day a lofty scaffold was erected at the convent in order to whitewash the walls; an omnibus came into collision with it, and the scaffold fell, smashing the omnibus. The next morning as I was looking at the ruins of both scaffold and omnibus, a woman who was selling images of saints at the steps of S. Agostino, said to me: "*Vedete, Iddio non vuole che si polisca il convento.*"

ROME, June 8.

On Friday, May 26, set out with Lindemann for my long contemplated expedition to the Abruzzi.

Left at 7 A.M. for Terni, where we alighted at the inn "Alle tre colonne" at midday, and then proceeded by the post to Rieti.

On the 27th to Aquila; spent the day in the town and in going to S. Maria in Collemaggio.

On the 28th to Popoli.

On the 29th, across the wild mountain and through the Furca Pass to the Lago Fucino. Reached Cerchio at noon;

then came along the lake, which has already receded two miles, past Celano to Avezzano.

On the 30th to Alba by way of Scurgola. It was Tuesday in Whit-week. Established the site of Conradin's battlefield, which has nothing to do with Tagliacozzo.

Arrived at Tagliacozzo at noon.

Thence on horseback up hill and down dale through desolate country to Arsoli, where we arrived by moonlight. Arsoli, of which the Massimi are lords, lies in Roman territory.

Stayed there until 4 P.M. on the 31st, then came on to Tivoli, where I left Lindemann and returned to Rome early on the morning of June 1.<sup>1</sup>

Found Schlözer, who had arrived from Mexico. He left again yesterday for Berlin, thence to proceed to his post at Washington.

On June 5 the festival of the Statuto was celebrated. All the rooms were open on the Capitol. Saw the new tablets erected in the Palazzo dei Conservatori to commemorate the last revolution in Rome. On one was inscribed—*Urbs Roma Antiquissima Dominatione Squalente Liberata*, etc. "*Squalet Capitolium!*" exclaimed Jerome in former days. Ungrateful posterity! What have the Popes not done for Rome, what have they not built in the city! A second S. Peter will never again rise. And yet the *Squalere* is just; for Rome is old and decayed, morally as well as architecturally.

In Paris they are celebrating a witches' Sabbath. The French are still the old tiger-ape. The civilisation of this century! No religion has yet tamed the human beast. The immense number of executions shows the Government party to be as savage and cruel as the Communists.

The foreigners have left Rome. Am busy at my last work. Antonelli, in Venice, has renewed the contract for the Italian edition of the *History of the City*, and the publication should now proceed energetically.

<sup>1</sup> Vol. iv. of the *Wanderjahre in Italien* contains a detailed account of this excursion, under the title, "Whitsuntide in the Abruzzi."—*Editor's Note.*

ROME, June 18.

The Pope has survived his twenty-fifth year of rule, and has thus falsified the myth *non habebis annos Petri*. Excesses were feared, but the 16th of June passed over quietly. Only a few deputations arrived; Tyrolese and Bavarian priests brought some of their country-folk with them, whose appearance caused amusement in the streets. Victor Emmanuel sent General Bartolè-Viale with congratulations to the Pope, but the envoy was not admitted. There was a function in S. Peter's yesterday, The Prince of the Apostles was clad in pontifical garments, and a great many people crowded forwards to kiss the foot of the bronze statue. Watched a young girl, who was unable to reach it owing to the throng, blow it a kiss. What a splendid subject for a genre picture by Passini!

The Chapter of the Cathedral has placed over the figure of the Apostle a medallion of Pius IX.; it is borne by angels, and an inscription announces that Pius is the only Pope whose reign has reached the length of Peter's. Is it fortunate for him that he should outlive S. Peter and himself?

It had been intended to illuminate the city, in order to make a demonstration; but the project was not carried out.

Rome has become a whitewashed sepulchre. The houses, and even the ancient and revered palaces, are coated with white; the rust of centuries is scraped away, and we now see, for the first time, how architecturally ugly Rome really is. Rosa has shaved even the Colosseum—that is to say, has cleared away all the plants that made it so beautiful. The Flora of the Colosseum, on which Deakin, an Englishman, wrote a book some years ago, has thus been destroyed. This transformation of the sacred city into a secular, is the reverse of the time when, with a like enthusiasm, pagan Rome transformed herself into a spiritual city. The convents are being turned into offices; the barred windows are opened, or new windows broken in the walls. After long centuries, sun and air again penetrate into these cells of monks and nuns. Thus within a short space of time S. Silvestro, the convent of the Philippines, the Minerva, the Augustinian in the Campo Marzo, the SS. Apostoli



have undergone a violent transformation. The monks who dwelt there are hounded out like badgers; it is a piteous sight to behold them stealing about ghost-like through their rooms, cloisters, and corridors. Some must rejoice at the prospect of being so soon released from their ban. Ancient Rome is vanishing. In the course of twenty years the world here will be a new one. Am glad to have lived so long in old Rome; only in it could I have written my historical work.

The radical paper, *La Capitale*, published Döllinger's portrait and biography on the Pope's festa. Yesterday, in a fanatical article, it declared that it was time to clear the monuments of Rome of the Christian symbols. These gentlemen would not, it is true, demolish the columns of Trajan and Marcus Aurelius, but would remove the statues of SS. Peter and Paul from their summits to place those of Garibaldi and Mazzini in their stead.

M. von Tallenay has returned from Versailles and Paris and has told us of the dreadful impressions he received there.

My brother wrote last from Gournay near Amiens, on June 2, while, I suppose, on the return march.

Have made the acquaintance of the poetess Emilie Ringseis, of Munich. She dramatises legends of a strong Catholic tendency, and, in spite of her culture, is enthusiastic on behalf of the Jesuits and Infallibility.

The fiasco of the Jesuits on the occasion of the Jubilee could not have been more complete. They had reckoned on a mass demonstration of at least 40,000 pilgrims; scarcely 3000 arrived, and those mainly of the lowest class. As the King is expected on July 2, the fanatics urge the Pope to go to Corsica into exile. He is, however, determined to remain. He has said that there is no longer any hope of aid from foreign countries. All the Powers have given orders to their Ministers to follow the King from Florence to Rome; and even Thiers, who was formerly such a zealous defender of the *dominium temporale*, has given the same instructions to the Duc de Choiseul.

The following buildings are being prepared for the ministries. Ministry of the Interior: S. Silvestro in

Capite. War: Convent of SS. Apostoli. Foreign Affairs: Palazzo Valentini. Finance: Convent of the Minerva. Agriculture, etc.: Tipografia Camerale. Grace, Justice, and Religion: Palazzo Firenze. Marine: Convent of S. Agostino. Public Works: Palazzo Braschi. Instruction: Palazzo della Posta in the Piazza Colonna. Chamber of Deputies: Palazzo di Monte Citorio. Senate: Palazzo Madama. Council of State: Palazzo Bolsani. Archives: Palazzo Mignanelli. Court of Appeal: Convent of the Philipppines. Prefecture: Palazzo Sinibaldi. Questura: S. Silvestro in Capite.

ROME, *July 2.*

To-day (Sunday) the King arrived from Naples at 12.30. He entered his new capital with a great procession of carriages, in which were seated ministers, generals, and courtiers in gala costume, and with an escort of cavalry. The population were all astir. Flowers were showered down from balconies into the carriage of the King, who looked stiff, gloomy, and ugly. The procession wound its way through the Piazza di Spagna and the Corso, then to the Quirinal. The Corso was decorated with the banners of the cities of Italy. The wary Victor Emmanuel, by a telegram to the Syndic, had forbidden all rejoicing; but, nevertheless, the decoration of the city, the construction of a circus in the Piazza del Popolo, the erection of a gallery on the Capitol, had already been begun. The world-historic entry of the first King of United Italy into Rome bore an improvised character. It was like an incidental drive from the station—all devoid of splendour and animation, devoid of greatness and majesty; and this showed great prudence. To-day is the close of the thousand years' dominion of the Papacy in Rome.

Had we Germans not shattered the French power, Victor Emmanuel would not have entered Rome to-day. The Italian nation, ruled so long by our ancient emperors of the Holy Roman Empire, received its new future, in conformity with the continuity of history, at the hand of the new German national kingdom.

The cannon of S. Angelo thundered on the entry of the King. How the Pope's heart must have quailed at every shot! A tragedy without a parallel is being enacted here. And this, the last spiritual-temporal sovereign of Rome, must also have the longest reign of all popes!

ROME, July 28.

Am working hard at the end of my *History*, and have just written "A Whitsuntide in the Abruzzi."

A week ago, or rather on July 16, visited Gaetani at Frascati. It was sultry scirocco weather. On the drive pondered over the conditions of my will, which I have now determined to make. When I reached the Duke, he said: "You have come at the right time, for you can now be a witness, which I wanted, to my will." I therefore signed my name to the Gaetani document.

Leave Rome with reluctance. Have so arranged things that I can remain away the entire winter.

VENICE, August 10.

On Sunday, July 30, travelled by night to Florence; remained there on Monday, and learnt through the papers of the sudden death of Gar, which took place on July 27 at Desenzano on Lake Garda. Came on to Venice on August 1. My work in the archives and in the library was rendered difficult, owing to Gar's death. Nevertheless have been busy, and have enjoyed the delightful silence of the city.

On August 7 my brother arrived with Colrepp, and we thus met again after Metz. He is greatly invigorated by the war. To-morrow we go to Munich.

Have settled with Rebospini, Antonelli's successor, about the Italian edition of the *History of the City of Rome*, and it is now to be carried on with energy.

16 GLÜCKSTRASSE, MUNICH, August 24.

On August 11 to Botzen, where we spent the night.

Remained a day at Kufstein, and arrived at Munich on the 13th.



Called on the Erhardts, who are at Feldafing.

Have seen Döllinger frequently and dined with him once, when I met Villari from Florence. Döllinger openly declared that he would destroy himself if he now made submission. Reconciliation with Rome was impossible; it had been proposed to send Monsignor Nardi to him, but he would not listen to Nardi, whom he despised as an immoral man. He was pained to sever himself from his church, a course he had never contemplated; but he did not know to what end the movement would lead. The Government in Bavaria was wavering, awaiting the word of command from Prussia. Döllinger is a cold, intellectual man, devoid of enthusiasm for any lofty ideal. His election as rector has been confirmed by the King. Villari convinced him that nothing in favour of the movement was to be expected from Italy, for that his native country pursued none but political aims.

They have made me an ordinary member of the *Academie der Wissenschaften*, in order to keep me in Munich.

My brother left for Wildbad on August 17. I follow him to-morrow.

Am working, though listlessly, at the library.

Schack has arrived from London; has bought two houses so as to construct a palace with a gallery out of them.

WILDBAD, *September 1.*

On August 25 to Stuttgart, where I remained until the 27th. Found old Baron Reischach in Cotta's house, and my other acquaintances.

On the 27th to Wildbad. A beautiful but narrow valley. Many invalids and cripples from the war. Pale girls, seated in wheel-chairs, sorrow and pain written on their faces. Cripples limping or driving about. The band playing *Freut euch des Lebens, so lang noch das Lämpchen glüht*, and other beautiful things.

Go on to Berg by Stuttgart to-day.

BERG, *September 17.*

Have been living here quietly and comfortably in the Ossinger House ever since September 1. My brother came five days ago from Wildbad. We have been taking walks with our friends. Cotta is in Switzerland. Reischach came the day before yesterday.

To-day to Würzburg to meet my sister.

DEUTSCHES HAUS, BAMBERG, *September 25.*

My sister and the Harders met us at the railway station, and, after eleven years, the family is together once more.

We have made several beautiful expeditions. Würzburg is a town of strong and massive character; the castle of the Prince-bishop (built by Schönborn) one of the most magnificent of residences. Saw the Cathedral, the Neumünster, the Marienfeste, the chapels. Remarkable votive offerings in the pilgrimage church; I saw great numbers of little pigs made of red wax, and thought they must refer to *Trichiniasis*. Was told that if a peasant had an ailing pig, he made a vow of a wax effigy of the animal. Hence the Madonna appears as a veterinary surgeon; an entirely new conception to me.

The Harders returned to Wiesbaden on the 19th. We came on to Bamberg on the 20th, where we remained until the 23rd. Splendid mediæval churches, among them the Cathedral with four towers entirely complete. Many bridges. A great deal of rococo architecture. One of the most picturesque places is the bridge in front of the Rathaus on the little island. Visited the Altenburg, a Gothic castle, half in ruins, with a round tower. Saw Alcuin's Codex of the Bible in the library, and beautiful drawings by Dürer and Holbein. There are thirteen hundred Protestants here, who have a church of their own.

On the 23rd to Coburg; met Julius Grosse, the poet from Weimar, in the train. Reached Coburg *viâ* Lichtenfels about eight o'clock. The little town was in festal attire, as its battalion, which had just arrived from France, was making its triumphal entry, the Duke at its head.

Thus witnessed the smallest of all the military processions returning to Germany—a family festival—against the greatest of backgrounds of international history. Maids-of-honour, almost all fair, clad in white and green, a few guilds with banners, received the battalion at the station. The procession wound its way in front of the Rathaus, from a window of which the burgomaster delivered a speech; the Duke, on horseback, at the head of the battalion; dancing in the Volksgarten in the afternoon—all in the form of a family celebration of thoroughly German stamp. In the evening, illuminations. On the first triumphal arch, formed of green foliage, I read the lines:—

*Willkommen Heldenkrieger in der Heimat Auen,  
Des Vaterlandes Stolz, der Feinde Schreck und Grauen.*

On the ancient tower at the entrance to the city, Napoleon was depicted standing behind, and shaking, an iron gate. At every corner portraits of the Emperor, Bismarck, and Moltke, which are as popular here as are those of Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, and Garibaldi in Italy. The new imperial colour has penetrated everywhere. Even in Bavaria, the feeling of unity is a living thing.

Beautiful walk to Altenburg, where Luther wrote the hymn, *Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*, in 1530. Coburg is a charming little place; the Duke lives there like a happy landowner and father of a family. The Queen of England has erected a bronze statue to Albert the Prince Consort in the principal square.

In the evening to Lichtenfels, where we parted. My brother and sister travelled to Berlin, I back to Bamberg. Shall remain here a few days, and then proceed to Nuremberg.

NUREMBERG, *September 30.*

Arrived here on the 27th, and by an accident found myself in the churchyard of St John, where Dürer is buried. A funeral was taking place; I went to the vault, where the mourners were scattering flowers on the coffin. A woman, dressed in black, asked for my stick, with which in the



naïvest way she arranged the flowers on the grave, and then handed the stick back to me, with thanks.

Yesterday called on Professor Bergau, who took me to the municipal *Leselocal* (museum). Found von Kreling, Kaulbach's son-in-law, Director of the School of Art, who had just come from the dinner at which the Commission of the German Museums annually meets at this time of year. Through him made acquaintance with the President, Herr Essenwein, then that of Eye, Ledebur of Berlin, Baron von Welser of Augsburg, and the founder of the museum, Freiherr von Aufsess. This remarkable old man, a little bearded Frank, lives for the most part at Kressbrunn, where he occupies his time over learned works, the culture of trees, music, and other things. In 1830, he told me, he formed the idea of founding an institution, which he started on the most modest means in 1852. It has now a revenue of 30,000 gulden. It is still in embryo, but in the future may become a German central institution, from which it is possible a history of national culture may issue in the course of time.

To-day von Kreling took me to call on a wonderful old gentleman, Baron von Bibra, whose house, furnished in old Frankish style, he wished me to see. The owner bought it several years ago, and has arranged within it a collection of specimens of old Nuremberg wares: dark, airless rooms are crowded with a thousand Frankish things—glass, majolica, arms, books piled in heaps. A Faust-like atmosphere pervades the whole; out of doors rain and hanging-plants, that swaying, darkened the windows. Could not join in Kreling's admiration of these superfluous and fantastic objects. The Freiherr has travelled a great deal in America, and has carefully arranged a collection of vessels, skulls, and implements belonging to the wild Indians. In the musty workroom, filled to overflowing with archaic household furniture, stand innumerable glasses, retorts, instruments, flasks, and a furnace, and here he makes analytical experiments in the morning. At four in the afternoon he sits down and writes—novels! An entire compartment in his dusty library stands filled with elegantly

bound books, upwards of sixty little volumes, mainly novels, which he wrote between 1861 and 1871. This, the most eccentric of all Freiherrn that I have yet seen, goes about in his chaos of a house, a happy mortal, clad in a grey dressing-gown, his neck bare, calm self-possession, the product of self-satisfaction, written on his face. He opened a book in which I was obliged to write my name.

Rain prevented me from going to Ratisbon to-day.

MUNICH, *December 2.*

Have remained here since October 1. Winter has begun, and, after an interval of many years, have seen all its sights again—snow, ice, sleighing, skating, people wrapped in furs. The fresh air delights me, as does the sight of the snowflakes and the dark or frost-covered trees against the background of a lilac-tinted snowy sky. The old East Prussian polar-bear was reawakened in me. On November 12, dined with Kaulbach, when the first snow fell. Munich is now covered in it. On November 27, drove once more in a sleigh after nineteen years.

Have made a climatic and moral trial of life in Munich. It has many prominent men, but the society is cut up, lacks distinction and affinity with the outer world. It has no connection with any movement, and tends to stagnation.

The hindrance to easy intercourse is the dinner hour—1 P.M. The day is thus broken up, and at supper people sit glued to their seats until finally, as a rule, the little room becomes choked with cigar smoke.

Have met the Grand-Duchess Helene. She has aged greatly.

Among the diplomatists, have made the acquaintance of the present Prussian envoy, Herr von Werthern. Von Werthern, who was Prussian ambassador in Paris before the beginning of the war, has retired to Munich, as has also Count Usedom.

The circle which I frequent is composed of von Liebig, Kaulbach, Maurer (a Privy Councillor and an old man of eighty-two, still very energetic), Angelo Knorr, Professor Seitz, Giesebrecht, Oldenburg the publisher, Baron von

Werthern, Paul Heyse, Riehl (in whose house there is a great deal of music), Baron Liliencron, Madame von Pacher, etc. Schack leads the life of a hermit, absorbed in his poetic work and his picture gallery. He has gone to Venice, from there to proceed to the East with the Duke of Mecklenburg.

Have had several walks with Döllinger, who is now seventy-two years old. We generally walk for three hours without any rest. He does not easily take the initiative in conversation, but almost invariably waits for a topic to be started. A subtle, intellectual smile accompanies his remarks. He told me that he was now engaged on a criticism of the forgeries of the *Liber Pontificalis*, and also on an account of the attempt at reconciliation between the two Churches, at the time of Leibnitz. A decided theorist, he still considers a reform of the Papacy possible. His enemies calumniate him, but I believe him to be sincere. He is determined to remain a Catholic, and consequently has taken his stand in the background of the movement which he himself evoked, when—at the Congress of Old Catholics in Munich at the end of October—it accepted principles which seemed to him those of a sect about to sever itself from the Church. Younger forces, such as Huber, Friedrich, Reinkens, Michelis, will carry on the cause.

The ecclesiastical movement is crippled by the indifference of the masses. Had the Government come forward with energy at the very beginning, it would have been assured of victory. It was too late in moving. Nevertheless the declaration of von Lutz, the Bavarian Minister of Education, before the Reichstag, is of great importance. The punishment assigned to the clergy who misuse the pulpit for political aims has been accepted, and the German powers have clearly shown to the world that they will fight against Ultramontanism. The bishops, who twist their consciences round like gloves, cut a pitiable figure; Haynald, previously considered a great man, was one of them. In educated circles nothing but contempt is felt for such men.



Meanwhile Victor Emmanuel has opened the first Italian Parliament in Rome, under the very eyes of the Pope.

During my sojourn in Munich have made many addenda to my *History* in the library. The first four chapters of vol. viii. have been sent off, and are already in the press. Vol. vi. of the new edition is finished. Have revised the *Siciliana* for the third edition, and the printing of the *édition de luxe* of *Euphorion* is already begun.

Was present as an ordinary member at the first annual meeting of the *Academie der Wissenschaften* here on November 2. Döllinger, as Secretary of the History Section, presided.

On November 28 my brother received his brevet as Colonel of the 1st Regiment of Prussian Fortress Artillery at Königsberg, and I the Maximilian Order for *Kunst und Wissenschaft*, whose chapter consists of Liebig, Döllinger, Giesebrecht, Schack, Kaulbach, Lachner, and a few others.

At the theatre have seen *Macbeth*, the *Comedy of Errors*, *Henry IV.* (First Part), *Wilhelm Tell*, and some operas. My greatest artistic treat has been, however, Handel's oratorio of *Joshua*, which was magnificently given at the Odéon.

Curtius passed through Munich on his return from Asia Minor. Have also made the acquaintance of Ranke. He is a little man with a slight hump, such as that of Schleiermacher; at seventy-six is still quite fresh and lively, almost like a man of the world. His features are lit up by an intellectual smile, and although he does not impress, he interests me exceedingly. He is, in fact, one of the most interesting men I have met. In looks Thiers must exactly resemble him, and I should have mistaken Ranke for a younger brother of the French Minister. Dined in his company at Giesebrecht's, when Döllinger was present, silent and self-contained, while Ranke's conversation sparkled with wit. Was surprised to find him also an enthusiast; for, full of fire and ardour, he exclaimed, "The German Empire is the greatest act of mankind!" He found fault with my

## VISIT TO MANTUA AND RETURN TO ROME 413

*History of Rome* as being "Italianising." I quoted in return that an intellectual Italian had said to me, word for word: "Your *History* is quite excellent, but it is too German."

Casually saw Hegel's son and Dr Wegele of Würzburg, who is writing the history of German historiography.

Have made the acquaintance of the Abbé Loyson or Père Hyacinthe, who is giving lectures here. How curious that at a time like this, a Frenchman should join the German movement heart and soul! Religion has no nationality. Loyson is living here in very poor circumstances.

### *Visit to Mantua and Return to Rome.*

Left Munich on December 3 in 18 degrees of frost. The carriage was heated, though most wretchedly, with hot water tins, but having no covering for my feet, soon found myself in a miserable condition; my left hand quite numb.

In this state I reached Botzen, which was free from snow. There stayed the night, and, on December 4, came on by Verona to Mantua.

Had got so thoroughly chilled, that nothing could warm me. At Mantua, too, it was cold, from 3 to 4 degrees below zero, but the sky was invariably bright. The lakes and marshes round were slightly covered with ice, the water-fowl flying over them with wailing cries.

Nineteen years ago I visited Mantua, but my stay was so hurried as to leave no lasting impression on my mind. The town has mediæval towers and palaces enough; is richer, however, in rococo-looking buildings of the seventeenth century. The streets bear the designations of the quarters with the names of curious animals.

The copious archives of the house of Gonzaga are arranged in several rooms in a part of the castle, and are in such excellent order as to reflect great credit on the Austrian Government, from whom they have passed into possession of the Municipality.

Zucchetti, an amiable old man, is Director, and Davori,

who is still young, and who took part in Garibaldi's Neapolitan campaign and also in the last Lombard war, is Secretary.

Worked daily there from nine till three. I discovered so much useful material that I shall return another time. For the periods of Adrian VI. and Clement VII. I discovered the correspondence of the Mantuan envoys in Rome, even that from headquarters, and autograph letters from almost every prominent personage of the time. Have thereby added to the last three chapters of vol. viii., and have acquired so much information, especially concerning the Sack of Rome, as will rejoice the heart of Ranke, who told me in Munich that there was no longer anything fresh to add, he having already explored every source. He had not, however, seen the archives of Mantua; and, indeed, it is few who have, the Austrian Government having made access to them very difficult. Count Arco calls them *Archivio Vergine*. The correspondence of Castiglione, Clement VII.'s Nuncio at Madrid, several of whose letters are unedited, lies there; likewise the reports of Suardino, the envoy of Mantua at Madrid. Copied several letters of Cæsar Borgia.

Have never suffered from cold as I did at Mantua. I hardly expected to leave the place alive, and it was only the joy over my discoveries in the archives that sustained my vitality.

Saw the Palazzo del Te again, also the celebrated frescoes of Giulio Romano. A lady came running to the room terrified from the *Sala dei Giganti*. Saw the little house built by Giulio Romano, which still remains unaltered. The same pupil of Raffaello also executed large paintings in the Palazzo Gonzaga. His finest frescoes are found in the *Sala dei Trojani*, where he painted an original conception of the Judgment of Paris—not the act itself, but the circumstance that preceded it. Mercury holding the apple in his hand leads the goddesses to the Shepherd, who is seen sitting in the distance beside his flock. Laocoon is also painted in the same room. The artist, with a painter's license, has divided the group; the three figures stand



behind one another—the serpent rises out of the sea to attack them.

The castle of the Gonzaga, a part of which was lately restored by the unfortunate Archduke Maximilian, is a colossal square of buildings belonging to different periods, with courts, gardens, a labyrinth of rooms—a Vatican in miniature. It was conspicuous during the Renaissance for splendour, beauty, and the presence of the noblest intellects of the country. No celebrated personality of the time, when Castiglione wrote his *Cortegiano*, but graced its rooms. The centre of the company was Isabella d'Este, sister of Alfonso, and wife of Giovanni Francesco Gonzaga. Giovanni de Medici, of the *Bande Neri*, died here in the arms of Arabino.

In the beginning of the sixteenth century and still earlier, Mantua was renowned for its Academy, the continuation of the first Humanist school of Vittorino. A street still bears the name of Pomponazzi, the philosopher who denied the immortality of the soul, in the days of Julius II. and Leo X.

The keepers of the archives conducted me to the prisons of the castle, and showed me the room from which Orsini had escaped with such audacity, by his murderous bomb, to incite Napoleon to effect the emancipation of Italy. These prisons are no terrible dungeons, but clean rooms, to the honour of Austria, as I observed to my guides, who also acknowledged it.

One day we had a meal together in the palace of the Bonacorsi, which afterwards fell into possession of the Castiglione. Of ancient families in Mantua there still remains a branch of this house; further, the Colloredo, dal Bagno, Cavriani, and Arco. Called on the representative of the last named, and in a desolate, chilly room, amid books and manuscripts, found an old man half-blind and with a crab-like face, the pitiable incarnation of human suffering. With profound sadness I gazed on the old man, who had rendered such service to the history of Mantua, more especially to its municipal constitution, and who, even on the verge of the grave and the rack of suffering, continues his patriotic studies.

As soon as I had finished my labours in the archives I wandered through the town and round the lakes, on which large black barges row down to the Po, and to the Citadel, where stands the lonely monument to Andreas Hofer. In the evening there was always a great stir in the main street under the beautiful arcades, and the sounds of youthful life, as at the Befana in Rome. The approaching festa of S. Lucia is Mantua's Christmas.

On the morning of December 12, came by post to Modena, to reach the railway. It was still dark and bitterly cold; the windows of the carriage covered with frost. It was delightful to watch the night give way to dawn, to see the morning glow, and the sun rise in his splendour! We soon crossed the Po at S. Benedetto, in the same ferry-boat which had borne me across more than nineteen years ago, when I traversed the same road, in utter darkness as to my future and destiny.

Beyond S. Benedetto the axle of the carriage broke, and the vehicle remained by the roadside, while we sat perplexed. A procession of two-wheeled carts, laden with stone for the road, came by, driven by sturdy labourers wearing red caps. They helped to make fast the axle with ropes, but it was of no avail and only wasted time. A boy was sent on horseback to Moglia, the nearest postal station, to announce our misfortune, while the mail-bags and luggage were packed on the carts.

Walked on energetically in warm sunshine along the excellent road, the procession of carts following far behind. Four miles farther on was met by a little carriage, driven by two handsome young men, sons of the post-master, which brought me to Moglia, and in the same little carriage travelled on to Carpi.

Carpi is the capital of the principality of the Pii, who built a beautiful castle there. Had only sufficient time to enter the courtyard, which I did with thoughts of Alberto Pio, who had received the great Aldus in his printing-office here. Afterwards proceeded with the post to Modena.

Bologna in the evening, where I spent the night at the Hotel Brun. On the 13th called on Frati at the Archigin-

nasio, who allowed me to see the now completed arrangements of this splendid institution, and the new Museum of Etruscan Antiquities. It was bitterly cold, snow lying on the roofs. Arrived at Florence at eight, and at ten on the night of December 13, left again for Rome.

Found my friends here in good spirits; even Madame L. in better health than I had expected. Called only on a few, among them on the Duke of Sermoneta and Donna Ersilia, whose husband took me to the House of Parliament.

On the 17th, the cold which had been coming on me for so long began to develop. Instead of acquiring a voice like the trumpet, which Münchhausen did in thawing, I lost mine and became quite speechless. Have been obliged to keep my room for five entire days.

ROME, *December 31.*

The first person of my acquaintance whom I met was, strangely enough, Archbishop Strossmayer, who was walking in the noontide sun in the Piazza di Spagna, with Worsack, his theologian. He looked to me physically and mentally broken.

Herr von Dönniges, the Bavarian envoy at the Italian Court, is living in my neighbourhood. He is ill of small-pox, so that I have not seen him yet. Avoid parties, and have only been to one of Count Tauffkirchen's Thursday evenings.

Have already turned to account for the last three chapters of vol. viii., the treasures which I collected at Mantua. When I have rewritten the concluding survey, I shall have put the final touches to my life's work. This will alter my attitude to Rome. Shall sever myself from the city, which already begins to seem the legend of my little life. Nothing else can so painfully bring home to me the transient nature and instability of human things.



1872

ROME, February 10.

At the beginning of January Dönniges died of smallpox, and we buried him beside the Pyramid of Cestius. Only a few people were present at the funeral—Count Tauffkirchen, an attaché from the Embassy, Dehrental, Riedel, Lindemann, and I. Dönniges had been a member of the Bavarian *Academie der Wissenschaften*; had edited the *Regesta* of Henry VII. from the Turin archives; was the confidant of King Max; and it was at his instigation that the King had invited men such as Liebig to Munich. As a Protestant, he was intensely hated by the Ultramontanes.

Have seen several celebrated Italians at Donna Ersilia's and Teano's; for instance Sella, Minghetti, Bonghi, Guerrieri Gonzaga (translator of *Faust*), and Terenzio Mamiani. Bonghi is editor of the *Perseveranza*, which showed itself so hostile to Germany during the last war. He is at the same time professor of Ancient History at Milan, a man of great ability in his own pedantic routine.

Rosenkranz sent Rafael Mariano, a talented young philosopher, belonging to Vera's school, to see me. He has written some philosophical treatises, also a review of modern Italian philosophy which he has dedicated to Rosenkranz. As leaders of this movement he cites Galuppi, Rosmini, Gioberti, Auronio Franchi, and expresses the opinion that the whole modern philosophy of Italy, bound as it is by the fetters of Scholasticism and Catholicism, stands outside the scientific movement and is devoid of importance.

The Italians do not concern themselves with objective science, but rather with its application to life and the State. It is the cult of the State in Hegel's system that has brought this philosopher home to them.

If self-criticism is a symptom of the revival of the national spirit, then are the Italians of the present day in good case. For they practise it to the point of cynicism; ruthlessly exhibiting the *Pudenda* of their nation. They unanimously recognise that the moral condition of the people is at variance with its political success. They have received a national form, as it were, in a night, and this form is devoid of substance. They give vent to this knowledge almost to the point of self-despair; Mamiani did so, likewise Lignana. The axiom that a political revolution is fruitless, unless accompanied by a moral revolution, is just; and for such the Italians lack conscience and moral energy.

The present condition of Rome is entirely unexampled. The Italians have seized the ancient capital of Christendom and declared it the centre of their country; while within it, the Papacy remains the deadly enemy of their national principle. No bridge can span the chasm. Apart from a reformation of the Papacy, Gonzaga says a reconciliation is utterly impossible. Now, were it but the task of the Italian nation to transform the Papacy! But how is the nation to accomplish such a task, when she has merely a political, that is to say an external, relation to the Church?

The Vatican continues to be the official prison of the Pope, which means that it is really the great centre of conspiracy, where are fabricated the arms with which new Italy is to be destroyed.

The King is merely a guest in Rome. A few of the nobles seem ready to renounce their hostile attitude, but the Rospigliosi, Barberini, and Borghese hold themselves aloof. Orsini only did I see at the ball which Teano gave for the Princess Margherita.

Count Brassier de St Simon is here as ambassador for Germany at the Italian Court, a refined, handsome old man. Tauffkirchen, who is Arnim's successor at the Papal

Court, has just arrived from Berlin. There are twofold embassies in Rome, one to the Taikun and one to the Mikado. Countess Arnim has come from Paris to spend some weeks at the Palazzo Caffarelli, and is delighted to be back here. She describes her life under the burthen of the hatred of the French nation, as she drastically expressed it, as like that of a wild animal in an iron cage. She has no society. No one will have anything to do with her. Thiers and the other Ministers only paid official calls.

A lady-in-waiting of the Duchess of Hamilton, Fräulein von Cohausen of Baden, showed me her fan written over with mottoes, as is now once more the fashion. Her father, Colonel Cohausen, who made researches on Cæsar for Napoleon, and who remains on friendly terms with the ex-Emperor, called on him at Wilhelmshöhe, taking his daughter with him. Napoleon wrote on her fan the well-known lines of Dante:—

*Nessun maggior dolore  
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice  
Nella miseria.*

The Emperor, before whom Europe formerly trembled, wrote this on the fan of a young German girl at Wilhelmshöhe. It seemed to me the deepest depth of his fall, and, at the same time, human and lovable, even great.

Numbers of Russians are here, and numbers also of Courlanders. Baron Uezküll has returned; Senator Brevern, Count Pahlen and his wife, Prince Lieven (Master of Ceremonies to the Emperor; with his wife, formerly Countess Pahlen and an acquaintance of mine), have also returned.

The Duke of Nassau is here, and frequents none but Ultramontane circles. Nardi, Merode, and Visconti visit him constantly, and the Duchess of Hamilton mixes in the same set. The Duchess seems to me a sentimental rather than a fanatic adherent of the Papacy. Have only seen her once, when she did not seem edified by my remarks concerning the necessity of the fall of the ecclesiastical state. With her is her daughter, the unfortunate hereditary Princess of Monaco, separated from her husband and just nineteen.



Michele Amari came, but only for a short time; and Paolo's brother, Antonio Perez, a deputy of Parliament.

It is Carnival time. The festivities seem to be deteriorating, as outworn things of the past; they no longer display wealth, spirit, or grace.

ROME, February 18.

During the last days of Carnival a remarkable religious discussion took place on the question as to whether S. Peter had, or had not, ever been in Rome. The disputants were on one side the evangelical clergy, on the other the Catholic priests, and were all Italians. The Pope himself had given the necessary permission, in spite of much opposition on the part of some of the cardinals. That such a religious discussion could take place under his eyes in Rome, and on a cardinal question, is a *signum temporis mutati*. The disputants met in the hall of the Academia Tiberina under the presidency of Prince Chigi. Each side had its shorthand writers, and all the rules of an academical tournament were respectfully observed. The negative proofs brought forward, more especially by Sgarelli and Gavazzi, showed themselves stronger than those employed by Guidi in his very weak defence—his arguments being solely based on the traditions of the Church. He attacked the authority of the Bible, placing Catholic tradition above it. It was observed that at the end of the controversy Catholics and heretics shook hands. Now that the decisive victory does not remain with the Catholics, the Pope meets with the bitterest reproaches in the Vatican; he has even forbidden a renewal of such discussions. These are merely verbal skirmishes. Even could it be proved to a certainty that Peter had never been in Rome, the thousand years' tradition and its historic influence could never be wiped away.

Have made the acquaintance of Guerzoni, deputy for Brescia, who has written an article on Arnold of Brescia.

Ludwig Bamberger, who wishes to study Rome, has arrived. He is a man still in the prime of life—scarcely fifty, I should think—of calm exterior, with red hair and

beard, red eyes, and somewhat wearied-looking features. There is something enervated, or almost crawling, in his gait, that reminds me of Rosenkranz. Told me that he had begun a minute diary, with documents at Versailles, which, being the compilation of such an intellectual and practical man, ought assuredly to be most valuable.

The day before yesterday General Cugia, a Sardinian and aide-de-camp to Prince Humbert, was buried with great pomp. He died suddenly of apoplexy in the Quirinal; the papal Press observes, with malicious joy, that this is the first sacrifice in the Quirinal. It awaits others.

ROME, *March 18.*

A great many people have been to see me, and I have been living in a whirl of society. Rome has never been so full to overflowing with foreigners; at certain hours one might believe in the invasion of some wandering tribe.

Prince Frederick Charles stayed some days at the Palazzo Caffarelli, but took no notice of the German residents here. It was said that he had a political mission, and it is a fact that Thiers hastened to send Fournier as ambassador to the Italian Court; the priests are consequently very indignant. Frederick Charles was treated with great distinction. On his appearing one evening at the Apollo theatre, the public rose to their feet.

Thanks to the Senator von Brevern, have made acquaintance with several Russians—Schoulepnikow, Tschurbatow, Buturlin, the Countess Anrep, Madame von Euler (one of the ladies of the Court, and grand-daughter of the celebrated mathematician). The vast size of the Empire and its connection with the East endow the Russians with a certain width of view, even if only of a geographical character; for they lack all the horizon of European culture.

Smyrnov, son of Frau von Smyrnov of Roman memory, also arrived, now a young man of lofty aspirations. He went from here to Tiflis, which all Russians regard as the centre of a rising seat of civilisation in the East.

Prokesch Osten came, now out of service, since he has

renounced the post of ambassador at Constantinople; an old man of seventy-seven, but of youthful vivacity—his eyes sparkling with intelligence. Baron Hügel calls him the Don Juan of the East; his is a character of inexhaustible sensuousness. Some years ago he broke both knees on the staircase of a palace in Constantinople; but in spite of this, he climbed the hundred and four steps to my abode. He is one of the most interesting men I have seen; intimately acquainted with the East and with Greece, where he has repeatedly lived for years at a time since 1824, having, I believe, been ambassador at Constantinople since 1855. He praises the moral character of the Turks; but hates the Greeks, who, since the generation of the great men of the War of Independence has passed away, have produced nothing but the dregs of humanity.

Concerning the union of the Greek with the Western Church, which Père Hyacinthe described as so easy of accomplishment, he would not hear a word; this, he said, was a hypothesis of Döllinger's, which would be opposed by the passions as well as the way of thinking of the Orientals. No Oriental Christianity existed as a corporation; all Christian peoples or sects hated one another to the death. The humanitarian idea of the unity of religion was a pagan conception, inherited from the Roman Empire. Prokesch told me that a short time before, the Sultan in his presence had received several patriarchs, and, like a second Nathan, had said: "Had God willed that there should be only one religion, He would have given only one on earth; now, since He has not willed it, let each in his own way worship God in His holy fear, for thus will he best serve Him and me."

Prokesch recognised that the Catholic Church had to face a transformation, which must be accomplished, if she was to escape destruction. He admitted the endless mistakes of the Pope with regard to the Council and his public challenge to civilisation, the principal enemy of which he avowed himself. The same words had shortly before been said to me by Père Hyacinthe, who added, that in Munich Ranke had given utterance to the opinion,



that this reckless declaration of war on the part of the Papacy was a thing hitherto unknown in history.

*Hofrath* Urlichs of Würzburg called on me, also Professor Jordan of Königsberg, both archæologists but of different points of view.

Prince Charles of Baden came with his young wife, the former *Fräulein* von Beust, who had been lady-in-waiting to his sister-in-law. The marriage caused a great deal of bad blood; the Grand-Duke was strongly averse to it, nevertheless he created the lady Countess von Rhena. Met them at dinner at Countess Anrep's.

Ignazio Ciampi invited me to his first lecture on Modern History in the Sapienza; I went, and Terenzio Mamiani came to see me in consequence. Ciampi is an advocate and a judge, but, although a highly gifted man, is not versed in historic lore. Told Mamiani that it was necessary to appoint genuine scholars to the university here, and he replied that it was difficult to find them. The dearth of "schools" is strongly felt in Italy, and Mamiani explains the fact as due to the inborn individualism of the Italians, who do not submit to scholastic methods, as do the Germans. And thus it has always been, each man seeks and follows his own way. I believe that this was not the case with regard to the arts, and consequently the Italians have achieved greater success in art than in science.

Mazzini, the intellectual founder of the unity of the country, which Cavour afterwards realised on monarchic lines, died at Pisa on March 10. In spite of his eminent services to his native land, Mazzini went to his grave under the moral ban of mankind. As an individual, he remained to the world precisely in the same relation that Machiavelli's *Prince* did as a book. Both were excommunicated officially; both made use of *de facto*.

All the Italian cities celebrated the memory of the great patriot; but this celebration was essentially a work of the democracy, although here and there the magistrates also took part in it.

On March 17 it was held in Rome. Countless societies,

carrying their banners, marched from the Piazza del Popolo to the Capitol, probably ten thousand and more. The procession ended with a triumphal car, drawn by four white horses, on which stood the bust of Mazzini, crowned by a mourning Italia. The car was surrounded by men, carrying sheets of white paper inscribed with the names of the Italian martyrs, among which I noticed those of Monti and Tognetti, the Garibaldian gunpowder conspirators, whom the Pope caused to be executed in 1868.

The bust was received on the Capitol to be placed between those of Columbus and Michael Angelo. Avezzana and Cairoli delivered speeches. Cairoli reminded his hearers that Cola di Rienzo had fallen on this spot.

Watched the demonstration from the lower terrace of the Pincio, where Fräulein von Euler and Dewitz had accompanied me. And from here the background of the scene was the Vatican.

The magistrate (Grispigni is the Syndic) did not take part in the celebration, nor, moreover, did anyone belonging to the official world. The Government acted wisely in allowing it; no police were anywhere to be seen. All was conducted with Roman tact. Many of the submerged class of the extreme type were present, but citizens and societies of moderate colour also took part in the demonstration. The *reduci dei Vosgi* were under the leadership of Ricciotti Garibaldi. Even women were seen in the procession.

Went to the Aventine with Brevern and Schoulepnikow. We must bid farewell to this quiet hill; its solitude and poetic charm will soon be destroyed. It will be covered with buildings. Streets are to be built on the Cœlian. New Rome will arise on the Esquiline, Viminal, and Quirinal. Often go to the new quarter, Ai Termini, where the Via Nazionale is making rapid progress. But the great buildings, which are in process of erection, are merely barrack-like houses. One side is almost finished. Pavements are already laid, and trees are being planted.

ROME, *April 1.*

The Easter festivals have passed off quietly. Again the Pope did not enter S. Peter's, nor from the Loggia did he bless the enemy, as Christ commanded. He continues to make his priestly office dependent on his temporal power.

If the priests imagine that the cessation of the Easter spectacles in S. Peter's will prevent people coming to Rome as in the Middle Ages, they find themselves deceived. The city has seldom been so full of foreigners.

George Schweinfurth, the enterprising African traveller, came here from Malta and Sicily, after having left the interior of Africa a year before. He penetrated to the third degree below the equator. He is a young man of thirty at most, of very agreeable exterior. He prophesies no success to Baker's expedition. He goes on to Berlin, where he has sent his collection; will there compile the account of his travels, and will finally take up his abode at Cairo.

Count Panin called and told me a great deal about Tiflis and the Caucasus, where he has lived a long time and studied the languages of that part of Asia.

Arnim left Rome yesterday with great regret, after having lived here seven years in the pleasantest circumstances. His farewell to the Pope must, however, have been painful enough. Arnim is now, what formerly he was not, the most determined opponent of the Papacy. He told me that Bismarck had proceeded with energy against Ultramontanism, and that he hoped a law would be passed facilitating the expulsion of the Jesuits from Germany.

Correnti, the Minister of Education, invited me by letter to attend the sitting of the Giunta held to discuss institutions for learning and the like, in order that the Chamber might issue laws concerning them. Went to the sitting in the Palazzo Capranica on March 26. Michele Amari is President, and the Giunta consists of the following members: Cesare Cantù, Don Luigi Tosti of Monte Cassino, Ricotti of Turin, Minervini and Fiorelli of Naples, Tabarrini (Director of the Archivio Storico), Count Conestabile of Perugia, Professor Govi, Rosa of Rome, and Dr



Henzen. An order concerning excavations and monuments was discussed.

The following day went to the Minister, and laid before him a plan for the classification and drawing up of inventories of the archives in and outside Rome.

Hase, the old *Kirchenrath* from Jena, has arrived; also the Crown Prince of Weimar with von Wardenburg his former tutor. He has been visiting his fiancée, the Princess of Oldenburg, who is with the Nassau family.

For the time being there is quite a crowd of royalties in Rome; the King and Queen of Denmark, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Court of Nassau, the Crown Prince of Hanover, the Princess of Roumania (who is ill), Prince Reuss, etc.

Yesterday sent off the thirty-eighth set of proofs of the last volume of the *History of Rome*; only two and a half more sets remain, and then all is finished.

ROME, April 7.

On April 1 the only son of the Marquis de Tallenay died in Paris, of diphtheritis.

On April 4 we buried Parthey of Berlin, who had died on the Capitol on the 2nd at the age of seventy-four. I delivered the funeral oration; spoke of his travels along the coast of the Mediterranean and his researches in the Italian libraries. Only a few years ago he brought out a new edition of the *Mirabilia Urbis Romæ*, which he dedicated to me. On his mother's side Parthey was a grandson of Nicolai's. He has left his extensive library to the Archæological Institute of Rome.

Yesterday attended the lecture of Père Hyacinthe, in the hall of the Argentina, to which Fräulein von Euler had invited me. He discoursed on Confession. He is an accomplished orator; beautiful words but little thought. "Nothing but the red flower Hyacinthos," as Elizabeth von Wrangel aptly said. A man such as he will never reform the Church. The Old Catholics represent their condition before the promulgation of the dogma of Infallibility in such a way, that everything on the other side of

the boundary appears as a golden age, on this side nothing but ruin. Nevertheless this boundary is ludicrously imaginary. An Austrian lately said to me: "Before the Infallibility the Catholics at the command of the Pope believed that twice two were seven; now, however, when he wishes them to believe that twice four are nine, they refuse to do so." No dogma has ever been further disseminated than that of the Infallibility; everyone wants to be infallible—the king, the general, the judge, the professor on the chair, the doctor, etc.

The last proofs of my *History of the City* have arrived, and to-day (Sunday in Albis) am sending them back to Augsburg.

ROME, May 9.

Have begun fresh work in the municipal archives, to which access is made more and more easy for me.

Corvisieri took me to the archives of the Sancta Sanctorum, which are preserved in the Palazzo Nardini; they are very copious.

Worked for some days in the chancery of Witte, the notary, in the Palazzo dei Senatori, where I had MSS. brought me from the Capitol.

Through the notary Filippo Bechetti also obtained access to the archives of the Capitol, of which he is the Archivist. Since the time of Sixtus V. they have been kept in the Capitol, and, since the days of the same Pope, the Capitoline notaries have formed a College of thirty members. To them belong the archives, the protocols of which begin with the year 1400 and continue down to present times. The volumes bound in white parchment bear on their backs the names of the notaries whose documents they contain.

Carried the most valuable of these *Regesta*, that of Camillo Beneimbene (1467–1505), to the office of Bechetti, the notary, where I have copied several documents this last week.

Have conceived the idea of writing the Life of Lucrezia Borgia, which is to form my relaxation after the *History of Rome* is finished.

Have presented a *Promemoria* on the archives of Rome and the three Roman provinces, Campania, Marittima, and the *Patrimonium Petri*, to Correnti, the Minister of Education, and have laid the following proposal before the April session of the Commission :—

1. To form a special Commission, which shall superintend and tabulate the archives.

2. To found a periodical under the title *Archivio Storico Romano*, which in the course of time shall give rise to a *Codex Diplomaticus urbis Romæ*.

The meeting accepted the first proposal unanimously, but did not decide on the second. De Rossi and Visconti were present.

ROME, June 2.

Have lately been working in the office of Dr Bechetti the notary (No. 13 Via di Metastasio), where am daily engaged in copying Acts from Beneimbene's Protocol book. Am in possession of several unknown documents concerning Lucrezia Borgia, as well as of other memorable deeds of the time.

Owing to the intervention of the Marchese del Cinque the archives of the Confraternitas of S. Spirito have been thrown open to me, and I have spent several mornings among them.

Have been able to make several valuable addenda to vol. vii. of my *History*.

Meanwhile Correnti, Minister of Education, has fallen ; the Conservatives, even Lanza, overthrew him, in consequence of his proposal to abolish teachers of religion in the schools and the obligatory religious instruction. The Conservative party seeks a compromise with the Vatican. Have always said that incessant contact with the priesthood would morally poison the Italian Government.

Von Freydorf, the Minister of Baden, and the Princess Salm, renowned for her energy in Mexico, have been here. The Princess lost her husband in the battle before S. Privat ; she is still young, is pale and restless, with beautiful eyes ; speaks German with an English accent.



She took part as a nurse in the American war, and served in the same capacity at Saarbrück, where her husband fell. One evening at Madame Lindemann's she told us many interesting particulars concerning the unfortunate Maximilian.

Excavations are being carried on in a Vigna on the Quirinal; high walls have been laid bare, which apparently belonged to the Baths of Constantine. Carried away some of the valuable pieces of marble that were lying piled up there, out of which I have had some cups and stones cut.

Excavations are proceeding in the Forum. They seem to have reached the Temple of Cæsar.

The site for the new Ministry of Finance is being prepared near the Porta Pia, where some columns have been brought to light. Digging and excavating are daily carried on; the Tiber itself is to be cleansed. It will, however, be necessary to dig to a depth of forty feet at least, to recover ancient treasures.

ROME, July 5.

In the beginning of June Professor Ignazio Ciampi, in a lecture at the University, took occasion to speak of my *History of the City of Rome*; expressed the thanks of Rome, and said that now when the Crown Prince and Princess of Italy were in Berlin, it was the duty of Rome to do honour to a German.

These kind words, in conjunction with the appearance of the Venetian volumes, produced a certain effect in Rome, which still endures. At first it was thought of requesting the Municipality to bestow the rights of citizenship on me. In recent times these rights have been bestowed on Alessandro Manzoni, Terenzio Mamiani, and Gino Capponi. To me the *Civis Romanus* would be the highest possible title of honour.

On June 23, went to the Capitol to recommend Forcella, collector of the Roman Mediæval Inscriptions, to the Marchese Vitelleschi for the post of Secretary. Vitelleschi informed me of the scheme of having my *History of the City* translated into Italian, published at the cost of the Municipality.

He had formulated the following proposal, viz., that—"The Roman Municipality has decided that, in order to do honour to the author of the *History of the City of Rome*, it (the Municipality) should undertake the expenses of the Italian edition of the work." Gadda, the Prefect of Rome, to whom the proposal was necessarily first made, sanctioned the printing of the work; yesterday it was to be put to the vote at the evening meeting of the Council, and Vitelleschi was convinced of their unanimity.

When in 1865, through the medium of Fulin, Antonelli of Venice made me the offer for an Italian edition of the *History*, it was impossible to foresee that the fall of the Papacy in Rome was so near; and, glad that an Italian publisher was possessed of such spirit, I gave him the exclusive copyright. I merely asked 250 francs for each volume, as recognition of my authorship. The first volume of Manzato's translation appeared in 1866; the work was not continued, and Antonelli moreover became bankrupt. In 1869 Rebeschini came forward as his administrator, when the contract was renewed, and in the spring of 1872 the second volume made its appearance.

Am now fettered by this contract. Were I released from it, the work could appear in an edition arranged for at the expense of the City of Rome.

ROME, July 11.

Rebeschini has arrived here, and we have found a new *modus vivendi*, or a new basis for the contract.

Yesterday the Marchese Carcano came to me with the request that I would make over to him the translation of the new edition of the *History*, a request which I naturally declined.

TRAUNSTEIN, September 10.

On July 11, travelled as far as Foligno in company of the Marchese Corvisieri. Then to Innsbruck, where I spent the 13th, and then on the 14th came on to Traunstein. Decided on this place at the advice of Dr Seitz, so that I might take the salt baths.

Woods, mountains, and the river Traun make it a pleasant sojourn.

On July 13 Vitelleschi's proposal was unanimously carried by the Roman Municipality.

On August 7 Venturi, Syndic of Rome, sent me the announcement, and I wrote him a letter from here on August 17. The *Opinione* published the letter, on which the *Allgemeine Zeitung* printed it in my own translation.

It runs as follows: "I am in possession of your kind letter of August 7 and the copy of the gratifying proposal, which the Junta of the Municipality laid before the gentlemen of the City Council. It assures me that the Civic Council, with the like generous impulse, had decreed the speedy completion of the Italian edition of my *History of the City of Rome in the Middle Ages* at the public expense. The unaccustomed honour paid to my work moves me alike to joy and gratitude; and I beg you, honoured Sir, to acquaint the other gentlemen of the Council with my feelings. In placing this, my work, under the protection of the Municipality of Rome, they have bestowed on it the highest reward I could ever have desired; they have at the same time shown themselves true Romans in the eyes of the literary world, and proved that Rome is once again the protectress of learning in Italy. In return for so great a favour, I can only express the hope that in my work I have rendered Italy a literary service, and, as far as was given to me, have contributed to encourage historical study in Rome, which, after centuries of continued and unparalleled sufferings and struggles, has at last become the capital of United Italy. And these struggles form the actual substance of my work. To it I have dedicated the best years of my life, although my feeble powers were inadequate to so great a task. Nevertheless I am solaced by the thought that I have at least laid the foundations for the civil history of Rome in the Middle Ages, which has hitherto been utterly neglected. On these foundations future historians of Rome, endowed with greater power than I possess, may perhaps erect a historic monument worthy of Rome. I shall myself be happy if my work is



counted the first, and a not entirely inaccurate picture of that great epoch of the city, in which Italy and Germany, although bound by the dogmas of the Empire and the Church, nevertheless created a new civilisation amid war, hatred, sin and expiation. And I shall deem myself the most fortunate of historians if my work, arising, as it has done, out of the twofold love to my Fatherland and to Rome, your revered Mother, should be held in any degree a symbol of the friendship which, now that the causes of the ancient errors have been extirpated for ever, unites free Italy with free Germany. For as both great nations endured a like misfortune for centuries, so they both acquired entire freedom and unity at one and the same time. They arose one by the help of the other, and as they were companions in the hard struggle for their national restoration, so are they also in its victorious result. This, their almost miraculous revival, is the most glorious act of mutual reparation which has ever been celebrated in the history of nations, and it appears clearly to announce that Italy and Germany are called to the high mission, henceforward as amicable sisters to co-operate in the great peaceful work of culture."

MUNICH, *November 11.*

Have been living in private lodgings since September 12. The weeks have been empty, nothing having occurred either within or around me. Have been repairing voids in my reading, been engaged on Darwin's writings, and have also read Hettner's *Literary History of the Eighteenth Century*.

Have received invitations from the Syndics of Modena and Vignola to Muratori's second Centenary Festival, and have thanked both by letter.

On November 2, delivered a lecture at the *Academie der Wissenschaften* on the Archives of the Notaries of the Capitol.

Have made the acquaintance of Waitz, the historian, a dignified man, of a higher type than the average of German professors.

Have renewed my accustomed walks with Döllinger; they frequently last for three hours, and he has never shown fatigue. He is a great although one-sided scholar, but only a matter-of-fact man. And without the enthusiasm of belief which springs from the heart, no one can be considered a great reformer. Döllinger possesses no single qualification for the rôle. The Old Catholic movement is only a slight revolt on a university Chair.

Have often been with Fröbel; a handsome man and acquainted with the world, he is not in his right place, but is becoming demoralised in ill-regulated activity as editor of the *Süddeutsche Presse*, which is now entirely aimless.

In Munich I seem to be in a world devoid of air, and neither by events nor by creative work can I fill the vacuum.

The final volume of the *History* is finished at last. Owing to the substitution of Dr Franz Rühl (who has made the sacrifice for me) for Dorpat in the compilation of the index, the appearance of the volume has suffered a delay. The disputes over the work continued to the last moment. On November 8 I returned the last revised proofs to Augsburg. Have, therefore, reached the end, and can leave for Italy with an easy mind.

HOTEL LUNA, VENICE, *November 23.*

Left Munich on the 12th. My street there was barred by troops, on account of Spitzeder's fraudulent bank, which was taken possession of by the authorities. The first snow fell; the whole country as far as Brixen was shrouded in white.

On the 13th arrived at Venice, and have since had beautiful weather. Am working in the Marciana in the morning, at the Frari in the afternoon. At the latter found five volumes of the correspondence belonging to the Renaissance period, from which I am making extracts.

My affairs with the house of Antonelli, concerning the translation of the *History of the City of Rome*, I found utterly neglected. Recognised that nothing would be done, and therefore proposed an Ultimatum, and, in case

of non-acceptance, threatened to take legal proceedings. The menace took effect. Antonelli signed the obligatory document, which I required, to the following effect.

To publish vol. iii. not later than January 1873, the succeeding volumes in uninterrupted sequence at intervals of seven months. Should the publisher fail to fulfil this condition, the contract between him and me falls to the ground. The publisher also consents, owing to the increased possibility of the sale under such favourable conditions, to pay me 2000 francs, of which sum I propose to give half to the translator as voluntary remuneration.

ROME, *December 25.*

On November 24, went from Venice to Mantua, where I spent four pleasant days. Worked in the Gonzaga archives; copied several memorable documents, and made the acquaintance of distinguished men, such as Portioli Attilio (President of the Museo Civico), Professor Jutra, and Count Arrivabene, a contemporary of Silvio Pellico's. He had been sentenced to death by Austria, had escaped to France, where he lived long in exile; is now a man of eighty-five, but is still fresh and vigorous. Portioli showed me a plan of the City of Rome in the Museo Civico, which I recognised as a work of the Renaissance; have conceived the idea of publishing it at the expense of the Municipio of Mantua.

On the 28th, drove for nine hours through the flooded country by post to Reggio. Spent the night hours until 3 A.M. in the waiting-room at Bologna, and then continued my journey to Rome *via* Florence.

Arrived here at 7 P.M. on November 29.

Since then have been living in my accustomed lines. Feel more at ease; the valued consciousness of having completed my life's work raises me above many troubles of the day. Am lazy, perhaps only tired. Shall see whether, with the new year, I shall be able to rouse myself to new activity.

Rome is almost empty; the scirocco blows constantly. Have met but few people of importance. Amari and



Gonzaga are here. Count Cosilla came to see me; his translation of my *Wanderungen* has been published in two volumes under the title *Ricordi Storici e pittorici*, but it is not complete, nor can it be called good.

Found the Palazzo Sermoneta empty. The Duchess died in the summer; and although she had been nothing more than a shadow, she nevertheless formed the moral centre of the home. The blind Duke is now dependent on his children, who, although excellent, are not adequate to their heavy task.

The *Gazetta Ufficiale d'Italia* reprinted the concluding article of the *History of the City* from the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, and repeated its mistake in saying that Roman citizenship had been bestowed on me as a reward for my work.

Vitelleschi introduced me to the present Syndic, Count Pinciani (of Spoleto), on the Capitol. I thanked him personally for the honour shown to my work.

On December 5 the first proofs of the second edition of vol. vii. arrived, and I have since received twenty other sets.

With 1872 closes a period of twenty years of life in Rome. I look back with satisfaction on this long space of time, during which, amid troubles indescribable, I have worked my way upwards to the light. My life's task is ended, and my work at the same time has been recognised by the City of Rome as worthy of its subject. Never have I felt myself so free or so happy.

*January 12.*

THE winter is one of unexampled mildness. A delightfully clear atmosphere; wonderful sunsets.

Building is proceeding at a furious pace; the Monti quarter is turned entirely upside down. Yesterday saw the fall of the lofty walls of the Villa Negroni; streets are being laid out even there; a new quarter of the city is already rising on the Prætorian Camp, another on the slopes of the Coelian beside the Quattro Coronati. Building is also going on beside S. Lorenzo in Paneperna. Almost every hour witnesses the fall of some portion of ancient Rome. New Rome belongs to the new generation, while I belong to the ancient city, in whose spell-bound silence my history arose. Were I to come to Rome now for the first time, I neither should nor could conceive the idea of such a work.

The Pope continues to sit like a mummy in the Vatican, while the King now and then appears, immediately to go off again on some distant shooting expedition. Before the New Year the Pope delivered a speech containing the most violent invectives against the German Empire. The German representative to the Sacred Chair has, in consequence, been recalled. This last Prussian envoy to the Papal Court, a lieutenant, was, and was called, Stumm.<sup>1</sup> Count Wesdehlen has been sent to take the place of Brassier de St Simon, who died here as ambassador to the King. Diplomacy is divided into hostile halves, as is the whole of Roman society.

<sup>1</sup> *Stumm* means *silent*.—*Translator's Note.*

The law concerning convents is being prepared for the Italian Chambers. Within it lies a crisis for the entire development of the country.

Yesterday made the acquaintance of Acton, the Italian admiral, a cultured and highly sympathetic man, brother of Signora Minghetti.

Napoleon III. died on January 9. When the news reached me, it seemed as if a vast silence suddenly stretched out around me. *O vana gloria dell' umane posse!*

Twenty years of history belong to this adventurer for all time. Witty old Visconti said to me, the first Napoleon described a parabola in his fall; this man fell at a blow, as if struck by lightning, into the abyss. *Piombare* is the Italian word. Many Roman families are related to the Bonapartes and are thrown into mourning—the Primoli, Campello, Ruspoli, the house of Lucien Bonaparte.

The Pope continues to survive the Papacy and himself.

The *Epistolæ obscurorum virorum*, which are now creating so great a sensation, have been written by Tcalas, a little, intellectual, very versatile man, who for nine years has been Chancellor in the Italian Ministry for Foreign Affairs. He is a Servian by birth.

ROME, February 1.

On the morning of January 19, was awakened by an earthquake. My bed rocked and the house trembled. The shock was felt throughout the whole of Rome.

Quiet days. My own *sciopero* still continues.

The printing of the Italian edition is progressing; the term prescribed is, however, already passed. Sent a reminder to the publishers.

Sabatier displays great reserve. Countess Vallon from la Vendée, whose acquaintance I have made, showed, on the contrary, no trace of national hatred.

An offer came from Lorraine for a French translation of the *History*, which, however, at Cotta's desire, I refused.



ROME, March 30.

On February 4, roused myself with a desperate effort from my slothfulness and began the book *Lucrezia Borgia*. Have no real interest in it, but am resolved to drag myself out of the *History of the City* and at the same time to acquire means to visit Greece next spring. As I have already mastered the material, the writing of the book ought to be little more than child's play. Roughly speaking, the work may be said to be already done; some documents only require looking into.

Have kept aloof from society since the end of January. There have been, on the whole, but few people of note in Rome; Bayard Taylor, who has translated *Faust* and now intends to write a life of Goethe, was here. Made the acquaintance of several other Americans at Mrs Terry's; just lately, that of the present American Minister, George Marsh, who appears a quiet man of great culture.

Mommsen came to Rome and still remains here. Only met him accidentally at dinner. Like Richard Wagner, he is evidently a sufferer from megalomania. The occupants of professors' chairs refuse to recognise me, because I work independently, accept no official post, and even, *horribile dictu*, possess a modicum of poetic talent.

Nor can they forgive me my sense for beautiful form. The pedants of Germany received my *History of Rome* with silence and shrugs. No notice of it, to my knowledge, has been taken by any of the official organs of criticism. Nevertheless it will clear the minds of, and give pleasure to, many.

Reumont has been attacked, first by Johannes Scherr, then in the last review of my *History* in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, when a comparison was drawn between him and me. He answered indignantly. Nevertheless the truth was spoken. Without me his book on Rome would never have come into existence. There have been occasions when Reumont has conducted himself like *Klein-Zaches*,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Klein-Zaches*, a romance written in the early part of the nineteenth century by Ernst Theodor Amadeus Hoffman (1776-1822) of Königsberg.—*Translator's Note*.

and tried to make the world believe that he was the true creator of the *History of the City*. But all things find their right place in the course of time, let men disturb them how they will. Have kept silence with regard to Reumont's utterances, also with regard to Stahr's curious attacks in the *Wiener Deutsche Zeitung* and the *National Zeitung* concerning my philosophy of history. Never has there been any more absurd accusation than that of deism with which Stahr charges me.

The Princess Carolath-Beuthen gave a dinner at the Hotel de Rome, on March 22, in honour of the Emperor, which was a great success. In the evening, Count Wesdehlen had a reception on the Capitol of all the Germans here. Sabatier, with whom my old intimacy has been revived, is translating *Faust* into French, and in my opinion successfully.

Johanna Wagner, formerly a celebrated actress and singer, now married to Jachmann of Königsberg, has arrived.

ROME, June 28.

During the last few months have made great progress with *Lucrezia Borgia*. Have received important documents from Mantua, Florence, and Modena. Among the Este archives more especially are highly important papers.

Spent Easter week at Terracina, where I went to avoid the throng of humanity, and passed tranquil days in the huge, almost empty hotel. Read the *Odyssey*. Got the archives of the Municipality opened, but only to have a look round, and found them in terrible confusion. Went over by boat to the Cape of Circe.

A fortnight ago made an expedition with Mariano to Civita Castellana and Nepi, where we spent a night. Wanted to see the fortress which the Borgias had built there. In the archives of the Municipio took copies of three letters of Alexander VI. On the return journey (June 16) we visited ancient Falerii.

Mariano first allowed his article on the *History of the City in the Middle Ages* to appear in the *Diritto*, then published it in book form under the title *Roma nel medio*

*evo.* In it he developed my ideas, but spiritualised the history to too great a degree. He has intellect and heart—a noble man of ideal tendencies.

The deputation for the National History of the Provinces of the Romagna (Gozzadini of Bologna is President) has appointed me a corresponding member.

Rome has lately been deeply stirred by the debates on the question of the monasteries. The conclusion has finally been reached that for the remainder of their term of office the Generals of the Orders were to be assured of an abode and an income. The Jesuits are alone excluded.

Ratazzi died in Veroli, soon after the death of Manzoni. Depretis is now head of the Left.

Lanza's Ministry fell yesterday. Minghetti is forming a new Cabinet.

At the meeting of the Geographical Society, of which Correnti is President, made the acquaintance of Antinori, the African traveller; Miniscalchi delivered a lecture on the sources of the Nile.

Keudell has arrived here as the new ambassador of Germany, and has been received with open arms by the Italians, who perceive a demonstration in the appointment of Bismarck's confidant. Keudell is an East Prussian, and, in my opinion, the genuine type of the country; a man morally and physically sound to the core, clear, steadfast, and of great intelligence; the softer side of whose nature is concealed under a hard exterior. The East Prussians lack grace; they are not outwardly attractive, but one may safely rely on their solid character. The East Prussian is the purest and best prose character of Germany.

Made Keudell's acquaintance at the house of Wesdehlen, who has returned to Paris. Keudell played for a long time on the piano, on which he is a master, and even his playing seemed to me clear and intellectual, but devoid of poetry.

A new acquaintance for me in Rome is Gadda, the Prefect. His wife, a Milanese, speaks German well. Went with him one day to see the Secret Corridor, that connects



the Vatican with S. Angelo. A sentry stood outside at each end.

Have seen the Cesarini archives, thanks to the courtesy of the young Duchess (Vittoria Colonna). They are, however, in such dreadful disorder that I was unable to glean anything from them.

PESARO, July 3.

On Monday, July 1, started for my present destination, where I arrived yesterday morning at eight. My trunk, containing all my MSS. and the data I had collected concerning *Lucrezia Borgia*, was not forthcoming, and its absence was the cause of many telegrams and some uneasiness. It has been recovered to-day.

Have been making researches in the Biblioteca Oliveriana, and have taken many useful notes. Gozzadini had announced my coming to the librarians, Marchese Analdi and Grossi, and Terenzio Mamiani had given me a letter to the Syndic, Count Gallucci. Met with the most kindly reception.

Came across Don Filippo Orsini, who was going to Rimini.

### *Summer of 1873.*

From Pesaro drove to Modena, where Cesare Foncard, Director of the Archives, met me at the station and took me to his house outside the gates. Spent some pleasant days there, occupied in the archives, until the 6th; then went to Mantua, where I took a few copies in the archives.

On the 8th arrived at Kufstein, on the 9th at Traunstein. A few days later Lindemann and his son appeared, and I once more spent some weeks in my former haunts. Schack accepted my invitation, and came to stay while I did. Of the visitors of the previous year were Count Leutrum and his niece; then came the wife and son of General von Troschke, the Minister von Schleinitz and his wife, her mother, Princess Hatzfeldt, and Frau von Wörmann. These ladies are all priestesses of the Wagner cult, and worship three idols—in music, Wagner; in philosophy,

Schopenhauer; and in painting, the portrait painter Lenbach.

Employed the quiet of summer in working on the copious materials Foncard had given me for *Lucrezia Borgia*.

On July 29 the Shah of Persia passed through Traunstein on his way to Vienna; his train stopping half an hour. We, the visitors, stood opposite the carriage, anxious to obtain a sight of the successor of Darius and Xerxes. The Shah himself opened the window and spoke to us in French; asked about the place, the country, the King of Bavaria, etc. After each answer he turned round and said to some one whom we could not see—" *Notez !*" The Shah is a handsome man of about thirty-six, of half civilised aspect, somewhat resembling a Croatian officer; his black coat was literally strewn with diamonds. There is great simplicity in his manner. It is, indeed, worth something to have seen the great King of Persia as a traveller in a railway carriage at the station of Traunstein. An historian of the present day has things made more comfortable for him than had Herodotus.

In the afternoon the Shah's horses, two antelopes, and three pet dogs also passed.

On the 5th, went to Munich and remained there until September 21, occupied but little in the library and associating with but few people, the greater number of my acquaintances being still away. On September 21, went by Linz to Vienna. On the 24th my brother arrived; Lindemann had already come.

Had not seen Vienna since April 1852, when I went there on my way to Italy, intending to spend a week with Schurz, Lenau's brother-in-law. The news, however, of Ludwig Bornträger's death obliged me to renounce my plans. Found again a magnificent city, truly splendid in its new quarters, the Ringstrasse, and wearing the stamp which only a historic, an ancient, and a powerful empire can possess. The Schwarzschanerhaus, where I had formerly spent a pleasant day with Schurz and Lenau's sister, I found still unaltered; but my friends were there no

longer, were either dead or dispersed. Stood reflectively in the courtyard, as on the eve of my journey to Rome, and the recollection of the varied experiences of twenty-one years, of all I had struggled for and had achieved during their course, almost brought tears to my eyes.

Was delighted by the International Exhibition. It seemed as if some divinity had showered, as from a cornucopia, all the wealth of human civilisation. Everything that was worthy of exhibition lay exposed to view, a mingled Cosmos of forms and shapes—glass, iron, stone, wool, gold, silver, etc., each and every single object contributing in its essence to form a world of wonders. The sight might have cured a pessimist. Looked with satisfaction on my own contribution to this great festival of peace and civilisation, namely, on the *History of Rome* in its German and Italian editions.

Went seven times, and spent several hours at the Exhibition, and this sufficed to allow me to carry away a general impression. Sometimes we were on the move for eighteen hours at a stretch, from morning till late at night, for we also made expeditions in the neighbourhood. My brother left me, Lindemann remained; and I returned to Munich *via* Salzburg on September 30.

Here, where the cholera still continues, I remained until October 13. My friends the Seitzes have returned, also Schack and Döllinger. Have also met Schleinitz again, and Countess Dönhoff, daughter of Signora Minghetti. Have seen but little of Giesebrecht.

Came without breaking my journey to Venice, where I took up my abode in the Luna, and remained until the 19th, pleasantly occupied.

On the 20th, on to Ferrara, to see the home of Lucrezia Borgia's later days, and to make some studies at the University Library. Thanks to the librarian, Luigi Napoleone Cittadella, learnt and saw many things important to my purpose. Equally obliging was Monsignor Antonelli, Director of the Cabinet of Coins, who possesses a doubtful portrait of Donna Lucrezia.

On the 22nd went to Bologna, where I paid a visit to



the Gozzadinis at Ronzano and forthwith continued my journey to Modena. Remained until the 26th to look up a few more details in the archives. Then to Florence, where I stayed until the 29th. Called on Ximenes y Fernandez, formerly Spanish envoy in Rome, and passed a delightful evening at his house.

Arrived in Rome again on October 29, at seven in the evening.

During November and December 1873, finished *Lucrezia Borgia*. The MS. lies on my table at the close of the year.

1874

ON January 1 my brother announced his intention of sending in his resignation as head of his regiment. The sudden change in his life at the age of fifty-four, and after thirty-eight years of service, makes me anxious.

Count Tauffkirchen—who, having been transferred to Stuttgart, arrived here to hand in his letters of recall to the Pope—took the MS. of *Lucrezia Borgia* with him to Würtemberg.

The occupation which this monograph afforded me served pleasantly to fill a void; by its means I roused myself out of the *History of the City*, of which it is, nevertheless, an offshoot. Have dedicated it to the Duke of Sermoneta, as a token of the remembrance which I cherish of the house of Gaetani.

In my freedom from all serious work, have returned to the study of languages, especially to Greek. Gladly would I see Hellas before my death; perhaps fresh fields of observation might have a revivifying effect. During my prolonged work on the Middle Ages I was obliged to leave Greek literature almost entirely neglected.

At the beginning of January Adolf von Schack came from Munich, where the cholera has broken out once more. Have formed a still closer intimacy with him. His is a nature inoffensive to childishness, stirred by no passion and always occupied in poetic dreams. We dined one evening with Keudell, when Marsh (the American Minister), the English ambassador Sir Augustus Paget

with his wife, and the Marchese de Montereno (equerry to the Princess of Piedmont) and his wife were present. For several reasons it had become my duty to be presented at the Court of the Quirinal, a duty I had hitherto avoided. Schack had done the same. Humbert, the Crown Prince, received me on January 21 at one o'clock, when I was conducted to his presence by his aide-de-camp, General Sonnaz. It was a curious sensation to enter the Quirinal, which I had not seen for many years, for such a purpose now. Battle scenes, depicting the war of Italian liberation, lately painted in fresco and covering one of the walls of the huge ante-room, met my gaze, in place of the pictures of saints and the papal portraits which had formerly hung there.

The Prince received me with great friendliness, as if I were already a known acquaintance. He gains on nearer view and in conversation, when his otherwise hard features are lighted up. He is natural and unaffected; his speech has a decidedly Piedmontese accent. In conversation, which naturally turned on the transformation of Rome, he expressed himself freely, said that the irreconcilability of the Curia was a fortunate circumstance for Italy, since thereby would be matured the process which would of itself bring about a solution of the schism; for the rest it was a matter of indifference whether Pius IX. lived or died, whether his successor persevered in the same line of conduct or not, since Italy had given entire freedom to the Church and events followed their proper course. Took the opportunity of recommending to the Crown Prince the preservation of the Tower of Astura, placing this monument of Hohenstaufen times under his protection. The Treasury had offered the Tower for sale, as well as the Castle of Magliana on the Tiber, and, indeed, the celebrated Castle of the Estes at Ferrara itself. Were the pious Æneas to land in Latium again, the Government would undoubtedly cause him to be seized and sold to the highest English bidder. The Treasury seeks to turn any and every thing into money; and from its point of view its conduct is intelligible, since the dearth of money is great, the public



monuments are innumerable, and are not only dead capital, but demand vast sums for their preservation.

The Crown Prince promised to speak of the matter that very day to Finale, the Minister of Agriculture. And so I took my leave.

Meanwhile I thought it well to recommend the Tower of Astura to the notice of Minghetti, the Prime Minister, which I did by letter. Soon afterwards saw him, and he assured me that he had immediately given orders that it was not to be sold.

Mariano wrote a letter about it in the *Diritto*; the *Riforma* published an excellent article, under the title "*Non de pane solo vivit homo*," in which the author administers a lengthy reprimand to the Treasury, and enumerates the acts of vandalism daily committed by the Government against the historic monuments. The rescue of the Tower made an impression even in Germany; the *Allgemeine Zeitung* reprinted my poem "*Der Turm Astura*," written in 1855, in which I had prophesied the reconciliation of Italy and Germany by means of their common freedom. Only fifteen years later this prophecy was fulfilled.

Rosa, Director of the Excavations, annoyed at my taking the initiative, told me one evening at the Quirinal that he had already taken steps for the preservation of Astura; giving me to understand that, in spite of all, the Tower would be sold to Prince Borghese, in the midst of whose property it stood; that, however, the Prince would be obliged to sign certain conditions, pledging him neither to sell Astura without the knowledge of the Government, nor to destroy it, nor yet to make any excavations there.

At the end of January was presented to the amiable Crown Princess Margherita, at a ball at the Quirinal.

Signora Minghetti holds a most animated salon, but only on Sunday and in the early afternoon. She belongs to the Neapolitan branch of the house of Acton: was formerly married to Prince Campo Reale, a Sicilian; secondly to Minghetti, who is now Prime Minister. She was bewitchingly beautiful in her youth, and even now is very fascinating.

Donna Ersilia, the most learned woman in Rome, and perhaps in Italy, has receptions on Thursday evenings, which are frequented by de Rossi, the younger Visconti, by Lanciani, Guidi the Orientalist, Michele Amari, Miniscalchi, Admiral Acton, Menabrea (Prime Minister after the disaster at Mentana, a handsome, quiet man).

On March 1, was surprised by the news brought by Mariano that the *History of the City of Rome in the Middle Ages* had been placed on the Index, and that the *Osservatore Romano*, the official organ of the Vatican, had published the decree concerning it.

The decree is dated February 6, 1874, and is signed by Cardinal de Luca, as Prefect of the Congregation of the Index, and by the secretary, Pius Saccheri. It concludes as follows: *Die 25 Februarii 1874 ego infrascriptus magister Cursorum testor supradictum Decretum affixum et publicatum fuisse in Urbe. Philippus Ossani Magister Cursorum.*

The passage concerning me runs: *Gregorovius Ferdinand — Geschichte der Stadt Rom im Mittelalter, vom 5 Jahrhundert bis zum 16 Jahrhundert. Latine vero: urbis Romæ in medio-ævo a sæculo quinto usque ad sæculum decimum sextum tom. 8. Stuttgardiæ 1870, apud Cotta Bibliopolam. Opus condemnatum in originali Germanico et in quocumque alio idiomate.*

According to ancient usage the decrees of the Congregation of the Index should be affixed to the doors of the three great basilicas, S. Peter, S. John in Lateran, and S. Maria Maggiore; further, on those of the Cancellaria and the Curia Innocenziana. But this was no longer possible in the case of the two last. Went to S. Peter's, where I read the decree posted up on the first marble column of the outer entrance. The honoured Cathedral suddenly acquired a personal relation to myself. Never before did I traverse it in such an exalted frame of mind. Reflected on all my efforts, my troubles and joys, on my great enthusiasm; on all, in fact, that I had put into my work; and thanked the good genius that seemed to have watched over it, allowing me to finish it undisturbed, and that at the same moment that

the papal power fell to pieces in Rome. Had the priests laid the *History* under the interdict when the first volume appeared, my work could not have existed to-day, for every library in Rome would have been closed against me. Since the Jesuits denounced me in the *Civiltà Cattolica*, I have lived for years expecting the fall of this thunderbolt and have gone on with the work *inter fulmina*. I was, however, left alone. The same Cardinal de Luca, whom I had met occasionally at Sermoneta's, was acquainted with my *History* (he understands German), and had read it at Frascati, as Monsignor F. himself once told me; but he never stirred. Only now has the arrow been sped, less against me than against Prussia, where Bismarck, like a new Diocletian, persecutes Christianity, as the priests assert; and perhaps also against the Municipio of Rome, at whose expense the translation is being published in Venice. My work is finished and circulated throughout the world; the Pope now provides it with an advertisement.

Many of the papers have written concerning the prohibition; Mariano published an excellent article in the *Diritto*. Everyone congratulates me on the merited honour.

Unknown friends tore down the decree in S. Peter's after eight days, and also destroyed it at the door of S. Maria Maggiore; it was only at the Lateran, which is more remote, that I was able to show the placard to my brother a few days ago.

He (my brother) arrived here from Florence on the evening of March 15, and I brought him to quarters near my own. Then took him the same round that I had made the first evening of my arrival in Rome; first to dinner in the restaurant opposite the Hotel Cesari, where I had not been for perhaps fifteen years, and where I made him occupy the seat where I had sat; then went to the Capitol and down to the Forum, precisely as I had done nearly twenty-two years before.

Am now showing him Rome, the theatre of the world's history, and that also of my own little life, in which, although from afar, he has always taken so keen an interest.



ROME, April 2.

Have lately been going about a great deal with my brother. He brings a fresh mind to bear on everything, and is delighted at the greatness and power of the world of Rome. Took him to the galleries in the Vatican. What a curious feeling is now stirred by this silent Vatican, still frequented by foreigners from every quarter of the world; now admitted, however, by a side-door at the garden at the back, and received by the Swiss Guards or the remnant of the papal *gendarmerie*, men who steal about ghost-like and overawed. If the Vatican is the prison of the Pope, never surely has any prisoner in the world had quarters more magnificent.

The convents are now almost all suppressed and deserted. Went one evening to S. Onofrio, the very eve of the day on which the monks were to evacuate the building. On entering the cloisters, saw some of them sitting silent and sad round the stone fountain; storm-clouds hung over the Janiculum, throwing the convent into shadow; the lightning flashed, and there were peals of thunder.

A Roman National Museum has been erected in S. Lorenzo in Lucina. The fate of other convents remains as yet undecided. The State archives are to be removed to the house of the Greek Basilians of S. Maria in the Campo Marzo. The Armenians on the height beside S. Pietro in Vincoli keep a school, and have, consequently, been allowed to retain their quarters. But a Polytechnic Institution has fixed its abode in the Monastery of S. Pietro itself.

In the Augustinian Monastery and at the Minerva the monks have remained on as librarians. Have not yet visited either of these libraries where for years I felt myself so much at home, and where I was always greeted with the same friendliness. Now that my name is on the Index, I do not wish to see the astonished faces of the good old men; am pained to think that many people must form unjust ideas about me, ideas that I am unable to remove.

The excavations in the Colosseum proceed apace; huge subterranean canals are brought to light. Nothing important in the way of statues has been discovered. In order to make these excavations, all the chapels of the Stations and also the Cross in the middle have been removed. This proceeding aroused a storm on the part of all the pious and in the Vatican. The Cardinal Vicar laid the Director Rosa under the ban; processions daily wound their way to the Colosseum to pray. Digging was industriously carried on.

An ancient house has been excavated near S. Maria Maggiore, with the remains of a painted Exedra. This belonged, perhaps, to the Palazzo Merula, which gave its name to the adjoining street.

ROME, May 11.

Have been with my brother to Frascati and Tusculum, afterwards to Ostia, where the excavations in the part of the town adjacent to the harbour of the Tiber took me by surprise, as I had not been to Ostia for three years.

Professor Zeitel and Dr Ascherson have returned from the African expedition.

Many foreigners have been here; then all became suddenly quiet. On May 4 *Lucrezia Borgia* was published simultaneously at Stuttgart and Leipzig. Mariano finished the Italian translation of the book, which Le Monnier is going to bring out.

*Journey in South Italy from May 14 until June 7, 1874.*

On May 14, left Rome with my brother about 10 A.M. The weather was unusually cold, and it was raining.

Found Rafael Mariano waiting to join us at the station of Caserta.

On the 15th we drove to Benevento.

The same day to Foggia.

On the 16th to Lucera; in the afternoon back to Foggia, and on to Manfredonia in two hours.

On the 17th, started at sunrise for S. Angelo on Cape Gargano.

At noon returned to Manfredonia, and proceeded to Foggia, where we passed the night.

On the 18th, continued our journey along the Adriatic coast and arrived at Barletta at midday. Barletta, like all the towns along the Adriatic, is clean and modern in character. It contains few buildings of note beyond the Cathedral and some churches. Not a single one of these towns but has its fortress. The scenery resembles a monotonous garden of almond trees, olives, and vines.

La Terra, editor of the Barletta newspaper, a friend of Mariano's, took us in a carriage to Trani, where Guglielmi had invited us. We found a well-built place, with one of the finest cathedrals in South Italy close to the harbour. Trani is a town of 24,000 inhabitants, but has no decent inn. Guglielmi consequently wanted to take us to a private house, the palazzo of the Marchese and Senator Cutinelli, where rooms had been prepared. This, however, we declined, but had dinner in this hospitable house. Cutinelli took us to the so-called villa, a public walk with gardens beside the harbour, where, however, there was none of the wealth of Southern vegetation. There are still some Gothic buildings at Trani, such as the palace beside Ognisanti. A street is still called the Via Campo dei Longobardi. A new quarter has arisen during the last fifteen years, the streets of which are called after Vittorio Emanuele, Umberto, Garibaldi, and the battles of the War of Union. Generally speaking, throughout the cities of South Italy distinct progress is evident since the year 1860.

After a miserable night in the *locanda*, La Terra and Guglielmi took us, on May 19, to Andria, a large but uncivilised town, of which the Bolzi, and, later, the Caraffa, were formerly dukes. There was no inn where we could get a meal, and Guglielmi consequently conducted us to the house of an uncle, a canon, who was not at home.

On going through the town we were followed by some beggars. Gave a lira to be divided among them, and



immediately a crowd, rising as if from the ground, gathered round us; cripples, old women, children, girls, all hidden in rags—a shocking sight, such as I have never seen in any other place. These wretched creatures thronged round us with shrieks; constantly increasing in numbers, they followed us through street after street. We took refuge in a church, climbed to the cupola to look at the panorama; hundreds surrounded the building, clamorously demanding alms. When we wanted to reach our carriage, which was waiting for us in the archway of a tavern, the swarm followed us there—an entire population in rags; the tumult was indescribable. The thought occurred to Mariano of clearing a space round the carriage by changing some francs into coppers, which he distributed. What a picture of the misery of South Italy was revealed to us!

On May 19, to Bari. The country was one continuous stretch of orchards. A great future lies before the well-built industrial town.

The castle still stands beside the harbour, a huge building with dwarfed towers. The Cathedral and the church of S. Nicolò are the most remarkable monuments of the past. The Cathedral has a colossal tower supported by a buttress. The celebrated pilgrimage church of S. Nicolò is a magnificent building of semi-Gothic style, with a flat painted ceiling like that of the majority of the churches of Apulia. Several kings of Sicily have been crowned there. A tablet commemorating the coronation of the Norman Roger by Anaclete II. is affixed to the wall beside the entrance. Another tablet records the Council of Urban II.

On the left wall is the tomb of Robert of Bari, with the ancient inscription: *Expletis Numeris Robertus Kurihelie Hic Jacet Extremo Functus Honore Die Hic Fuit Et Regis Consultor Et Omnia Solus Et Sibi Dum Vixit Favit Uterque Populus Post Obitum Faverant Sua Sic Felicia Fata Quo Loca Possideat Hec Sibi Morte Data.* Another inscription of the year 1745 records his Greek ancestry, and calls him *Robertus Baro Medunientium Comes e vetusta Chyuriliorum gente.*

Afterwards went to see the palace of this Robert or of his family in the street named after it, and still known as the *Strada Chyuolia*, a huge building, with a Renaissance portal, unfortunately whitewashed like the whole of Bari.

In the Choir stands the beautiful tomb of Queen Bona of Poland, whose marble effigy kneels on the black sarcophagus; below lie the figures of two beautiful women, right and left stand two bishops. Above, on the wall, medallions of Polish bishops and sovereigns—Sigismund III., Casimir IV., *Maria Gonzaga regina Poloniae*, *Anna regina Poloniae*, S. Hedwig, etc.

The lower church rests on columns, which are now covered with variegated marbles and transformed into pillars. It presents an imposing aspect. We found it filled with devout worshippers kneeling round the High Altar, which is of embossed silver; a work of the seventeenth century.

Round S. Nicolò are several stalls in which statuettes of the saint, amulets, reliquaries, particularly flasks painted with his likeness, are offered for sale.

S. Sabina is also a fine church with three naves and round arches, but is greatly modernised.

Everywhere is evidence of a fantastic and exaggerated tendency to idolatry. This worship of the saints is a requirement of the national character in the South. The priests of Southern Italy, indifferent with regard to the fall of Rome under the power of the Italian Government, still rule Apulia as in the times of the Normans and Angevins.

We saw the two harbours, the old and the new—now in process of construction. In the old several vessels were lying from Dalmatia and Greece, and we found on the strand great heaps of live tortoises piled up and forming a hideous sight. The new harbour is being built by a company, the promoters of which are the engineer Maraini in Rome and Signor d'Atri at Bari. Mariano had a letter to d'Atri, in consequence of which we were accorded a friendly reception by the lady of the house, a young and handsome woman. She would have formed an ideal model for a Sheherezade, and, as she comes from Lucera, it is

possible that she may have actually been of Saracen ancestry. Signor d'Atri took us first to see the quarries, whence the material for the mole is taken, then showed us the mole itself, and we watched the vessel convey the stone and then sink it in the sea. The harbour ought to be finished in a few years.

Our guide told us that one of Bari's chief sources of wealth was the exportation of oil, and this the entire district owed to the industrial inspiration of a Frenchman, Ravanas. Ravanas first became a millionaire; afterwards, while enriching the country, lost his own money. In gratitude for his services the town of Bari allowed his family an income of 2400 lire a year.

In the evening we received an invitation, which we accepted, from the German Club. There is a fairly large colony of Germans and Swiss, mainly merchants, who have established a reading-room and a place of amusement here. They complained of the intellectual stagnation of Bari, where there were none other than material requirements.

On May 21, went on to Tarento. The landscape grows less fertile the further the traveller goes inland. At Castellana the country again improves; the great gulf of Tarento comes in sight, and on the right are seen the distant snow mountains of Calabria. The shores of the gulf are flat, reminding me of those of Agrigentum, and olives are largely cultivated; everything is melancholy, grey, it might be said desolate, but there are wide-stretching views over land and sea.

The last station is Massafra, an Oriental looking town. Thence we descended rapidly to the gulf, and before us lay the peninsula, with Tarento towering up, a solid mass, the huge harbour-fortress and numerous vessels and boats.

We remained at Tarento until noon on the 22nd, then returned to Bari. On the 23rd Mariano left us at Trani, while we came on to Caserta.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The *Tagebuch* contains further details concerning this journey in South Italy; but we only insert here such as are omitted in the description published in vol. v. of the *Wanderjahre in Italien* under the title *Apulische Landschaften*. — *Editor's Note*.



The following day to Naples, where I had not been for ten years. Found many changes; even the ancient historic Toledo has been absurdly re-christened Strada di Roma. Found letters at Detken's; among them one from Cotta announcing that the first edition of *Lucrezia Borgia* was sold out. Had not even seen the copies sent me in Rome, and Detken himself had none left.

On the 28th to Pompeii. Got delightful bedrooms at the Hotel Diomede, and saw Pompeii under the enchanted light of the full moon.

On the 29th to Salerno, and thence to Amalfi. Remained the night at the Luna; visited Ravello, had ourselves rowed to Scariatojo, and then crossed the mountain over to Sorrento, where we arrived on the afternoon of the 30th and took up our quarters at the Cocomella. On the 31st went by boat to Capri.

After twenty-one years stepped ashore on the island as if it were my home, to which I returned after a prolonged absence. Pagano—grown old like myself—received me as one of his household. Everything has remained in its place, and the *genius loci* of Capri exercises its former spell upon me. But another generation has arisen. Several new hotels have sprung up, and the road connecting Anacapri with the town has been begun. Some degree of culture has penetrated into this little fairyland, without, however, destroying it.

We rowed round the island, where a lighthouse has been built, and I plunged, as I had done before, into the waves of the Blue Grotto.

Spent three days with Pagano, then tore ourselves away on June 3, sailing in the early morning by the post-boat to Sorrento. There took a carriage and drove to Castellamare; hence on to Naples.

On June 6, returned to Rome. Just as I entered my room, the Girandola rose on S. Angelo.

On June 16 my brother started on his homeward journey by Pisa and Genoa.

De Merode died in the Vatican on July 12. He was a

fanatic, but an energetic and very benevolent man. Before his death, he told the Pope that Sartiges had once expressed the opinion that he, Pio Nono, would live to see all his friends buried.

The Municipality of Rome have sent in their resignation in consequence of quarrels concerning the civic budget, which is overtaxed owing to the amount of building. Among the candidates elected is Sella, and even Prince Filippo Orsini. The Pope is very indignant at this apostasy of the Orsini.

ROME, July 14 (*Last day in Rome*).

My resolve is fixed; shall go back and join my brother and sister again in Germany. My mission is accomplished. I was an envoy here—in the most modest guise, yet, perhaps, in a higher sense than a diplomatic Minister. Can say of myself what Flavius Blondus said of himself, "I created that which did not exist"; threw light on eleven dark centuries in the city, and gave the Romans the history of their Middle Ages. This is my monument here. Can therefore go away with a mind at ease.

Could also willingly remain. But a self-conscious feeling struggles against the idea of living on here in loneliness, and growing old in Rome, where everything is becoming new and transformed, and a new and obtrusive life will soon cover and make unrecognisable the old paths that have endeared themselves to me.

Nevertheless, it is appalling that all the most intimate and vital part of my own life should now become a thing of the past. Often waken from my sleep at night, roused and distracted by the terrifying thought that I shall leave Rome. And no one here believes it possible! It is a sudden severance, like that of a tree uprooted by a storm.

On coming down from the Capitol yesterday, it seemed as if buildings, monuments, and stones called me aloud by name.

When I have looked from the window of my dwelling in the Gregoriana, the street which almost bears my name, over mighty Rome, I have seen before me—and

that through fourteen long years—S. Peter's, the Vatican, S. Angelo, the Capitol, and how many other monuments. Their images seemed reflected at the same time on the paper as I sat at this table writing the history of Rome ; they continued to inspire and illustrate my work as it gradually arose, imparting to it a local colour and a historic individuality. Now all has vanished and become a phantom, like Prospero's vision in Shakespeare's *Tempest*.

*Roma vale ! Hæret vox et singultus intercipiunt verba dictantis.*





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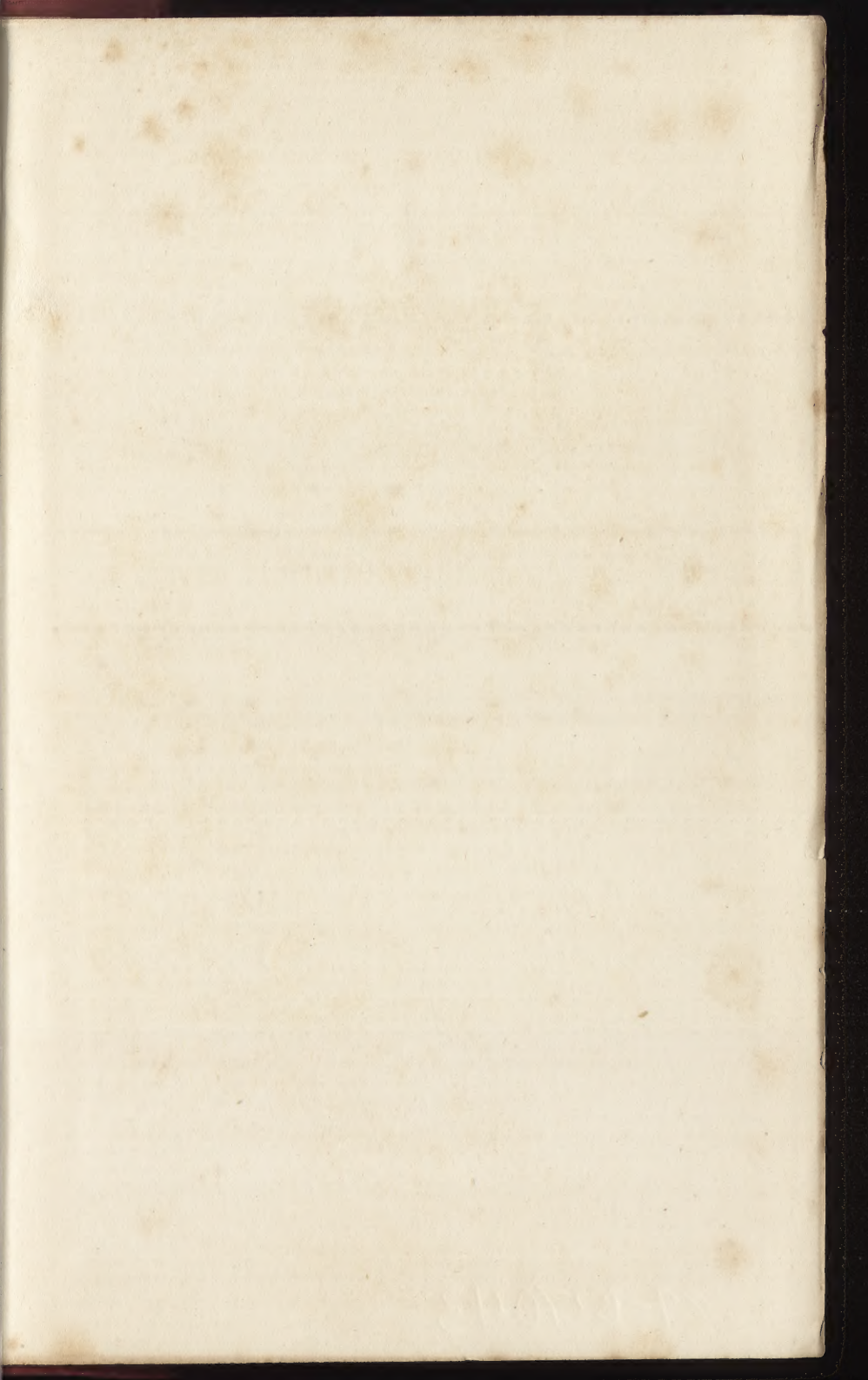
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